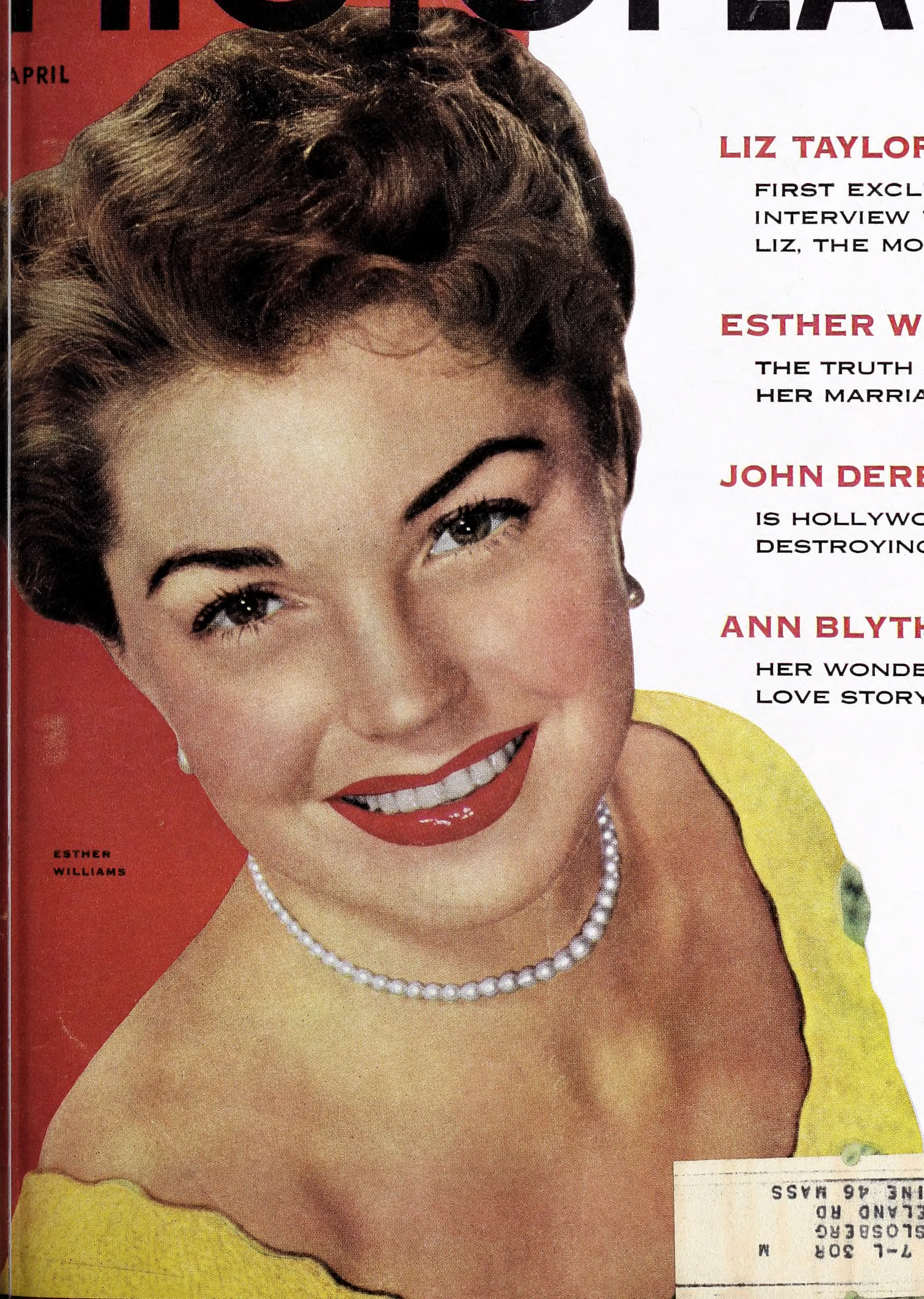


AMERICA'S LARGEST-SELLING MOVIE MAGAZINE

★ PHOTOPLAY

APRIL



ESTHER
WILLIAMS

LIZ TAYLOR

FIRST EXCLUSIVE
INTERVIEW WITH
LIZ, THE MOTHER

ESTHER WILLIAMS

THE TRUTH ABOUT
HER MARRIAGE

JOHN DEREK

IS HOLLYWOOD
DESTROYING HIM?

ANN BLYTH

HER WONDERFUL
LOVE STORY

P B-58 7-L 308 M
MRS C SLOBERG
7 CLEVELAND RD
BROOKLINE 46 MASS

Now An Exciting New Camay Fragrance yours for added loveliness . . . only in Camay!

*Fresh, Fragrant
as a Flower!*

The new Camay fragrance is enchanting! And it's yours *only* in this one wonderful beauty soap! Change to Camay today. Enjoy its exquisite fragrance! Then see how quickly Camay care can bring new loveliness to your complexion, to every inch of you!

...and a clearer, fresher, more radiant complexion is yours with your first cake of Camay!

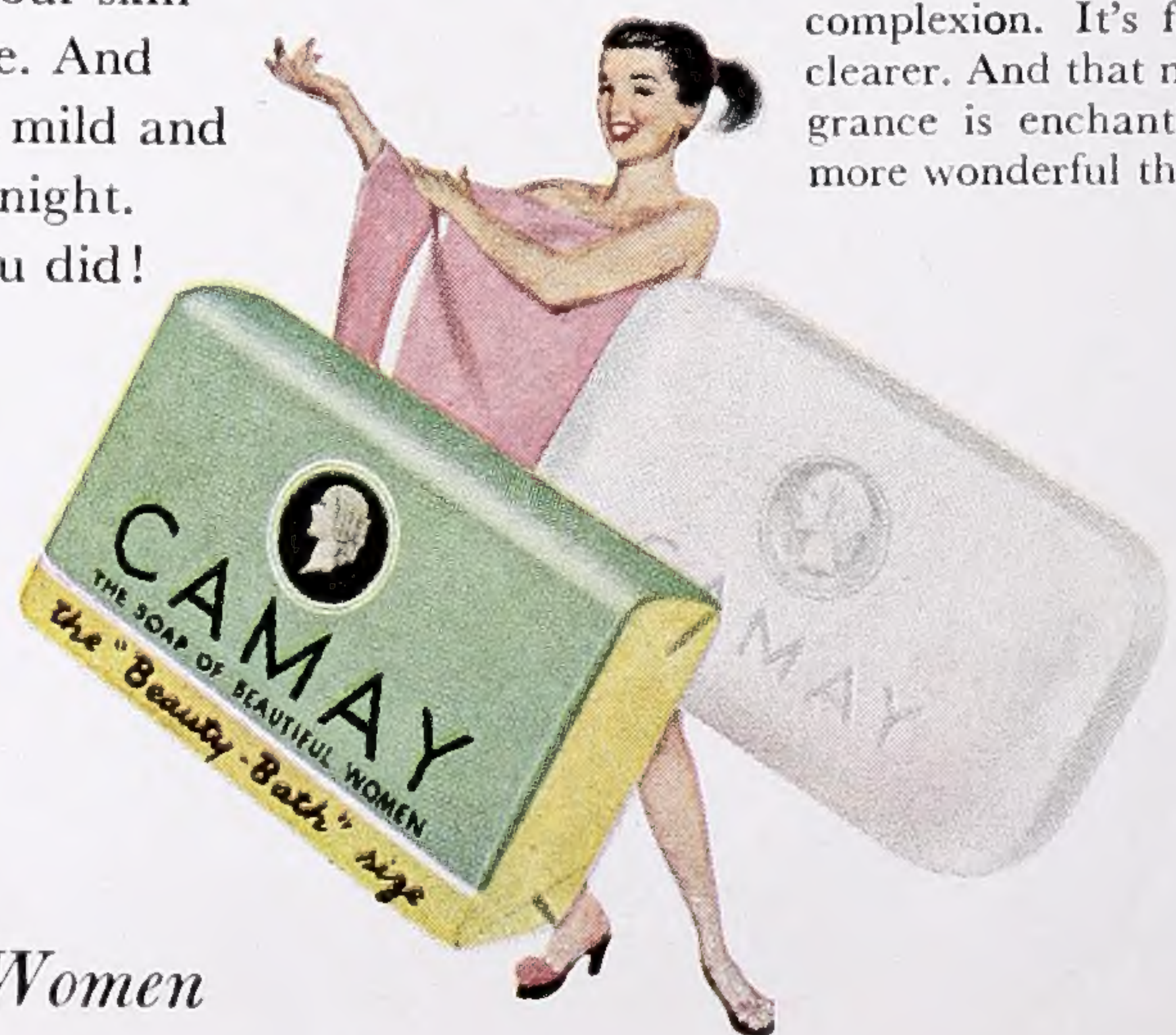
There's never been a beauty soap like Camay—the soap that helps you win a more radiantly lovely complexion—the Camay Complexion. Change to regular care—use Camay and Camay alone. You'll find your skin clearer, fresher—far more radiant with your very first cake. And you'll love that new Camay fragrance—just as you'll love Camay's mild and gentle ways, its rich, creamy lather. So change to Camay tonight. Tonight, tomorrow, years from now, you'll be thankful that you did!

Such fragrant glamor for your bath!

There's just nothing like a Camay Beauty Bath to leave you feeling so fresh, so fragrant . . . to give you *extra* assurance of personal loveliness. Buy the big Beauty-Bath Size for economy and glamor.

THIS LOVELY CAMAY BRIDE, Mrs. Cye Perkins, says, "The change to Camay and regular care made a world of difference in my complexion. It's far fresher and clearer. And that new Camay fragrance is enchanting! Camay is more wonderful than ever!"

CAMAY—The Soap of Beautiful Women





One alone? . . . or one of the group?

When Mrs. F. first moved to the community, she was welcomed by a small neighborhood group. Unfortunately, Mrs. F. left them with a very bad impression of herself. And she might still be a stranger in her neighborhood if she hadn't discovered why they disliked her. Now she is a leader in the very group that snubbed her.*

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC STOPS BAD BREATH

4 TIMES BETTER THAN CHLOROPHYLL OR TOOTH PASTE

DON'T let *halitosis (bad breath) put you in a bad light. And don't trust lesser methods to combat it.

Listerine Antiseptic instantly stops bad breath . . . usually for hours on end. Your entire mouth feels—and is—delightfully fresh and clean.

No chlorophyll kills odor bacteria like this . . . instantly

You see, by far the most common cause of halitosis is germs. That's right, germs start the odor-producing fermentation of proteins which are always present in your mouth.

Listerine kills germs that cause this

fermentation . . . kills them by the millions. Brushing your teeth doesn't give you this antiseptic protection. Chlorophyll or chewing gums don't kill germs. Listerine does.

Clinically proved four times better than tooth paste

That's why Listerine Antiseptic stops halitosis instantly . . . and usually for hours! And that's why Listerine Antiseptic averaged four times better in stopping bad breath than three leading chlorophyll products and

two leading tooth pastes it was tested against.

So, if you want really effective protection against halitosis . . . no matter what else you do . . . use an antiseptic

—Listerine Antiseptic, the most widely used antiseptic in the world. Lambert Pharmaceutical Company Division of The Lambert Company, St. Louis 6, Missouri.



Every week

2 different shows, radio & television—

"THE ADVENTURES OF OZZIE & HARRIET"

See your paper for times and stations

LISTERINE the most widely used antiseptic in the world

PHOTOPLAY

APRIL, 1953 • FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S MOVIEGOERS FOR OVER FORTY YEARS

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Member of The True Story Women's Group

They Could Sell
Tickets For This!



FIGHT FAIR, HONEY!
AT LEAST TELL A
GUY WHAT THE
FIGHT'S ABOUT!

DICK, WHEN YOU
LOVE A MAN, IT'S EASIER
TO FIGHT THAN TO ASK
HIM TO SEE HIS
DENTIST ABOUT—ABOUT
BAD BREATH!



TO STOP BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE
DENTAL CREAM. BRUSHING TEETH RIGHT AFTER EATING WITH
COLGATE'S MAKES YOUR MOUTH FEEL CLEANER LONGER—
GIVES YOU A CLEAN, FRESH MOUTH ALL DAY LONG!



And Colgate's has proved conclusively that brush-
ing teeth right after eating stops tooth decay
best! In fact, the Colgate way stopped more decay
for more people than ever before reported in
all dentifrice history!

LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream



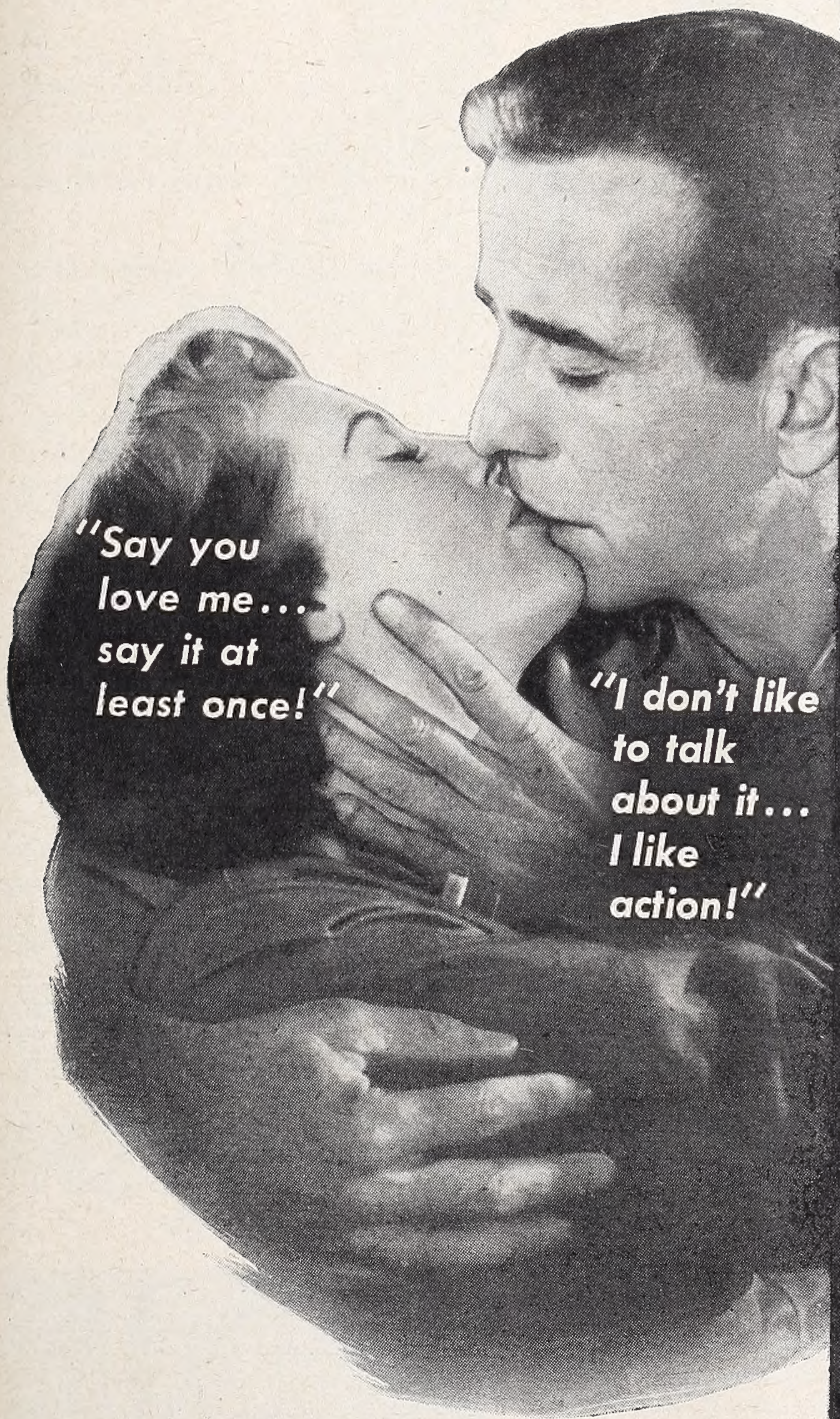
PEACE AND QUIET REIGN SUPREME
SINCE I USE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM!

Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
STOPS
BAD BREATH and
STOPS DECAY!

Colgate's instantly stops bad breath in 7 out of 10
cases that originate in the mouth! And the Colgate
way of brushing teeth right after eating is the
best home method known to help stop tooth decay!




IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT
CLEANS YOUR TEETH!



"Say you
love me...
say it at
least once!"

"I don't like
to talk
about it...
I like
action!"

From the studio that made "Battleground"...
and it's got even more thrills, laughs, romance!



Nobody handles 'em rougher than

HUMPHREY BOGART

so it's sizzling action with a
sizzling dame...

JUNE ALLYSON

when they're together
for the first time

in M-G-M'S GREAT

"BATTLE CIRCUS"


with KEENAN ROBERT
WYNN · KEITH

Screen Play by
RICHARD BROOKS

Based on a Story by
Allen Rivkin and Laura Kerr

Directed by Produced by
RICHARD BROOKS · PANDRO S. BERMAN

An M-G-M Picture





New finer MUM stops odor longer!

NOW CONTAINS AMAZING NEW
INGREDIENT M-3 TO PROTECT UNDERARMS
AGAINST ODOR-CAUSING BACTERIA

- **Protects better, longer.** New Mum now contains M-3, an amazingly effective "odor-bacteria" fighter. Doesn't give underarm odor a chance to start.
- **Creamier** new Mum is safe for normal skin. Contains no harsh ingredients.
- **No waste.** No drying out. New Mum is the *only* leading deodorant that contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. Usable, *wonderful* right to the bottom of the jar. Get a jar of Mum today.
- **Safe for clothes.** Gentle Mum is certified by the American Institute of Laundering, guaranteed not to rot or discolor even the finest fabrics.



New **MUM**®
CREAM DEODORANT

A Product of Bristol-Myers

That's Hollywood

For You



BY
SIDNEY
SKOLSKY

I HAVE THE IMPRESSION that Arlene Dahl and Lex Barker are hep to each other . . . Such taxi drivers' words occasionally come from such a pretty face as Jean Simmons' . . . There's nothing the matter with a good picture that great business can't fix . . . I could never cast Olivia de Havilland and Joan Fontaine as sisters, but I would cast Janet Leigh and Marge Champion as sisters, though they're not . . . Pat Wymore wears mink-trimmed panties.



Jane: Great gams to glimpse!

You could have won a bet from me on the success of Zsa Zsa Gabor . . . Charles Laughton lives in an old rambling Hollywood house. He describes the interior as "early Mable Normand style" . . . I saw a photograph of The Monroe with her mouth closed and I hardly recognized her . . . John Lardner's description of Cinerama: "There's enough screen to show the longest dachshund stalking the longest liverwurst" . . . Great gams which should be seen oftener: Those belonging to Jane Wyman.

I am especially fond of Jerry Lewis, when at a testimonial dinner he declares, "I can't get serious. It makes me nauseous." . . . Tony Martin sleeps in an extra-large double bed. "Do you know what I always say?" he says. "Single beds are made only for single people." . . . Betty Grable is one of the few gals I know who really looks delectable in a butch haircut . . .

Marie Wilson uses a beer shampoo, explaining she might not get much lather, but she has the happiest hair in town . . . Anne Baxter should know that a cigar is only a smoke, but a woman's a woman.

I can't understand men getting tired of Lana Turner. I just can't . . . In every movie, Kirk Douglas must have a scene in which he appears with his shirt off. So if Kirk offers you the shirt off his back, it doesn't mean anything . . . Roberta (To See Her Is to Know Her) Haynes is the best example of a simple, plain girl who photographs as a sex bundle . . . Julie Harris' summary of making a movie, "You sit on the set and sit and sit and then you work for twenty minutes. It's harder on your bottom than on your top."

I know that Ava Gardner's luggage puzzled the customs officials, especially the item marked: "One dozen nude bras-sieres." . . . I sometimes think Debbie Reynolds doesn't believe she's a movie star, even when she's signing autographs . . . Sinful waste of talent: Mickey Rooney . . . Jane Russell's pet name for Marilyn Monroe is "The Round One" . . . If I were in charge of a studio, I'd do a father-son story with Aldo Ray and George (Foghorn) Winslow in the leading roles . . . What's with Van Johnson and those crazy red socks he's wearing these days? (Continued on page 6)

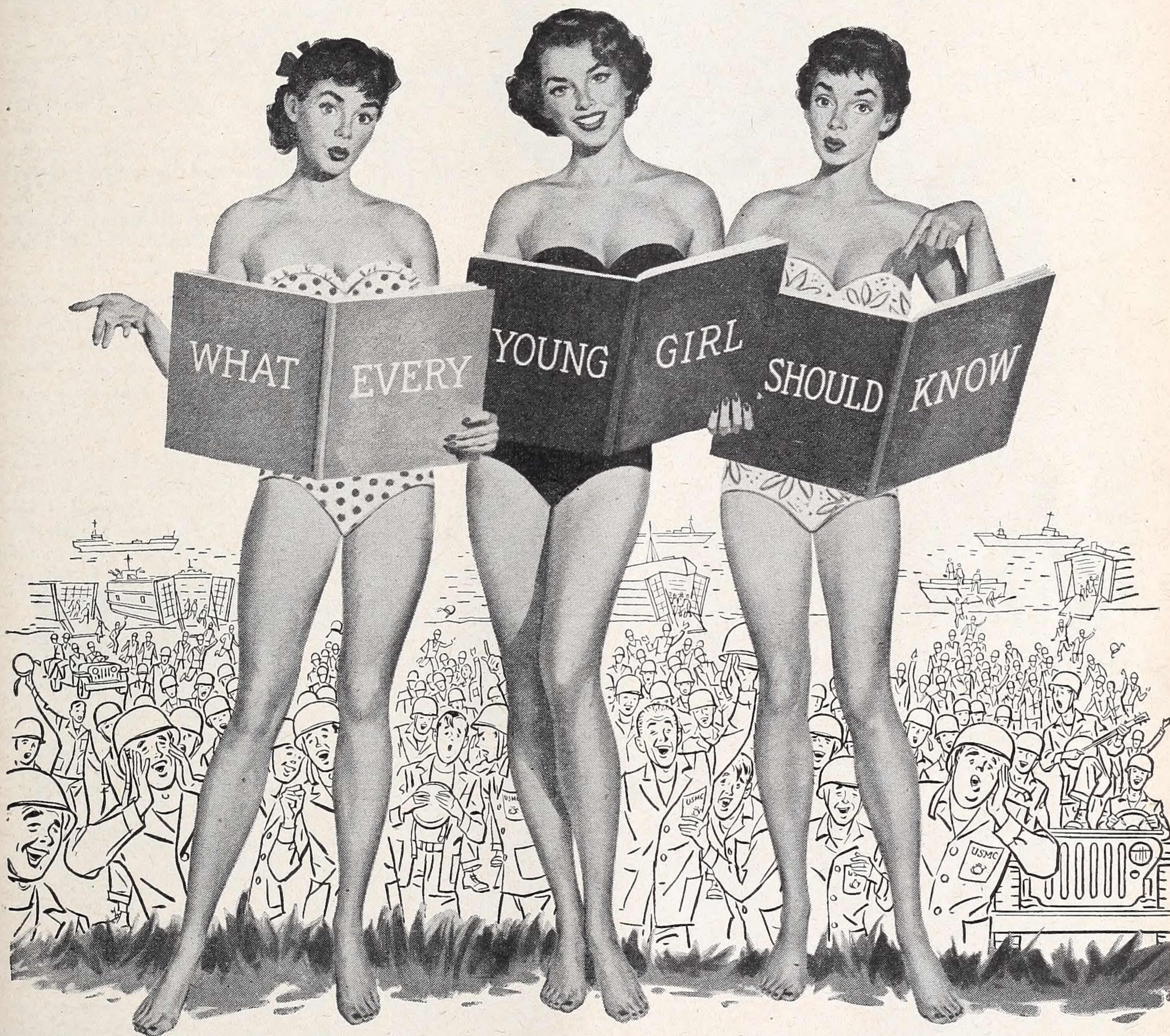


Ava: So confusing to customs officials

Nothin' like
"OPERATION SARONG"

They land on a lonely tropic isle... 1500 strong (VERY strong!)... only to find three young beauties... who've never even seen an eligible man in all their luscious young lives! Hilarious situation... that makes for the funniest movie!

ever happened to the U.S. Marines before!



The GIRLS of PLEASURE ISLAND

COLOR BY **Technicolor**



starring
**LEO DON
GENN · TAYLOR**



with
**GENE BARRY
ELSA LANCHESTER**



and introducing
**DOROTHY AUDREY JOAN
BROMILEY · DALTON · ELAN**

Produced by PAUL JONES • Directed by F. HUGH HERBERT and ALVIN GANZER • Written for the Screen by F. HUGH HERBERT

Based on the novel by William Maier • A PARAMOUNT PICTURE



your
hair
is
showing!

give it that "cared-for" look!



This is the way
I start my day—
A touch of Suave
Makes hair obey.



Hours later
Hair still "just so"...
And doesn't my hair
Gleam and glow!



A "friend in need"
After shampoo!
Relieves dryness, friz,
Split ends...too!



And look how soft
Suave leaves my hair
No oily film
Anywhere.

P.S. A precious tip to mom and daughter!
For the best creme rinse try Suave-in-water.

only **Suave**

makes hair obey
new soft way

because only Suave contains miracle Curtisol



created by *Helene Curtis* foremost name in hair beauty

That's Hollywood

For You CONTINUED

I seldom visit the Beverly Hills Hotel without recalling that not too long ago, it was a barley field... You can't sell me those movie stars now in Europe who are starring in "It Takes Me Eighteen Months to Beat the Income Tax"... I wanted to pull that pipe out of Dick Powell's mouth in "The Bad and the Beautiful"... Terry Moore is gaining in popularity, and without the help of a calendar... I'm a sucker for a movie about Hollywood. I'm ready to see Humphrey Bogart and Gloria Grahame in "In a Lonely Place" again... Robert Wagner combs his hair carefully before going to bed, and he likes to sleep in a draft.

Beverly Hills is loaded with English-made cars, which caused Jackie Sherman to remark: "There'll always be an England as long as there's a Beverly Hills"... I can't wait for the next Shirley Booth movie. Please, "Come Back, Little Shirley"... There's something about matching names. I'd like to hear Tony Martin and Dean Martin do a song together; Jane Russell and Rosalind Russell do a comedy scene; and team Paul Douglas with Kirk Douglas.



June: Amazement becomes her

Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh, who are married, always look like a couple of kids out on a date... Monica Lewis was singing in a night club when M-G-M signed her. After a few so-so pictures, she was given her release. Monica returned to the night clubs where M-G-M saw her and wants to sign her... June Allyson has changed in many ways, but still "wonder and amazement ooze out of her like toothpaste gushing from a tube"... Katie Grayson singing "Remember" in "So This Is Love" is really something. I never heard the song done better... I watch "Moulin Rouge" and can see John Huston directing... I'm proud to have said many columns ago that Gloria Grahame was great and the public would get wise to her... Instead of remakes, let's have a few reissues.

**MONTGOMERY
CLIFT**

AND

**ANNE
BAXTER**

IN

**ALFRED
HITCHCOCK'S**

"I Confess"


This
is love
with the
brand of
Hitchcock
burned in!
Filmed in
Canada's
colorful
Quebec
by
Warner
Bros.



**IF YOU
KNEW WHAT
HE KNEW—
WHAT WOULD
YOU DO ?**

with **KARL MALDEN · BRIAN AHERNE**

• Screen play by
GEORGE TABORI and WILLIAM ARCHIBALD • Music composed and
conducted by DIMITRI TIOMKIN



There was
nothing
lily-white
about her —
the
clinch-and-kill
girl
they called:

THE BLUE GARDENIA

WARNER BROS. PRESENT

ANNE BAXTER • RICHARD CONTE • ANN SOTHERN
IN
"THE BLUE GARDENIA"

WITH
RAYMOND BURR • JEFF DONNELL
RICHARD ERDMAN • GEORGE REEVES

AND
NAT KING COLE
INTRODUCING
"BLUE GARDENIA"



SCREEN PLAY BY CHARLES HOFFMAN • PRODUCED BY ALEX GOTTLIEB • DIRECTED BY FRITZ LANG • DISTRIBUTED BY WARNER BROS.

hollywood party line



BY EDITH GWYNN

HOLLYWOOD KNOWS "Spring is Here," when La Rue, Romanoffs, the Brown Derby and other smart lunch and dinner spots, put daffodils on the tables, only to have them swiped as blooms for boutonnieres—by both the guys *and* the dolls! Daffodil yellow is sweeping into first place as fashion's favorite color of the season. Some of the Tinseltown belles are knitting their own sweaters, dressy cardigans and even cocktail dresses of daffodil-yellow yarn. Betty Hutton ain't knittin'—but she did have Sydney of Hollywood, whip up a semi-tailored two-piece knit daytimer for her. And liked it so much she ordered duplicates "in miniature" for her two girl-sprigs. Everybody seems daffy about the daffodil shade. Arlene Dahl, with her spring suit of pussy-willow gray flannel, sports a sheer wool high-necked shirt of yellow with lapel boutonniere (unstolen) to match.

Enough of the style department for the moment—or I'll never get to all the month's delish doings: "The Jazz Singer" was just one of many glitter events—and even a slight touch of unseasonable rain didn't dampen the spirits of such as Peggy Lee with about-to-be groom Brad Dexter, who carried Peg (in short white starched chiffon, sapphire-mink stoled, her hair pulled back into a high bun) over a puddle. Other stars among the dew-drops were Doris Day, in gleaming pale blue satin, Rhonda Fleming, Greer Garson, Diana Lynn, in her beloved black—this time taffeta; Virginia Mayo, in her beloved pale green—this time (Continued on page 10)



Preem to party: Rhonda Fleming and husband

Easy way to a naturally radiant skin QUICK HOME FACIAL WITH THIS 4-PURPOSE CREAM!



Now . . . follow Lady Esther's super-speed recipe for true loveliness!



1. Smooth Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream up your neck and face. Don't rub! This self-acting cream takes away dirt that can turn into blackheads . . . relieves dryness. Remove gently.



2. Splash face with cold water. Blot with soft towel. You don't need astringent. This 4-way Cream works with Nature to refine coarse pores.



3. Smooth on a second "rinse" of Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream. Remove with tissue. A special oil in the cream softens and conditions your face for make-up.



4. Ready now to put on your "face." Make-up goes on smoothly—clings for hours! You're *really* pretty always.

So easy. Just think . . . with one face cream alone you can give your skin

all the vital benefits of an expensive beauty shop facial. Because *all by itself* Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream *cleans, softens, tones and satinizes* your skin. And *all in one minute!* Get the Lady Esther facial habit for healthier, cleaner skin. Be lovely to look at always!

Lady Esther

4-Purpose
FACE CREAM



AFTER YOUR FACIAL

Lady Esther Complete Creme Make-up

Generous
Compact
50¢
Plus Tax
(Slightly Higher
in Canada)



All you need for all-day loveliness! New Creme Make-up plus 4-Purpose Face Cream! Depend on this Terrific Twosome for flawless, radiant skin.

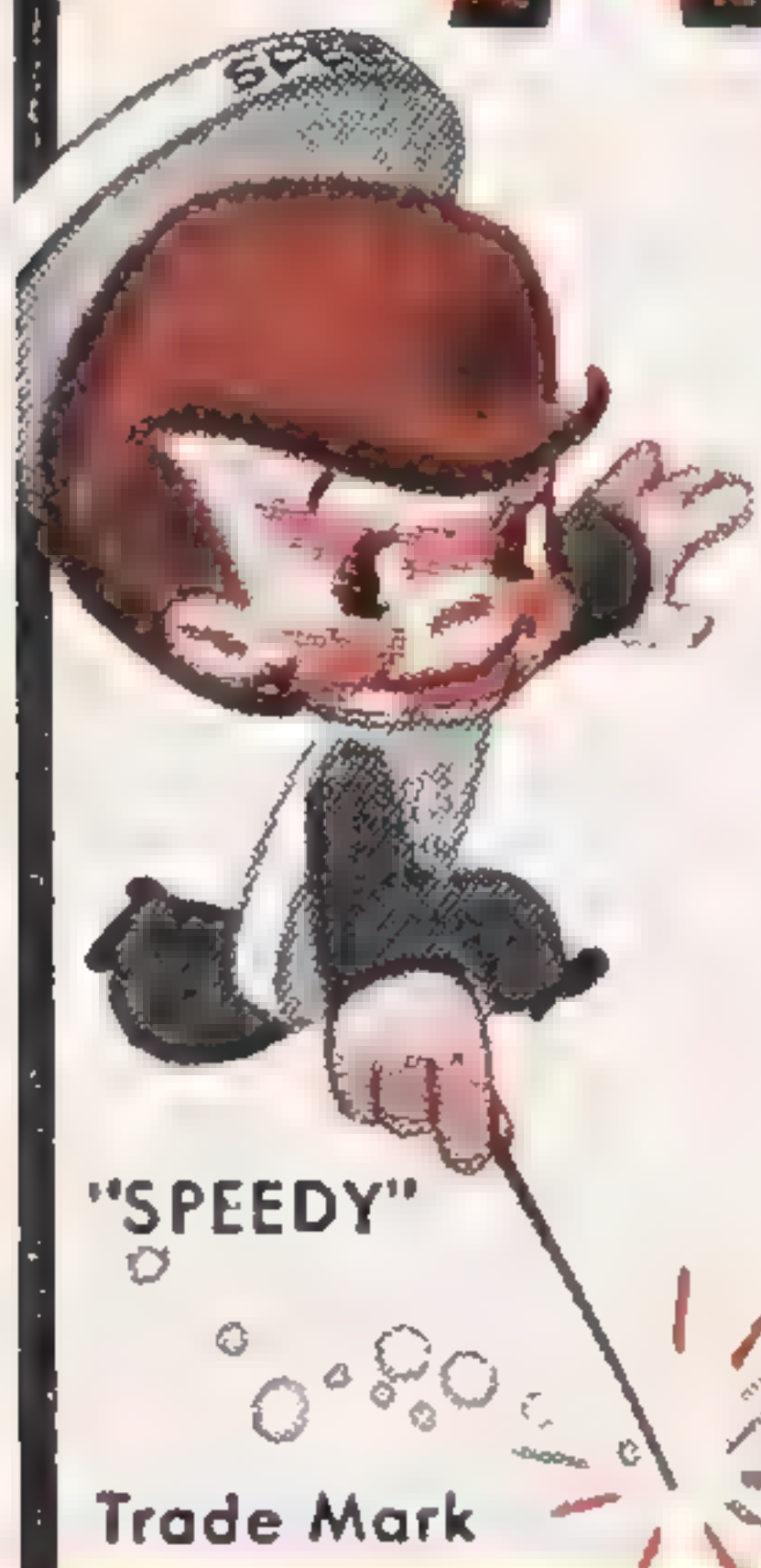
Here's to **FIRST AID** for **COLDS**



Alka-Seltzer

BRAND

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



• Here's fast, effective relief from the headache, the feverish feeling, the aches and pains of a cold. Gentle ALKA-SELTZER is a soothing gargle too. For cold discomforts, try sparkling ALKA-SELTZER... and *feel better while you are getting better.*

SPEEDY RELIEF FROM THESE **COLD DISCOMFORTS**

- ✓ ACHE-ALL-OVER MISERY
- ✓ FEVERISH FEELING
- ✓ HEADACHE
- ✓ SORE THROAT OF A COLD

Also Try ALKA-SELTZER
for **ACID INDIGESTION**
HEADACHES
MUSCULAR ACHES



DISPLAYED AT
DRUG STORES EVERYWHERE
U. S. and Canada

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN



MILES LABORATORIES, INC., ELKHART, IND.

hollywood party line

continued from page 9

chiffon; Marge and Gower Champion (Marge in pale yellow chiffon); Ann Blyth and her fiance, Doc Jim McNulty.

Lots of this preem's customers went on to *Ciro's* where songwriter Jimmy McHugh, with five girl-singers opened his new night-club act. That eve—and ensuing ones—proved to be a real ball! With ringsiders such as Jack Benny, Jane Wyman, Judy Garland, Joan Fontaine, the Don O'Connors, Vic Damone and who knows all "gettin' in the act." Martin and Lewis put on the craazzziest preem of the season when they previewed their latest, "The Stooge," at a very small Beverly Hills theatre. It was their idea of "lousing up things" to get done up in white tie and tails and act as parking-lot attendants! Aside from these monkeyshines, they managed to heckle one and all (for radio broadcasting and on-the-spot laffs) as they en-



Dream date: Terry Moore, Laurence Harvey

tered the theatre, acted as ushers and later—to top everything off—Dean and Jer' put on a real-life show of their own after the picture was over!

Which brings us to a splendiferous party that Herman Hover (owner of *Ciro's*) and his chic frau Yvonne, tossed for, pardon the expression, *me!* This was at their home, and I did all the inviting—in case some café customer chums of his (but not mine) are listening! Terry Moore (in pale gray taffeta) brought British actor Laurence Harvey (he already has three important Hollywood films to do). She has a terrific crush on him (*Continued on page 12*)



THE
ORCHIDS
...THE
FURS
...THE
DIAMONDS
THAT
WERE THE
STAR'S
WERE
ALL GONE
NOW...
AND NOTHING
REMAINED
...BUT
THE
WOMAN!

Only the Star of Stars could accept the challenge of such a role...the greatest triumph of the twice winner of the Academy Award!

BERT E. FRIEDLOB presents
THE MAGNIFICENT

BETTE
DAVIS

rips the mask off the klieg capital in

"THE
STAR"



Twinkle, twinkle
klieg-light star ... be
the woman that you are.

When the Hollywood
star fades...the
woman is born.

co-starring **STERLING HAYDEN** with NATALIE WOOD • WARNER ANDERSON • MINOR WATSON • JUNE TRAVIS
Produced by BERT E. FRIEDLOB • Directed by STUART HEISLER • Original Story and Screenplay by KATHERINE ALBERT and DALE EUNSON
Music composed and conducted by VICTOR YOUNG • A BERT E. FRIEDLOB Production • Released by 20th Century-Fox

HER LIPS KNEW THE SECRET OF 1000 MEN!

*...and marked him
with the scarlet brand
of the deserter!*



Fighting leader of the
Foreign Legion! Rapturous beauty
of the wild Sahara!..resisting every
danger but their own emotions!

Universal-International presents
ALAN LADD
IN **DESERT
LEGION**
COLOR BY
Technicolor

CO-STARRING

RICHARD CONTE
ARLENE DAHL

with **AKIM TAMIROFF** Directed by JOSEPH PEVNEY • Screenplay by IRVING WALLACE and LEWIS MELTZER • Produced by TED RICHMOND



hollywood party line

continued from page 10

—and vice versa. Among the one hundred and twenty people who dined, dropped in, or just wandered in and out during my soirée that lasted from 9:00 P.M. till 5:30 dawning, were Bob Taylor and Ursula Thiess, Lana Turner and Lex Barker. Lana was luscious in sleeky black crepe and net. Brrrother!

Which brings me to the small, but interesting home dinners Lana Turner's been giving. Latest of her intime soirées by candlelight was a sit-down affair for Lex Barker (seated at the guest-of-honor spot at her right), the Billy Eckstines, the Dale Armstrongs, the Joe Pasternaks, Georges Saurel (the Frenchman linked with Lana in columns recently), Bryan Foy, the top "B" producer—and a coupla others.

No doubt about it—the "double premiere" of "Moulin Rouge" and Edith Piaf's bow at Mocambo was one of the biggest, fanciest, dressiest and gayest seen around these parts for many a season! Most of the guests were also on the invited list to the huge supper-dance at the Mo later. The entire place, plus its "annex," had copies of Toulouse-Lautrec paintings decorating the walls and ciggie girls wore Cancan costumes. Just some of Filmtown's top personalities I saw were Greer Garson, in white satin and long ermine wrap; Rosie Clooney, on the arm of José Ferrer; Joan Crawford in strapless white lace and net and *all* gorgeous diamonds, with director Dave Miller, and Janet Leigh (with the weirdest hair-do ever) and Tony Curtis. It was one of those eves where a rip-roarin' time was had by almost everyone!



Glitter whirl: Joan Crawford and Dave Miller

You feel it!

*With your hair Shasta-Soft
and sweet, you're every inch a
desirable woman!*



Feel it on your fingertips!

Rub it into the palms of your hands!

*You can feel that Shasta Shampoo
is right for your hair!*



From the second you open the jar, you can feel that creamy-soft Shasta is going to do wonderful things for your hair.

Rich but not oily, creamy but not sticky, Shasta is the very softest of the cream shampoos...gives you billows of rich, lasting lather that cleanses your hair like no ordinary soap shampoo can do.

No other shampoo is so *femininely right* for your hair. So when it's important for you to look and feel your best, be Shasta-sure your hair is soft, sweet, feminine!

P.S. Just a little Shasta gives you a lot of lather. Don't waste it.

New
Shasta

the Softest of the Cream Shampoos

when hair loses that
"vital look"



Helene Curtis
**shampoo
plus egg**

brings out natural
"life" and sparkle...
conditions even
problem hair!

The one and only shampoo made
with homogenized fresh, whole egg
which contains precious CHOLESTEROL, ALBUMEN and LECITHIN.

See for yourself how this conditioning shampoo enhances the natural "vital look" of your hair—gives it maximum gloss and super-sparkle.

You'll find your hair wonderfully manageable—with the caressable, silky texture that is every woman's dream. Try Helene Curtis Shampoo Plus Egg today. You'll be delighted that you did.



Available at
All Drug Stores,
Cosmetic Counters
and Beauty Salons

59¢ and \$1

Helene Curtis

The Foremost Name
In Hair Beauty

*2%

What should I do?

YOUR LETTERS ANSWERED BY CLAUDETTE COLBERT



Dear Miss Colbert:

A fine young man has asked me to marry him, and although I'm not in love with him now (and he knows this) I'm seriously thinking of accepting his proposal. Here is my story:

My parents died when I was eighteen. I am now twenty-three. My brother and I have both inherited my parents' exceptional good looks. Everyone said we made a beautiful family, and I have wanted to carry on the tradition. So I have always gone out with handsome men, but somehow I never became serious about any of them. And my brother, who always dated beautiful girls, married one who is rather plain, but super-delightful.

I met the man I am considering at a benefit dance. He is only one inch taller than I, if I wear flat heels, and he is a year younger. He isn't handsome, although he is neat and rather attractive, but his personality makes up for everything.

I'm tired of running around. I want to settle down. After all, I'm at an age when I should be thinking seriously of marriage.

Do you think that through his kindness (he would do anything in the world for me) I would eventually fall in love with him, or do you think I should hold out for my ideal?

Elstrey W.

Dear Miss W:

I don't think you should hold out for your "ideal" because I don't believe it is a worthy one. The search for a handsome man—primarily on the basis of his helping you to produce beautiful children—is immature. The man with whom a girl builds a home, a life, a family, must offer so much more than surface appearance that the topic begs discussion.

Furthermore, there is no law which says a girl should be married at twenty-three, at thirty-three, at forty-three, or at all. Marriage is an emotional arrangement between two people who feel that their greatest happiness is to be achieved by combining their lives. Marriage is not something you acquire like a winter coat, because the time has come for it to be useful.

Women must realize that they must bring to a marriage a love equal to that of the groom; they must not expect a man "to do anything in the world" to make them happy, unless they intend to do anything in the world to bring about a husband's happiness, as well.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I have written a story which I think has definite possibilities for a good movie. The name is "Though Your Sins Be Scarlet," and it runs 11,100 words. Everyone who has read it has been fascinated by it. It is a drama of a woman during the French and Indian Wars, combining an Indian legend

with a story of buried treasure. A General was court-martialed for misappropriating the money which has never been found.

I sent the story to a publisher who sent me a ton of contracts, a lot of compliments, and an offer to publish the story in book form if I paid them \$600. That isn't my idea at all. I want to sell the story to make some money which I could use to good advantage.

So will you please supply the names and addresses of all motion picture producers who are now in the story market.

(Mrs.) Racine B.

Dear Mrs. B:

So many letters similar to yours come to me that I feel I should once again print the information and the advice I have given before.

No motion picture producer dares to buy a script from an unknown writer. There have been instances in which a producer has received a brilliant story, only to learn that it was published five or ten years earlier. Such copying and resubmission is literary theft, known as plagiarism, and anyone making a picture from such a script would be subject to legal action.

If your story is good—and it sounds as though it may have possibilities—you should submit it to all the magazines you see on your local newsstand. There is never any need for an author to pay a publisher to print a book. If the story has merit, it will sell eventually and the author will receive cash for it. And the movies, as you know, often use—and, of course, pay well for—published stories which they buy from reputable markets.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am being forced to make a decision that will affect, not only my own life, but that of my two little boys.

Their father is a brilliant, respected man, a wonderful husband and father. I love him dearly, but I have never been in love with him.

This all started during my freshman year in high school. I met David (we'll call him) and we were inseparable for four years. It was taken for granted that we would be married some day.

However, he went into service, and I went on to college where I met Chris, one of the instructors serving his first year in our university. We enjoyed one another's companionship; I told him about Dave, and he told me about the girl "back home."

At the end of my sophomore year, Chris was moved to Washington, D. C. He wrote to me regularly, telephoned about once every two weeks, and finally asked me to come to Washington to spend a weekend with relatives of his. I hadn't heard a word from Dave (Continued on page 110)

Romantic—

With hair the color of sunshine
... skin that is radiantly fresh
... June Haver wins the
screen's most romantic roles!

“This is
my secret of
lovelier skin”

says *June Haver*

**It's simply—daily Lux Soap
Facials! See how soon the
Skin-Tonic Action in Lux care
brings fresher skin to you!**

Look at the tantalizing sparkle of June Haver's skin. She tells you, “My beauty care is simply—Lux Soap care. It not only cleanses thoroughly, but really smooths my skin.”

Will Lux care work its smoothing, softening benefits on *your* skin? ... Yes!

It's the Skin-Tonic Action in Lux care that makes such a lovely difference! It helps your skin retain dewy moistness ... gives skin that exciting sparkle men find so captivating.

With just *one* cake of Lux, your skin can look so much smoother. Try daily Lux facials now ... Start *your* complexion on a new life of loveliness.

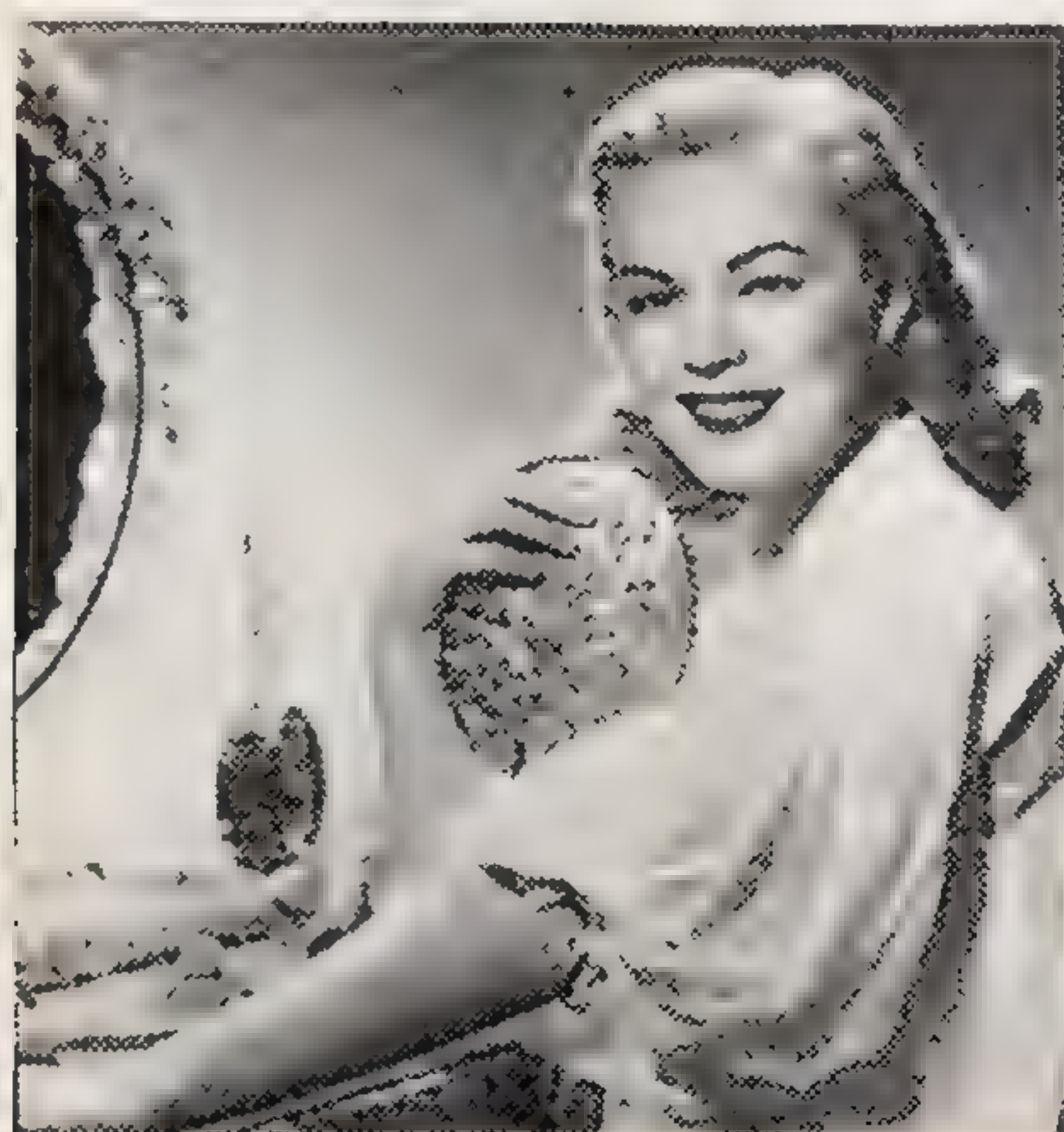


JUNE HAYER starring in 20th Century-Fox's "THE GIRL NEXT DOOR"
Color by Technicolor

June's a talented musician off-screen. She says, "Two things are daily *musts* for me:—piano practice—and my Lux Soap facial for fresh, sparkling skin."

"Lux facials work so quickly! All I do is massage in the gentle Lux lather. Then, after my warm and cold rinse, my skin looks so soft ... so alive!"

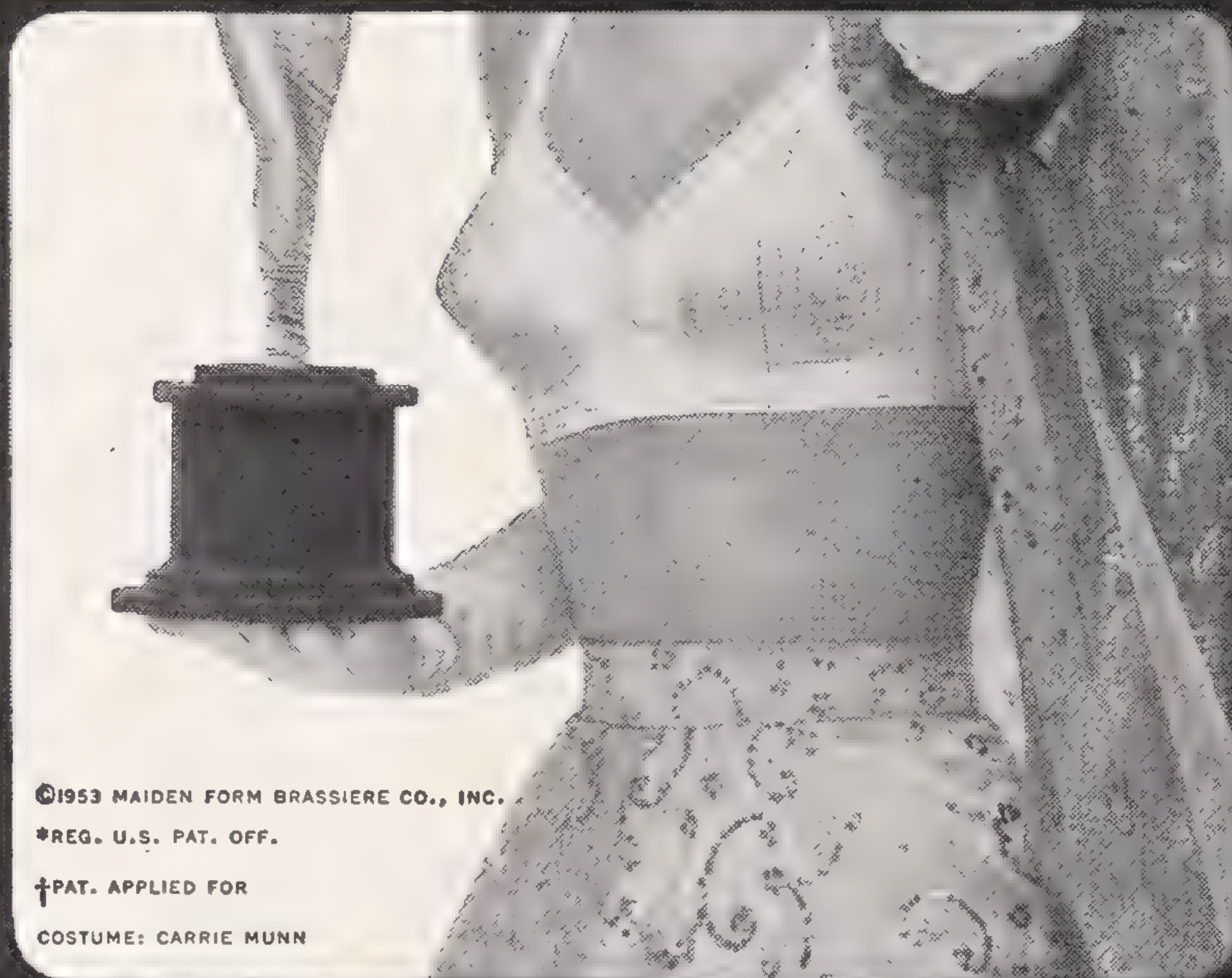
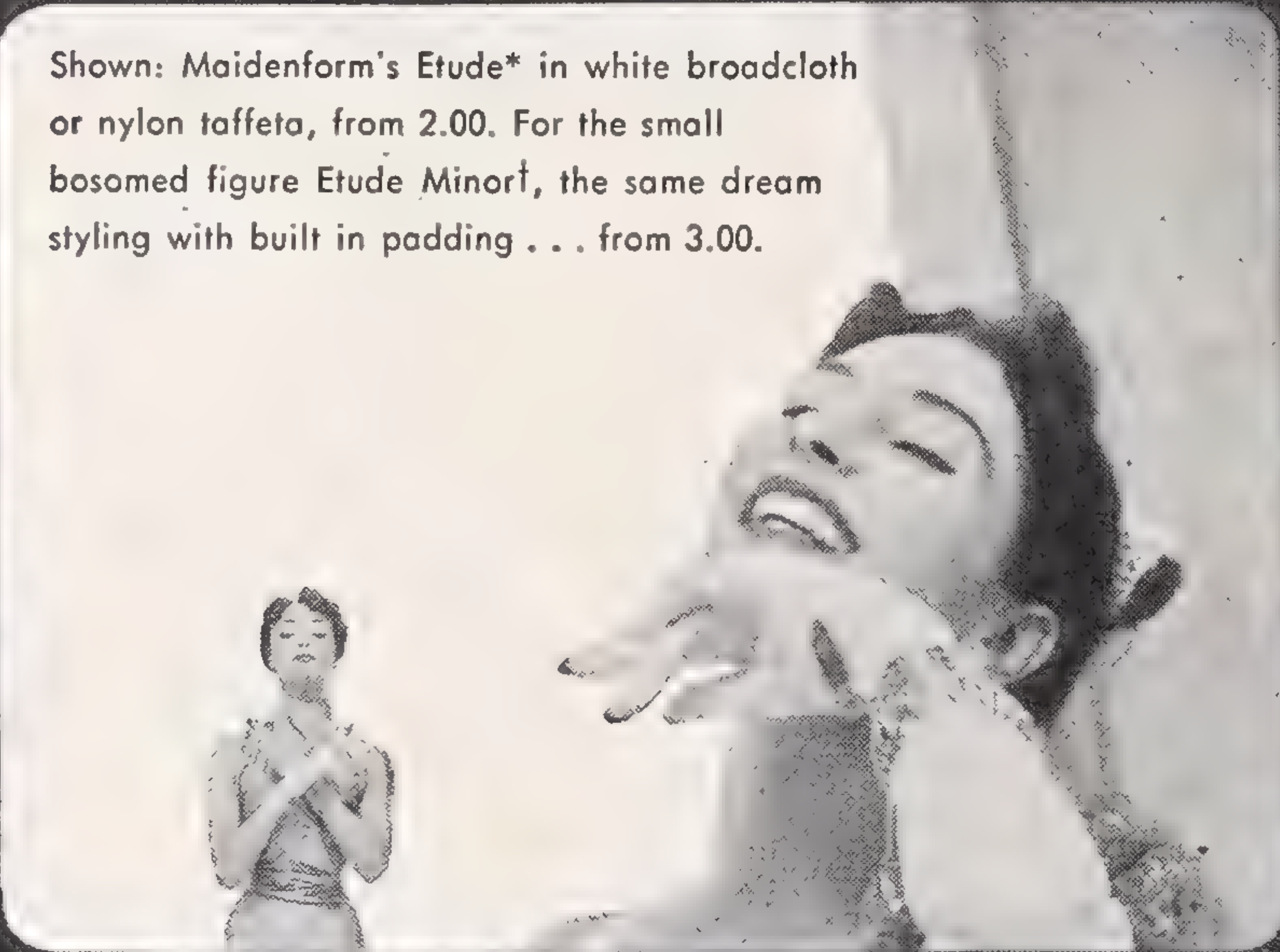
Nine out of ten screen stars use Lux. This gentle beauty care is guaranteed by Lever Brothers Company to improve *any* normal skin—or your money refunded. Enjoy Lux Beauty Baths, too.



*I dreamed I won the
Academy Award* in my
maidenform bra*

I'm the brightest star in cinema circles...
the leading figure among filmland's dream girls.
With Maidenform's Etude bra in the supporting role,
mine is the best-rounded performance of the year.

Shown: Maidenform's Etude* in white broadcloth
or nylon taffeta, from 2.00. For the small
bosomed figure Etude Minor†, the same dream
styling with built in padding . . . from 3.00.



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*REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

†PAT. APPLIED FOR

COSTUME: CARRIE MUNN

hollywood whispers

BY FLORABEL MUIR

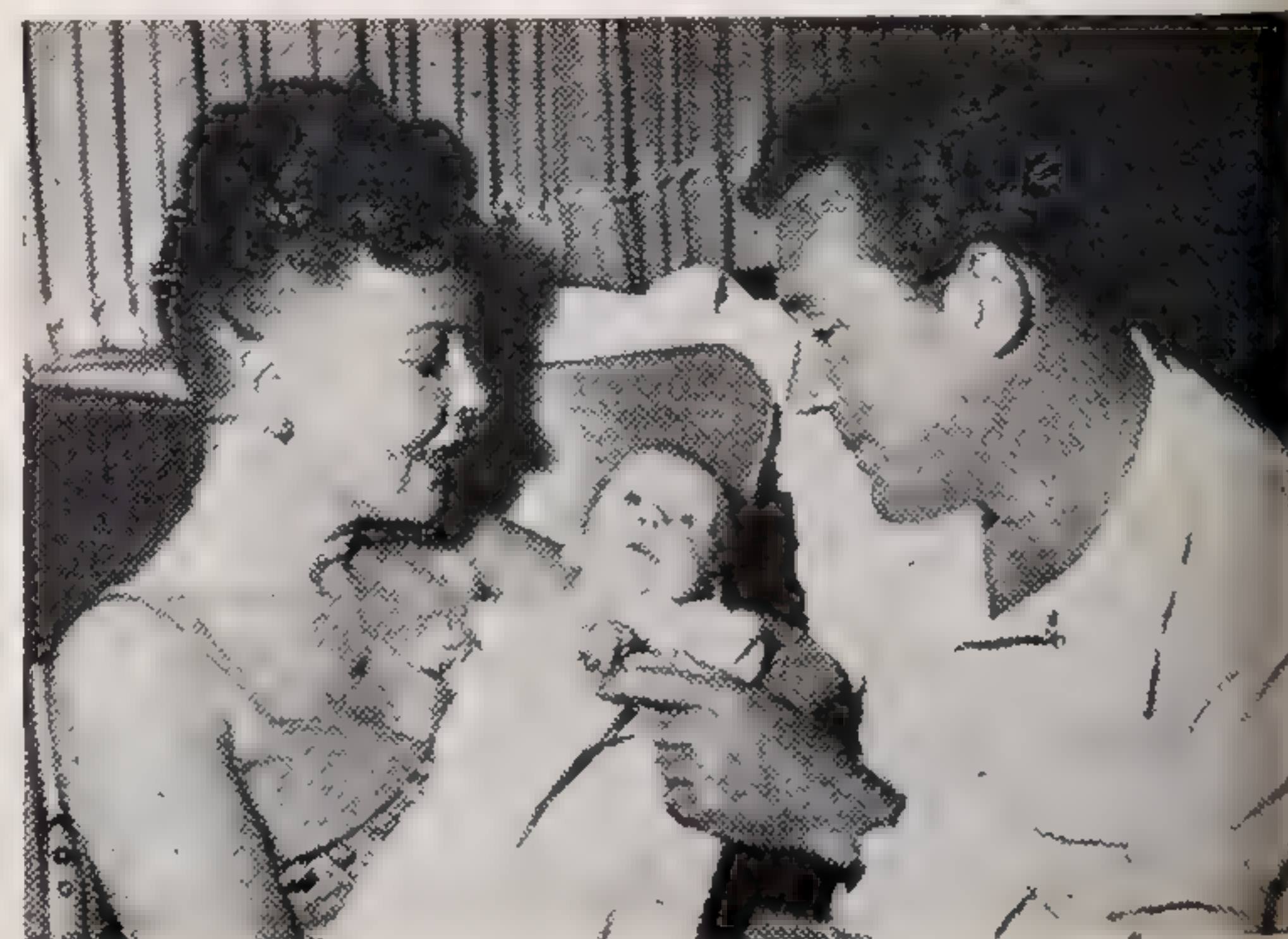
AN OLD FRIENDSHIP between Olivia de Havilland and movie director John Huston may be a new romance. Zsa Zsa Gabor told everyone she was playing cupid when she brought them together at her party but what she didn't know was that it started long ago at Warner Brothers studio. At that time there was talk that John and his second wife E. Lesley Black, an Irish girl, were on the verge of a divorce and Livvy would be his third bride. But, instead, he married Evelyn Keyes. Once more they're saying that he and Livvy will get married if and when he and his fourth wife, Ricky Soma, are divorced. Although he and Ricky have been estranged for some time, the final break has not yet been made.

Ida Lupino and Howard Duff's marital road is rocky. His recent walk-out and quick return to their home had everybody speculating on why he went and what the future holds for them. Ida gives out with optimistic statements about working things out but the hep cinema gang knows only too well the storm signals for the big blow.

Diana Lynn and John Lindsay's termination of their marriage was unemotional. They even went out together on New Year's Eve knowing that the next day the announcement of their pending divorce would be made. Of course they separated before and then went back together so perhaps by this time a break-up is just an old story to them.

Terry Moore, who had been thought of as an ingenue without much spice, changed all that with her role in "Come Back, Little Sheba." Hollywood wolves are now busy dialing her phone number.

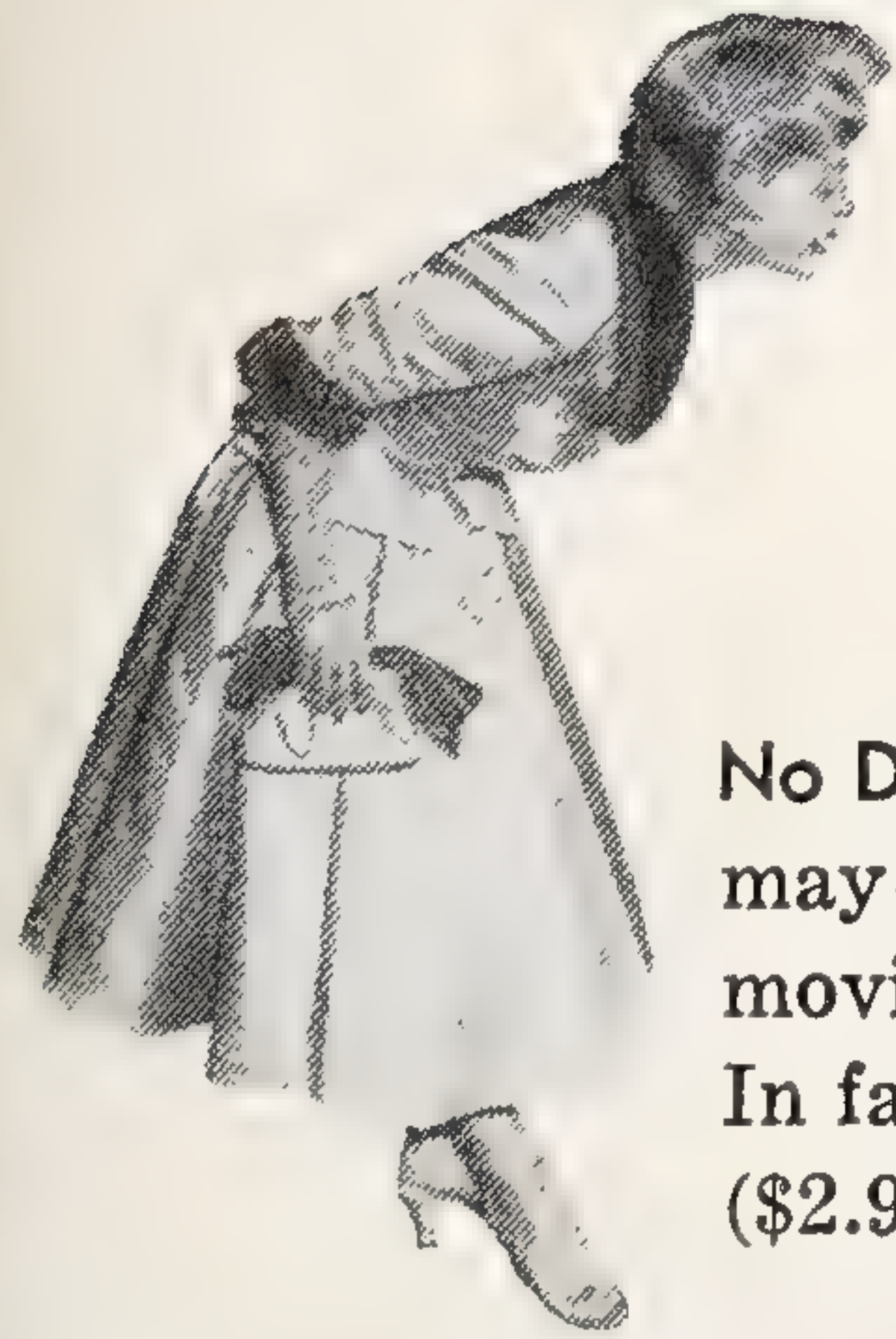
(Continued on page 18)



The Howard Duffs: Much ado about nothing

How You Can Lose Weight

-and Eat All You Want!



"It happened to me," says

Zsa Zsa Gabor

No Drugs . . . No Diet . . . Results Guaranteed! Excess weight may ruin your health and your looks, too. Lovely movie stars lose weight the Ayds way—why not you? In fact, you must lose pounds with the very first box (\$2.98) or your money back!

Proved by Clinical Tests. With Ayds you lose weight the way Nature intended you to—without dieting or hunger. A quick natural way, clinically tested and approved by doctors, with no risk to health. With the Ayds Plan you should feel healthier, look better while reducing—and have a lovelier figure.

Controls Hunger and Over-eating. When you take Ayds before meals, as directed, you can eat what you want—all you want. No starvation dieting—no gnawing hunger pangs. Ayds is a specially made, low calorie candy fortified with health-giving vitamins and minerals. Ayds curbs your appetite—you automatically eat less—lose weight naturally, safely, quickly. Ayds is guaranteed pure. Contains no drugs or laxatives.

New Loveliness in a Few Weeks. Users report losing up to ten pounds with the very first box. Others say they have lost twenty to thirty pounds with the Ayds Plan.

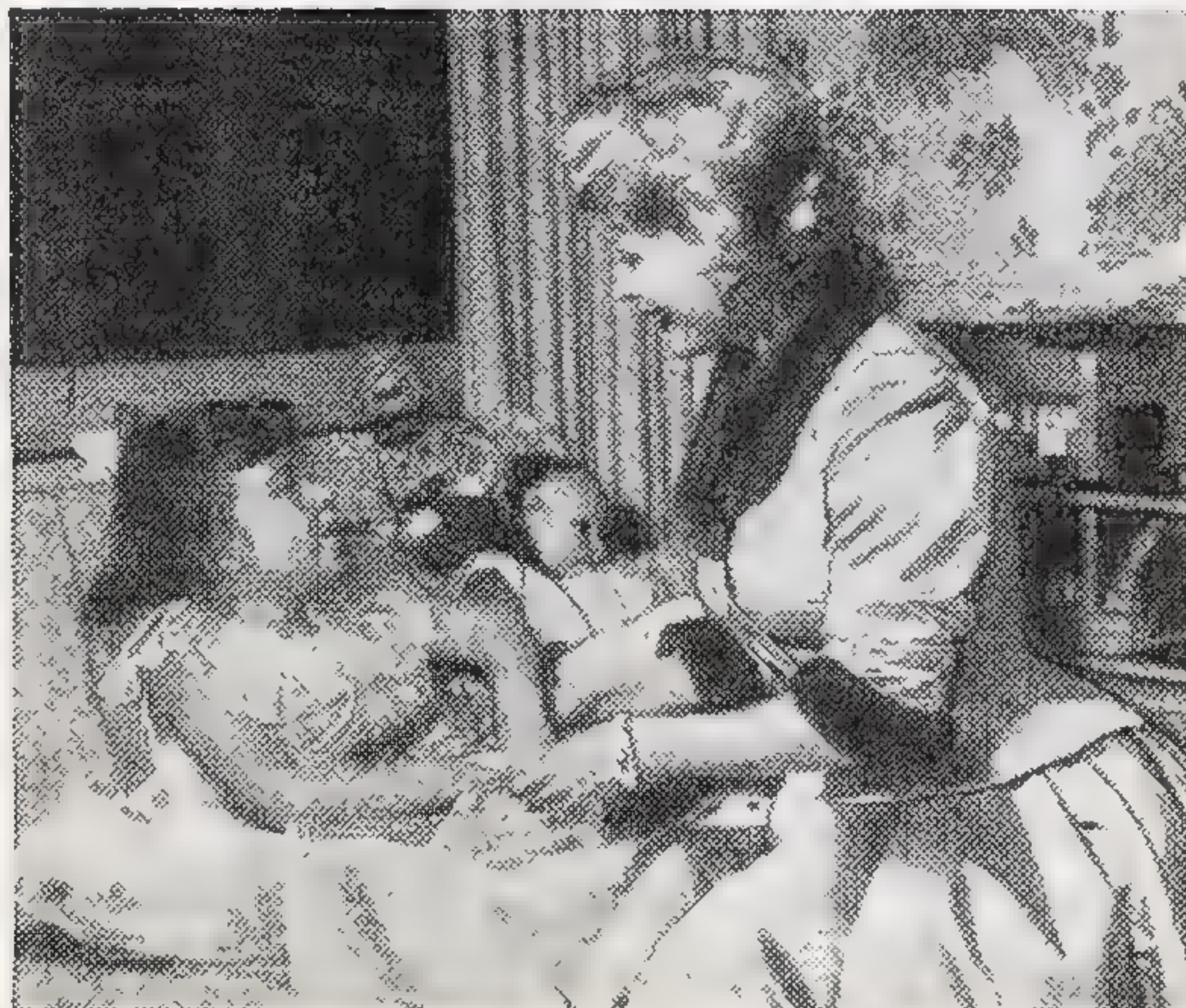
Slim the Way the Stars Slim

"If you are overweight, Ayds can do wonderful things for your figure."

Zsa Zsa Gabor



Ayds helps Zsa Zsa to keep that lovely figure. "Ayds helps you to reduce," says Zsa Zsa. "I know, it happened to me!"



Zsa Zsa with daughter Francesca. "I recommend Ayds to any woman who wants to keep looking youthful," she says



Ayds has helped many famous Hollywood stars to a lovelier figure. It can do the same for you!

hollywood whispers

continued from page 16

Formerly demure-damsel Mona Freeman is also having a busy time—playing the gay divorcee about town.

Jeanne Crain is on a glamour kick. For a long time she steadfastly refused to snip off her long hair but she recently capitulated. She's still devoted to Paul Brinkman, but at parties she lets her eyes roll provocatively when eligible males pass. Zsa Zsa Gabor has certainly demonstrated the value of glamour. She's riding high in the entertainment world although her acting talent is somewhat meager. As Shelley Winters says, it isn't always the best actress who goes over big in Hollywood. It's the personality-loaded gal the studio bosses are eager to hire.

The Cara Williams-John Barrymore, Jr., marriage is one which the wise guys predict can't last. They're saying that Cara, who was always a hey-nunny-nunny girl, will get bored with a steady diet of matrimonial bliss. She tells me they've got her all wrong, though. This



John and Cara: Exaggerated rumors

is it, she claims, because she's settled down and wants to be known as a good actress instead of a razzle-dazzle play girl. Her option at M-G-M was recently picked up and she's slated for a good role in "Arena" following a substantial part in "The Great Diamond Robbery," starring Red Skelton. All the talk that John's Aunt Ethel Barrymore and Uncle Lionel were annoyed with him for marrying Cara seem to be exaggerated. Cara says it was her mother who was hot about it and that all the Barrymores have been "just lovely to me."

Dial Soap keeps complexions clearer by keeping skin cleaner!

Dial's AT-7 (Hexachlorophene) removes blemish-spreading bacteria that other soaps leave on skin.

The cleaner your skin, the better your complexion. And mild, fragrant Dial with AT-7 gets your skin cleaner and clearer than any other kind of soap. It's as simple as that. Of course Dial's mild *beauty-cream* lather gently removes dirt and make-up. But Dial does far more! Here's the important *difference*: when you use Dial every day, its AT-7 effectively clears skin of bacteria that often aggravate and spread surface pimples and blemishes.

Skin doctors know this and recommend Dial for both adults and adolescents.

DIAL DAVE GARROWAY—NBC, Weekdays



P. S. For cleaner, more beautiful hair, try *New DIAL SHAMPOO* in the handy, unbreakable squeeze bottle!



Now available in Canada

“My hobby is dangerous!”

“When I’m not making a film,” Arlene Dahl explains, “I’ve plenty to keep me busy. And best of all I love to spend hours working in the garden. That may seem like a healthy, innocent pastime, but for me... it’s dangerous!”



“My other hobby is writing, and when I’ve papers to handle I’m grateful that Jergens leaves no greasy film. Jergens works fast. See why: Smooth one hand with quickly absorbed Jergens . . .

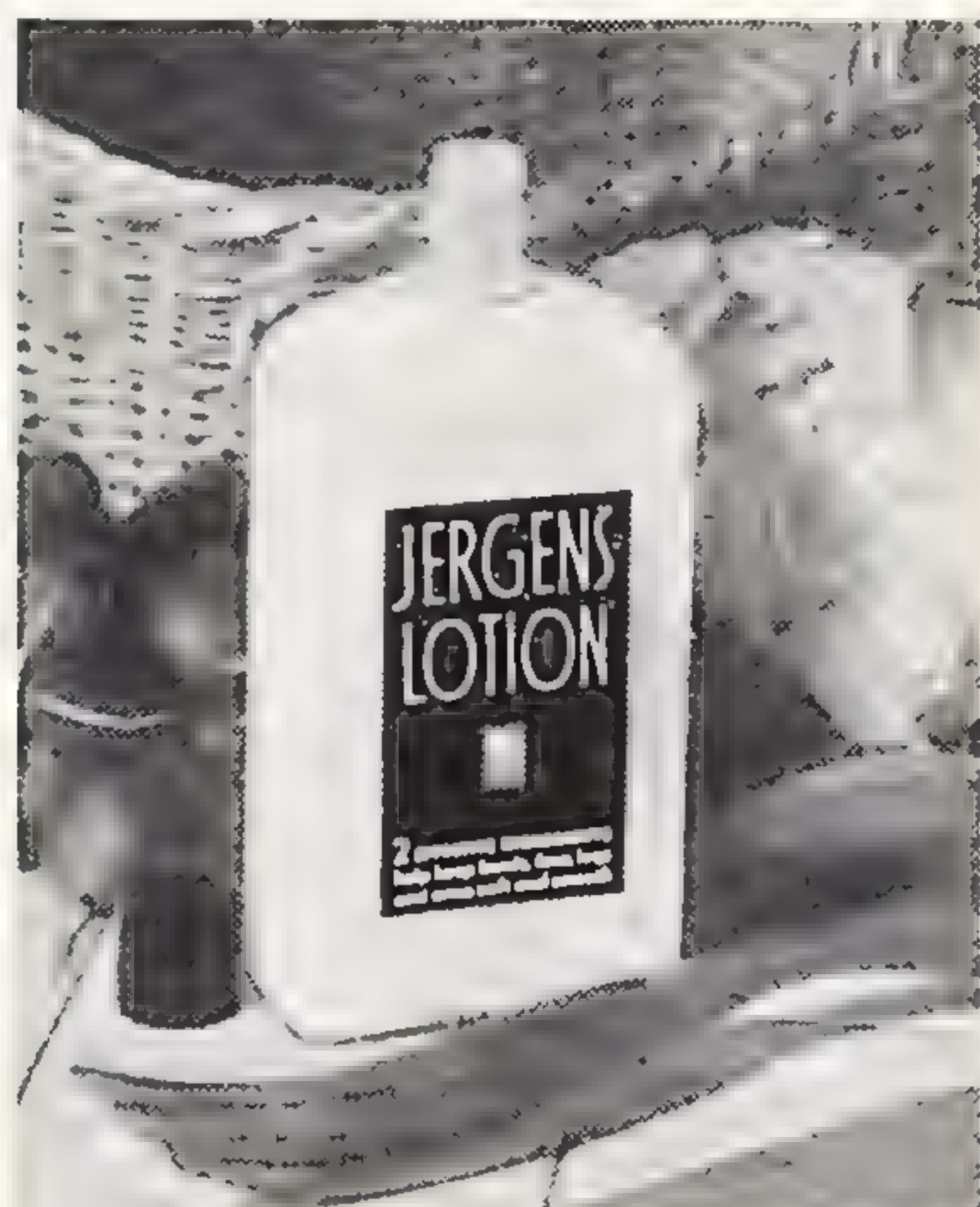
“An actress can’t afford to let her hands get rough and dry! So – the moment I go indoors – I smooth my hands and sun-parched face with soothing, pure white Jergens Lotion!”



“Apply any lotion or cream to the other. Then wet them. Water won’t bead on the Jergens hand as it will over oily lotions or creams.



“Back at the studio, my hands are soft and smooth – always ready for screen close-ups.” That’s why Hollywood stars prefer Jergens Lotion 7 to 1.



Use Jergens Lotion regularly to keep your hands lovely. More women use Jergens than any other hand care in the world. 10¢ to \$1.00, plus tax.

Remember **Jergens Lotion** . . . because you care for your hands!

LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES

WITH JANET GRAVES

The Stars Are Singing

PARAMOUNT, TECHNICOLOR

There's an engaging air of youth about the musical that serves as Rosemary Clooney's movie debut. It has both heart and gaiety, telling the story of an orphan (Anna Maria Alberghetti) who escapes from enslaved Poland and reaches New York. She knows no one there except an old family friend (Lauritz Melchior), former opera star now lost in drink. Rosemary, who lives in the same apartment house, sees the refugee's case as a source of publicity that will advance her own singing career. With only this selfish motive at first, she persuades her lawyer fiancé (John Archer) and a couple of other young hopefuls to join her in helping Anna Maria. Hooper Tom Morton's a likable newcomer, and Bob Williams scores in partnership with his hilariously indifferent "trick" dog, Red Dust. But Rosemary's the gal to watch. Trim-figured, pert-faced, confident before the cameras, she rates better parts.

Verdict: Warm and charmingly informal tune-film (Family)

Rosemary and Anna Maria do a happy duet: "Lovely Weather for Ducks"



Best Direction: Norman Taurog



Seeing Janet's ration of pills, father-in-law Calhern begins wondering

Confidentially Connie

M-G-M

Smart scripting gets a quantity of homey comedy out of the problems of the young couple appealingly portrayed by Janet Leigh and Van Johnson. Though Van's the scion of a millionaire cattle baron, he's dedicated to the less profitable career of teaching. Janet has been loyally willing to scrape along on a college instructor's salary, but when she discovers that the stork's on the way, she decides the family finances need improvement. At this point, Van's dad (in the imposing person of Louis Calhern) cavorts onto the scene to take a meddling hand in household affairs—especially the meat budget. You may think there's nothing funny about the price of meat, but the laughs come along regularly, with assists from Walter Slezak, as the beamish butcher, and Gene Lockhart, as the dean that Van must red-apple. In this case, the apple turns out to be a large, juicy steak!

Verdict: Affable, down-to-earth little comedy (Family)

For brief reviews of current pictures see page 112

Everybody's a has-been this month! Here's Virginia Mayo as a star who's washed up in Hollywood at the age of twenty-seven. Her return to New York, to appear in a Broadway musical, provides a close-up of the theatre that's full of convincing detail and sparkling touches. Steve Cochran, as the show's director, is also on the skids, but he's unhappy about this job, having an old grudge against Virginia. Seems he gave her her big chance on the stage, and she promptly skipped to Hollywood, leaving the show to fold without her. So a feud between one-time lovers accompanies the absorbing business of casting and rehearsing. Effective support's lent by Frank Lovejoy as the sardonic, kindly producer, and Patrice Wymore, as Steve's present girl-friend. But Gene Nelson has only a few dances and a minor acting role. Though the accent's on the story, the tunes are generally good.

Verdict: Slight but bright backstage tale

(Family)

Steve warns Virginia to expect no tender treatment when rehearsals start



Best Acting: Ethel Waters

Julie's taste in formal clothes startles Ethel Waters and young Brandon

The Member of the Wedding

KRAMER, COLUMBIA

A hit as a play, this portrait of a troubled adolescent offers some unusual and arresting material, but it never really jells into movie form. Though Julie Harris' work as poor *Frankie*, who yearns so desperately to *belong*, may be technically admirable, the eye of the camera looks too close and tells you that this well-featured young woman is no homely twelve-year-old. And the drama is so static and repetitious that *Frankie* seems at times a thoroughly tiresome youngster. But the great warmth and truth of Ethel Waters' performance break through the clumsy presentation; in her hands, the wise, compassionate cook who is *Frankie's* refuge becomes an unforgettable person. Brandon de Wilde is rather listless as *Frankie's* playmate, while Arthur Franz and Nancy Gates have limited opportunity as the about-to-be-married couple, focus of the young girl's dreams.

Verdict: Slow, talky, but often touching

(Adult)

For complete casts of new pictures see page 107

The Star

20TH CENTURY-FOX

In spite of its awkward opening sequences, in which Bette Davis is pretty obviously bucking for an Oscar, this inside-Hollywood drama pulls itself together to make some shrewd observations on what it's really like to be a star. Out of pictures, bankrupt, fending off her sponging relatives, Bette can't face the fact that she's through. In despair, she goes on a drunken binge that lands her in jail. She's bailed out by a marine-repair-shop owner (Sterling Hayden), whom she'd chosen as her leading man in one movie—his sole acting experience. He gives her shelter and seclusion, a chance to regain her mental balance. Realistically, she is still *The Star* at heart, and in her disastrous comeback attempt Bette does an acting job that makes up for the show-piece emoting at the outset. Hayden's a sympathetic hero, and Natalie Wood, as Bette's daughter, helps create tender moments.

Verdict: Uneven but substantial story of an actress

(Adult)

With all her worldly goods on sale, Bette still won't admit her failure



The musical collaboration between Danny and Peggy has romantic results

The Jazz Singer

WARNERS, TECHNICOLOR

Famous as the part-talkie that ushered in the sound era, this frankly sentimental story has been given a smooth new production. The pleasantly un-handsome Danny Thomas makes no effort to imitate the late Al Jolson in the title role. Danny gives a simple, relaxed performance as the singer (a Korean war vet this time) whose love for show business wars with his family's traditions. His father, a cantor at a Philadelphia temple, expects him to follow the family vocation. The authority, grace and talent of Eduard Franz and Mildred Dunnoek, as Danny's parents, add to the dramatic force of this conflict. As the night-club singer who symbolizes all the charm that show business holds for Danny, Peggy Lee looks attractive and sells songs with her well-known skill, though she's not yet at ease in the acting department. The score features new and old popular tunes and sacred music.

Verdict: Heart-tugging, richly produced musical

(Family)

Reviews continued on page 94

most make-ups shout **"Made up!"**
Magic Touch whispers **"Natural Beauty"**



With Magic Touch, a new, wondrously beautiful complexion becomes "your very own"... so natural-looking, so flawless-appearing, with each little imperfection hidden, yet never a trace of that "made up look."



**1. So easy to put on—
Such magic blending!**

Rub your finger-tips lightly over creamy Magic Touch. Then with gentle strokes, smooth it on face and throat, beginning with forehead. Replenish the cream on fingertips as needed. No clumsy sponge or puff, no liquid to drip or bottle to leak, no powder to spill.



**2. So soft on your skin—
So pleasant to use!**

Blends like magic, without streaking. (Smoothing with finger-tips gives perfect color-depth control—longer smoothing lessens color.) Your skin will feel so velvety soft—look so naturally youthful, fresh and clear. Magic Touch is *new*. Don't confuse with other cream or stick make-ups.



**3. Flawless beauty—
Natural-looking loveliness!**

Look in your mirror! Your complexion is flawless, alluring. For a dewy, fresh look, use Magic Touch *without* powder. Powder over lightly for a long-lasting, smooth *mat-finish*. (Magic Touch is never oily or greasy looking—even without powder—and always looks *natural*.)



6 magic shades

Magic Touch
... by CAMPANA

43¢ and \$1.00

impertinent interview

BY MIKE CONNOLLY

THERE WAS A SMALL MATTER I wanted to get straight with Corinne Calvet. At a big Hollywood party not long ago, I heard a couple of women criticizing her, because, they said, she spent most of the evening flirting—and not with her own husband.

"What about that?" I asked Corinne. "Do you think it's okay for a married woman to flirt?"

Her answer was quick as an eye wink. "Yes, of course, but never too much. Just a little, like herbs in the cooking—just a suspicion that you *do* notice that another man besides your boy friend or husband can have charm!"

This typically French observation, as expressed by a gal whose longstanding love match with her husband, John Bromfield, is one of the wonders of Hollywood, isn't too surprising if you know Corinne. Frank and forthright, she always speaks her mind.

"I must confess, having been in Hollywood only five years from my own home in France," she confided, "that I still find the ways of American women amazing. For instance, one Hollywood actress actually told me that marriage is a fifty-fifty job. Say it isn't so!" Corinne batted those long lashes, rolled those oo-la-la! eyes and continued.

"And do you know what else that girl told me? She said American men and their wives split everything! One day, she told (Continued on page 24)



The French recipe for holding your man

★ Hollywood Stars AND FAMOUS DESIGNERS

CALL PLAYTEX THE PERFECT GIRDLE

ZSA ZSA GABOR,
starring in **MOULIN ROUGE,**

Color by Technicolor—
released thru United Artists, says:

"Fabulous is the word for the Playtex Fabric Lined Girdle. You couldn't choose a better way to be lithe, free, and wonderfully comfortable!"



Vera Maxwell: "I create clothes that are full of motion. Playtex shows them best, slims in complete freedom!" Playtex hasn't a seam, stitch or bone; it lives and breathes with you, invisible under sleekest clothes.



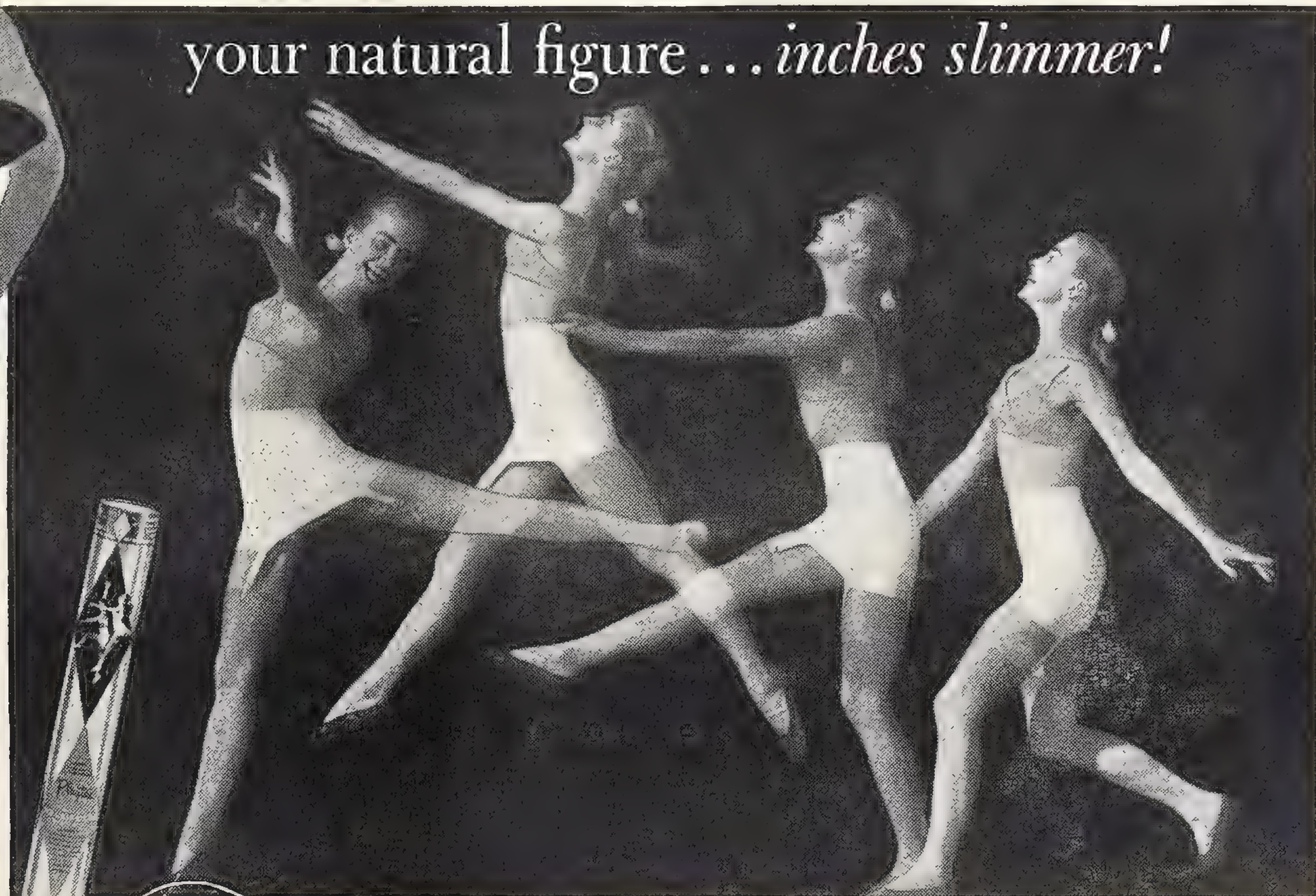
Paul Parnes: "Slenderness is the key to my Spring Collection ... and Playtex slims your figure beautifully from waist to thigh!" Playtex has an *all-way* control, for it's made of fabric lined latex that spells power-control!



Claire McCardell: "Here's a dress of real versatility. It leads a double life...at work or play. And it calls for the world's most versatile girdle . . . Playtex!" Only Playtex combines such control, comfort and freedom!

Only a **PLAYTEX®** Girdle streamlines

your natural figure... *inches slimmer!*



Invisible

FABRIC LINED

Playtex Girdles

WITH NEW ADJUSTABLE GARTERS, from **\$6.95**

Playtex Fabric Lined Girdles
from **\$4.95**

Other Playtex Girdles start at **\$3.50**
(Prices slightly higher outside U.S.A.)
At department stores and specialty
shops. Playtex known everywhere as
the girdle in the **SLIM** tube.

Photographed in the shadow of the Sacre Coeur, Paris

impertinent interview

continued from page 22

me, her husband does the dishes; the next day she takes on that job. That's the way they do the marketing, too.

"Ah, but a French girl—now there's something else again! A French girl would *never* consider this sort of procedure! She makes herself indispensable, so that the husband depends on her in many, many ways, big and little. She becomes as essential to him as his right arm!"

Corinne says that the best way to keep romance alive is to "magnify your man's manliness." Says she, "Do it to such a point that he imagines himself to be a king in his own house. And never, never make comparisons that might give him an inferiority complex."

It's okay for your boy friend or husband to flirt a little too, Corinne says. "If no woman admired your man you'd begin to wonder why. No husband wants his wife to be ignored at a party. He likes other men to look at her. That shows they think she is desirable."

"We who act in pictures will admit it's fun to make love before the cameras. I would be a hypocrite if I didn't confess I like to be kissed by a handsome movie idol. I remember this when Johnny has to make love to beautiful ladies on the screen. But I also know that I want him to look forward to coming home to me after the day's shooting."

"And everything is all right so long as he says, 'Honey, it was fun playing love scenes in the studio today—but you're much more exciting!'"

"Then, if I've been even so much as just a teentsy-weentsy little bit jealous, poof! it flies right out the window!"

This is the way Corinne boils down her spicy philosophy:

Even though you're head-over-heels in love, a gal must always be realistic and objective—and never take her guy's love for granted.

"I try, in order to keep John's love, to remain the same woman I was before we tied the knot. And always the words of advice given me by my wise French grandmother are in my heart: 'Corinne, remember always that life is filled with competition—even where the love of a man is concerned. Never relax,' my grandmother said, 'just because you've hooked your man. And always, always remember that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure!'"

Exciting things happen
when it's

Evening in Paris



Cologne, \$1.00, \$1.50
Perfume, \$1.00 to \$12.50
Improved-formula Face Powder
in 5 stylist shades, \$1.00
(all prices plus tax)

Worn by more women than any
other fragrance in the world

BOURJOIS

Created in France... Made in the U. S. A.



One patient Day!

It Really Happened

BY
ROY DEL RUTH

EDITOR'S NOTE: Some of Hollywood's best drama is never seen on the screen. It is seen by the men who make the movies—the directors, the producers, the writers, the audience in the theatre that is Hollywood itself.

One of these dramas is recounted here by Roy Del Ruth, a director who has been turning out top pictures for decades. His many successes include "On Moonlight Bay" and the recent "Stop, You're Killing Me." He is now at work on "Three Sailors and a Girl" for Warner Brothers.

THIS happened when I was directing Doris Day, along with a lot of other nice people, in a picture called "On Moonlight Bay."

Among the extras we were using was a smart Alec I'll call Stuff Riley, who soon became a downright pest on the set. Now Doris is as friendly a person as I know. She is quite approachable and I have never known her to upstage another player. So for a time she put up with Stuff's breezy familiarity.

But there comes a point when you have to draw the line. It came for Doris one day when a film-magazine reporter and a photographer were on the set interviewing her. All of a sudden the great Stuff showed up. The photographer had set up his camera when Stuff breezed right into the pic-

(Continued on next page)

"My Skin Thrives On Cashmere Bouquet Soap"

Says—
Complexion-Lovely
GLORIA BARNES



Read How This Fresh Young Beauty Was Helped By Candy Jones, Famous Beauty Director!

GLORIA: Miss Jones, what was the *most important* reason you recommended Cashmere Bouquet Soap as the finest complexion care?

CANDY: Well, Gloria, as a beauty advisor to girls like yourself, I've seen with my own eyes how daily care with Cashmere Bouquet Soap leaves a girl's skin with the look of *natural beauty* as *no amount of make-up can!*

GLORIA: You're so right, Miss Jones! I use Cashmere Bouquet Soap every day and my complexion seems to glow with a *naturally* fresh, radiant look!

CANDY: Yes, Cashmere Bouquet Soap does wonders that way! And it's so mild and gentle—I recommend it to everyone!

Candy Jones
(Mrs. Harry Conover)

Candy Jones, Director of the Famous Conover School in New York, reveals for the first time confidential advice from her beauty diary.

1. Use my professional trick to widen your eyes. Carefully blend a dot of lipstick into your makeup at the outermost edge of each eye socket.
2. Beauty speaks for itself—so keep your conversations short and varied. The most sought-after women leave their audience wanting more.
3. The most professional makeup art cannot work magic unless your skin is clean and glowing. Beauty-cleanse your neck and face twice daily with gentle, mild Cashmere Bouquet Soap. **MORE LATER,**

Candy



They put that \$100 gleam in their

hair with

Lady Wildroot Shampoo



Janie King, of E. St. Louis, Ill., says, "Lady Wildroot Shampoo gets my scalp pink-clean... washes away dirt and grime in a twinkling... gleams my hair without a special rinse."



Lorraine Sansom, of New Brunswick, Can., says, "Lady Wildroot Shampoo gets my hair whistle-clean... leaves it with sunny highlights."



Elizabeth Jane Lewis, Denver, Col., says, "Lady Wildroot Shampoo makes my hair so soft... it's fun to use the same grown-up shampoo Mommy does."

Here are three winners in Wildroot's nationwide \$100 Model Hunt. They aren't professional models—just three girls with beautiful hair who *keep* it beautiful with Lady Wildroot Shampoo. Discover a glowing \$100 gleam in your hair, too. Begin using Lady Wildroot Shampoo made with Lanolin, today! Leaves hair radiantly clean...sparkling with highlights...lovelier than you ever dreamed it could be. Watch how this *soapless* liquid cream shampoo whips to sudsy froth in seconds. Feel how silky soft it leaves your hair. Try Lady Wildroot Shampoo—and find the hidden gleam in *your* hair!

Lady Wildroot shampoo

gleams as it cleans—
cleans as it gleams

You can win \$100 too!

Send a snapshot or photo (not larger than 8x10 inches) showing your hair after using Lady Wildroot Shampoo, plus a Lady Wildroot Shampoo box top, to Lady Wildroot Shampoo Model Hunt, P. O. Box 189, New York 46, N. Y. Print your name and address on back of picture. If your photo is chosen, Wildroot will pay you \$100 and your portrait may be painted by a famous artist and used in a Wildroot ad. Judges will be a New York artist and an art director, whose decisions are final. No photos returned. Offer good 60 days from the appearance of this magazine only. Send in your photo today.



Three Sizes
29¢ 59¢ 98¢

It Really Happened

CONTINUED

ture, put his arm around Doris and said "Get this shot, boys!"

Before anybody could do or say anything, an assistant director marched Stuff right off the set.

Butting in when someone else is being interviewed is one thing you simply don't do in Hollywood, not even with a star as good natured as Doris.

When the reporter and photographer were gone, Doris sought Stuff out and gave him a piece of her mind. For once Stuff was awed into silence.

That was the last day, it so happened, that we used Stuff, but it wasn't to be the last time we saw him.

I guess it was a couple of weeks later. My wife and I and Doris and a few others had been down to someone's beach place one Saturday afternoon. On the way back, around ten o'clock at night, we decided to stop for something to eat. The first place we came to was unpretentious looking, but it had a sign advertising steaks. We were very hungry so we went in.

It was small, but it boasted a "floor show." We were all tired and anxious to finish our food and get home, so we didn't pay much attention when a master-of-ceremonies came out, pulled a couple of bum gags, and started singing. You're right. It was Stuff.

About the middle of the number he spotted us and greeted us like long-lost pals! I couldn't believe he'd have the crust to come to our table, but he did.

"Hi, Doris!" he yelled. "Swell of you folks to come down for my opening. Glad to see ya!"

I was thinking that this poor jerk was just before getting the freeze of his life. Then I looked at Doris. . . .

I was as goggle-eyed as all the other customers in the place to see her greet him warmly, wish him luck, take a bow, and even comply with his request to sing a number.

Then we left, to the tune of a great many cordial "goodbyes" between Doris and Stuff, and a lot of bowing and scraping by the manager.

Outside somebody in our party said, "If he thinks we came down here just to see *him*, he's really a dope!"

"He didn't think that for a moment," Doris said gravely, "but he probably got this little job on the bluff that he'd attract the studio crowd. I could tell by the look he gave the manager when he spotted us.

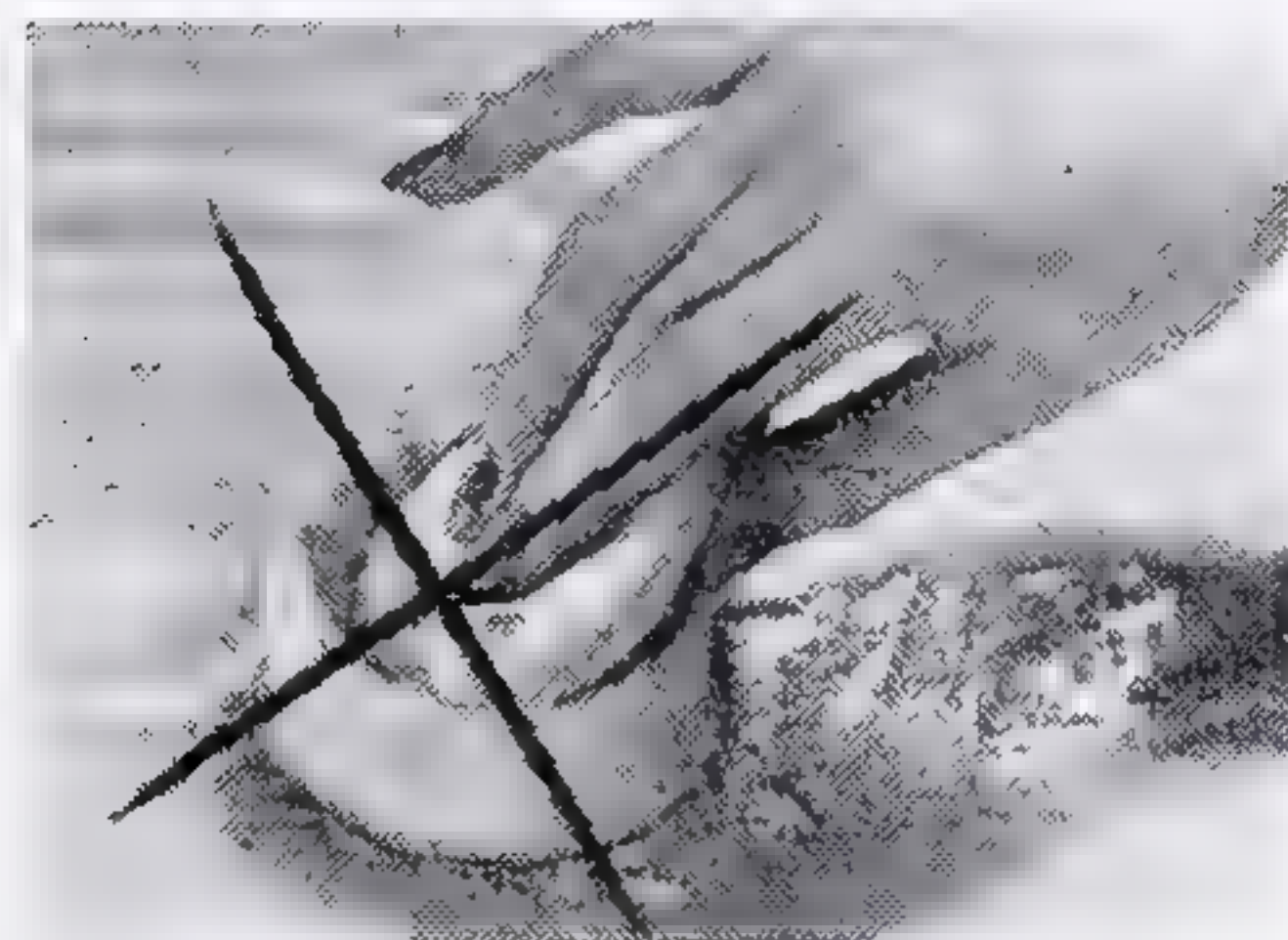
"Besides," she added, "it is only personally that he is a dope. When he's out there on the floor, he's an entertainer trying to make a living. I'd have been an awful heel not to have strung along with his bluff . . . But if I ever catch him away from a floor show I'll give him a piece of my mind!"



no wet sponge



no greasy fingertips



no spilly powder



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Tuck it in your handbag! It can't spill! With an Angel Face in your handbag, you can "pretty-up" your face in 5 seconds! No wet sponge. No greasy fingertips. No loose powder. Choose from 6 flattering shades. *The Viscountess Boyle says, "In its lovely Mirror Case, Angel Face is so convenient and so pretty to carry that I'm never without it."*

In the ivory-and-golden Mirror Case—all the makings of a lovely complexion—Angel Face! Powder and foundation in-one, with mirror and puff . . . Just **\$1***



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An Extra Mild and Soothing Smoke

**KING
SIZE** **FATIMA**
The Difference is **QUALITY**

TROUBLE ACROSS THE WAY?



Gregory Peck and his wife, Greta, looked as happy as any two tourists riding their horse-drawn carriage past the ancient Colosseum in Rome

● To most Americans, a trip to Europe spells romance. But even those glamorous backgrounds can fail to keep love warm—especially if it's had a tendency to falter anyway. Latest Hollywood loves rumored to have dimmed on foreign shores are those of Gene Kelly and his wife, Betsy, and of Gregory Peck and his wife, Greta.

Both actors have been abroad for a number of months, Greg in Rome, where he recently completed "Roman Holiday" for Paramount, and Gene in England, where he's been working on M-G-M's "Invitation to the Dance."

Whether it's too much work or too much play or a little of both, the story goes that both actors' marriages soured during their tours of duty abroad.

As far as Gene is concerned, there is no mention of "another woman." It's just, people say, that this marriage, off-again, on-again for a number of years, seems finally to have settled into the off-for-good stage.

With Greg, it's a different story. His name has been linked publicly with that of the glamorous continental actress, Hildegard Neff, though both have denied that there's anything to these romance rumors. Nevertheless, Greg stays abroad, and Greta has returned home alone.



There were no rumors of a split when Gene Kelly, his wife, Betsy, and their daughter, Kerry, arrived in Europe together a few months ago

CAL YORK'S GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

INSIDE STUFF

Corinne Calvet takes a night out to celebrate with husband John Bromfield, both delighted at his assignment with Esther Williams in "Easy to Love"

Smith



Smith

So now it's Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas who're a duo! Hollywood wonders if it's a case of "Out of the frying pan into the fire"



Stern

It's rumored Piper Laurie and Rock Hudson more than play-act in "The Golden Blade"

Seeing Lana Turner and Lex Barker, it's hard to believe they ever had eyes for anyone else

Smith





Stern

Zsa Zsa Gabor had a thing or two to say to screenwriter Waldo Salt about the raves she's been reaping for "Moulin Rouge"

T rue—or Untrue: That Terry Moore is madly in love with British actor Lawrence Harvey and no longer labors under the delusion that she will marry a famous studio executive . . . That Gene Nelson's growing dissatisfaction over recent roles may lead him to ask for his studio release . . . That a bountiful bonus has been offered Jane Powell if she doesn't date the stork again for the next three years . . . That Farley Granger will sit out the last year of his Goldwyn contract and then launch a brand new carefully-planned career campaign . . . That regardless of where Mona Freeman dines out for dinner, she receives several phone calls from "that certain party" who always knows where to reach her . . . That Rock Hudson and Piper Laurie have become truly enamored of each other while shooting "The Golden Blade" and are turning their screen romancing into the real thing . . . That Lana Turner is planning to retire from the screen, that she is seriously ill, that she is going to marry Lex Barker, or that she plans to live per-

manently in Europe. She did black out a couple of times on the "Latin Lovers" set. Strenuous dance routines plus the tension of waiting for Bob Topping to sign those final divorce papers, plus the prevalent virus epidemic were all a bit too much for the beautiful blonde. But that doesn't mean she's walking out on her career.

Behind the Make-up: Many men have been attracted to Ava Gardner for obvious reasons, but the natives in Africa, where she's making "Mogambo," take the sabre-tooth cake. They're nuts about the beautiful brunette's make-up and want it for war paint! . . . To make Keefe Brasselle look more like the famous comedian in "The Cantor Story," they shave off his natural widow's peak twice a week . . . Because the studio wasn't sure he was the right (?) type, Tony Martin had to test for the role of a night-club singer for "Easy to Love" . . . By the time Doris Day learned to ride a horse for "Calamity Jane," (Continued on page 88)

Terrific Trio

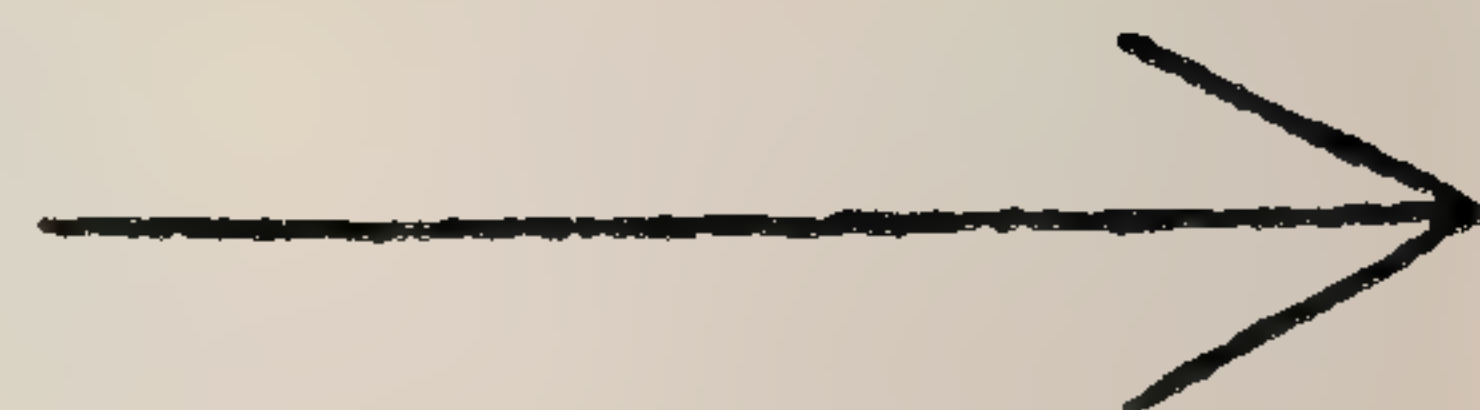
BY EVE FORD

● When "The Silver Whip" was cast, there were a few uneasy heads at Twentieth Century-Fox, for the leading roles were to be played by Dale Robertson, Rory Calhoun and R. J. Wagner. "They're in competition whether they like it or not," said a studio spokesman. "They're our three top leading men, and they'd have to be pretty dumb not to know it. Nobody will be a bit surprised if there are some hot tempers popping off while this picture is in production."

The terrific trio was full of surprises, all right—but none of them had anything to do with temperament. Dale and Rory have been friends for years, and for all those years, they've been needling each other. If Rory is making a Western, Dale saunters uninvited onto the set to say, "I know you won't mind, Ror', but I'm riding for you in the next scene—the director wants a manly type to take over." Or Rory will visit the set where Dale is studying his script, whack the startled Robertson on the shoulder, and shout reassuringly, "Relax, old buddy! I'm going to do that tough bit for you—the one where you're supposed to speak English." The day that this badinage *doesn't* take place, somebody's feelings will be really hurt.

It was young R. J. Wagner who bore the greatest brunt of the hazing while "The Silver Whip" was in production. Bob had learned about working with Rory in "With a Song in My Heart." At first, he was so wary of the practical joke that he refused to track down a perfectly legitimate item called a left-footed spur. His caution got him nowhere. He remained a boy among men, a city slicker handicapped by the unfamiliar six-guns, Stetson and cattleman's boots which his senior co-stars wore with grace and ease. Between scenes he was never permitted to ease his tired frame into a chair; Rory and Dale ordered him to "hunker down," or, squat on his haunches, as cowboys do around a campfire. Having learned to balance thus precariously on his high-heeled boots, Bob was given a (Continued on page 86)

When you
get them together—
Wagner,
Robertson
and Calhoun—
anything goes!







Ann Blyth's

● "For the past six months, I've hoped and I've prayed that the feeling of deep devotion that was growing in me was growing in Jim, too, and that it was right for us," Ann Blyth said. Then she laughed, and no one has ever heard such a rich, full laugh from Ann before. Her eyes were incandescent with her happiness, and she clutched her hands together, the better to express her glowing intensity—but careful, too, to keep her left hand on top so that the exquisite, square-cut diamond on her third finger could blaze unobstructed.

"And it was right," she cried. "It was. It was. And I think one of the very sweetest things about it all was that Jim proposed to me beside my Christmas tree. You see, we had been trimming it together that evening, exactly a week before Christmas. Aunt Sis and Uncle Pat, who'd been with us all evening, were in the kitchen having coffee.

*She could barely remember her
name and nothing else at all—except
that in Jim McNulty she'd
found the answer to her prayers*

BY RUTH WATERBURY



Wonderful Love Story

"Jim and I were just talking, as we have talked so many other times in these three years we have known one another. Then, suddenly, he was kissing me, and asking me to be his wife—and since then, I can barely remember my name, and nothing else at all, except that I know my prayers have been answered."

Ann and I were riding in a big studio limousine as she said these words. It was just three days after she had announced her engagement. Ann was heading out to Los Angeles Junior College, to entertain some 2,400 underprivileged children. She was due there at noon. Then at two, she was going on Father Payton's broadcast, for an annual date she has kept for the past six years. After that, in the early evening, she was going to sing at a huge Jewish benefit. So there I was, to complicate her busy day by tagging around after her to get this story.

To tell the truth, I'd had a faint

touch of guilty conscience about intruding on her at such a time. But after a couple of seconds with her, I knew she wasn't even aware of me. If there'd been a swarm of bees in the car, she wouldn't have noticed.

She was much too happy. She was so happy, she was bubbling over with words, with laughter, with wit. And that was a wondrous sight to witness.

Ann has always been sweet, beautiful, courteous. No one has ever heard her raise her voice in anger. No one has ever seen her do an unkind deed. But getting her to talk has always been difficult.

Now love had released her. Now she wouldn't have stopped talking if you'd asked her!

"Dr. James McNulty of the staff of St. Vincent's Hospital, Los Angeles, California," she said, her eyes dancing. "Isn't that a beautiful sound? Do you know that he comes of a family with five boys and a girl

and that he's the only unmarried one, but the rest of them have given his father and mother fifteen grandchildren already?

"Do you know," Ann continued, "Jim has the sweetest, kindest face! His hair is black as ebony and he has very dark brows and eyelashes and the ruddiest complexion you ever saw, but his eyes are so gentle. I've never seen eyes that seemed to see so much and see it all so kindly. And do you know that he went to Manhattan College to study medicine and that when he had his degree, the Navy took him for six years? So it wasn't until 1949 that he started a private practice, right here in Los Angeles. Barely four years ago, and already he's one of the city's leading obstetricians.

"Oh, I must tell you this. He's an absolutely divine dancer—really divine—but he's also mad for deep-sea fishing. Not so long ago we went to a party at Lou (Continued on page 92)





BY MAXINE
ARNOLD

*If Marge hadn't cried in her noodles, heaven only
knows what would have happened to the Champion dancing team!*

But the minute she did, Gower knew they were

Just right for each other

● Some way Marge was managing to make away with her noodles and tuna. As some way Marge usually could. This was their big joke—that, no matter how tragic the timing, Marge could always eat—while Gower, as now, slowly starved across the booth from her. But a large tear trickled from a big brown eye from time to time.

Others lunching near them had no way of knowing why Marge wept, or that these two who were later to make terpsichorean history in Hollywood together were at their own dramatic crossroad, deciding the rest of their lives. Outside, New York crowds shoved back and forth, never realizing either that a bit of "Romeo and Juliet" was being enacted inside

the restaurant. Quite a bit, in fact.

"You know the scene—where either the girl or boy gets a break and doesn't want to leave the other. You've seen it many times—only better—on the screen. I was really playing it heavy," grins Gower. "So heavy—"

"But so convincing," sighs Marge.

She'd auditioned for "Allegro," the Rodgers and Hammerstein show that was the talk of Broadway and the hope of every heart's beat. Now Marge had been informed the choice had narrowed down to herself and three more. She was to stand by for the good word. And with mixed emotions she was standing by. But how could she ever leave Gower? Break up the team? (Continued on page 102)





Esther
Williams Says
It Isn't So

"Anyone who thinks I'd dissolve this marriage just doesn't know anything about us . . . it happens that we're in love"

BY JANE MORRIS

● "To begin with . . . about me. I'm not running a four-ring circus. I'm not a mermaid-tycoon. I'm not a business executive. And I am not head of the house of Gage! That sort of nonsense has gone on long enough." Esther sat in her dressing room on the set of her new film, "Dangerous When Wet," discussing all those rumors you've been hearing about her marriage; all those stories you've been reading.

"There are probably certain myths about all of us," Esther says. "And when they're repeated often enough, they begin to look like the truth. I should have set the record straight about Ben and me long ago—but I didn't because I hated to give the errors the importance of a denial. There is no use, though, in saying you don't care what people say; you can't live in this world and not care about the opinions of your fellow human beings. When they're allowed to continue to believe untrue things, it can only cause unhappiness. I've always liked telling the truth. So here it is. . .

"I'm in love with my husband. I respect and admire him. He's the busiest man I know. He was a fine master of ceremonies, he has a beautiful singing voice, he got out of show business because he prefers business-business, and he's certainly been successful. His strength bolsters mine. I couldn't love him unless this were so. This idea that I'm a four-ring circus got started because people were always asking me about (Continued on next page)

"I wouldn't have married Ben in the first place if he had not been a man of great personal strength"



"I should have told this story long ago — I didn't because I hated to give

Esther Williams Says It Isn't So

continued



"I've never lost sight of the magic moment when I first saw him. Ben knows how much I need him"

Ben's business enterprises; and because I had a working knowledge of the manufacturing of screen doors, the machine shop and the restaurant, they assumed that I was running those businesses. It made better copy that way, I guess. But it's not only untrue, it's ridiculous.

"It would be physically impossible for me to be at the studio in make-up at eight in the morning, stay at the studio until six, spend time with my husband and children, spend time on the phone working for my favorite charity—and still have time to do anything else!"

At this point, Esther began to laugh. "Why, I'd have to be shipping doors to Sacramento, ordering meat for the restaurant, hiring and firing waiters, speeding up shipments of steel for the machine shop, and be out at The Trails counting cash at 3:00 A.M. on the manager's night off. I wouldn't have time to be in pictures!"

Esther and Ben have always had the ability to lead their individually busy lives and still have the energy for their personal life and fun. Ben puts in anywhere from an eight to a twenty-four-hour day, every day. He arranges his time so he can have dinner with Esther at 8:30 P.M. That's his concession to her career; and the only nights that vary are nights when Esther has to study a new script or is so tired that she has to get to bed extra early for an early morning call. Those are the nights Ben relieves his restaurant manager.

That is probably what started the string of rumors about this marriage. Because Ben worked late some nights—he and Esther "weren't getting along." The silly stories that have made her look like a one-woman dynamo have also implied that Ben just sits around and waits for her to come home, that he lives, as it were, on the fringes of Esther's career. Nothing could be further from the fact. Ben is her business manager but he's no Hollywood husband. He hasn't time! During her last two pictures, he has been on the lot for a total of two half-hours. As he said, when he visited "Dangerous When Wet"—"This makes me nervous, to watch eighty men standing around waiting for my doll to dunk her torso!" He comes to the set when the picture is over, when he and Esther give a party for the crew and The Trails caters it.

"My husband is probably the most misunderstood man in Hollywood," Esther says, "and that brings me to the truth about us. . . .

"I wouldn't have married Ben Gage in the first place if he had not been a man of great personal strength—spiritual strength and mental strength. He's a man who is sure of himself, he doesn't need a clinging-vine female who can gaze up at him and say, 'You big strong man, protect me from this big world!' That's not the sort of thing I can say, it would be artificial and sort of funny.

errors the importance of a denial. I've always liked the truth. So here it is . . ."

Ben knows how much I need him, how completely I depend upon him. I have always had to have a top person in my life, someone whose love, whose strength and faith gave me a springboard from which to dive in and be my whole self. I couldn't enjoy loving a weak man. As a matter of fact, I *couldn't* love him. My man must be stronger than I. He is. He's so strong he doesn't have to shout about it; and he knows as well as I that I'd come apart at the seams without that strength of his."

Not long ago, Esther and Ben spent a lot of time with Nancy Chaffee and Ralph Kiner. Nancy is the tennis champ and Ralph is home-run king of the National League. They had met before, but on a recent vacation at Palm Springs, the two couples got to know each other better and Esther and Ben realized that here were two people more like themselves than anyone they'd ever met. Nancy has the same sort of drive Esther has and Ralph has the same easy-going way of handling her that Ben has in handling Esther. "You should have seen Ralph and Ben together! They were wonderful, they recognized each other as kindred souls. They've met their problem the same way—they don't try to suffocate their wives as weak men might try to do."

Ben Gage is not dominated. He does what he wants to do. He was, as Esther says, a successful radio announcer, he has a beautiful singing and speaking voice and whenever he is asked to sing at a party, the song is followed by a chorus of "Why don't you do something with that voice?" His answer is simple. "I'm a business man." Plenty of people in this town have tried to boost Ben into show business. Even Esther tried.

"I was so convinced of Ben's talent, so ecstatic about it, that I almost pushed him into not marrying me. I've always been convinced that his talent is far bigger and better than mine, and I was going to see to it that he became the biggest star of all time. In the early days of our marriage, Ben's career was my big project. Then one day, he took me by both shoulders, held me still for a moment, then said, 'Darling, did you marry me to make me a star?' (Some people thought that that's why *he* married *me*!) 'Because if you did, you're wrong. I don't want a career, Esther. I don't care about it. Get off my back!'

"Then he explained in detail and I began to see. Ben likes being his own boss. He doesn't want to ask questions, he wants to answer them. When you're a star, you have to accept certain aspects of life you don't like because you want the career and it seems worth it. I'm willing to accept the debit side because I love the business. Ben doesn't. He feels sorry for me, actually sorry. He can hardly wait for the day when I can retire. Every investment he makes is made with an eye toward that."

So far as Esther, the actress, is concerned, Ben and Esther regard her not as a person but as Esther Williams—commodity. Together they try to figure out what is best for that girl, how long they can keep her alive and kicking. And from time to time have her enjoy the creative aspect of her work. What are the best vehicles for her? Is this something that will last for ten more minutes or ten more years?

"This practical approach of Ben's to life is what attracted me in the first place," Esther says. "I don't have it. I'm on the feminine side in the business department. I love knowing about business, but it would be a sorry day for any business I started running."

Some of the myth about Esther's business acumen stems from the fact that she's not stupid. If she is with business people and they ask about the much-publicized Gage enterprises, she tries to say something intelligent. This is a surprise to visiting business executives who expect a glamorous actress to think of nothing more technical than putting on her eyebrows. To carry on such a conversation is no trick; for she and Ben do talk about politics and business cycles, the possibilities of inflation or depression, real estate values and whether or not a gas station is a good buy because of a possible price war. Ben explains matters and Esther asks questions until she understands. Then one night, she'll find herself at dinner and a business executive will say, "By the way, why did you and Ben sell your gas station?"

"Because of the price war that was coming."

"Oh, no—how brilliant! Bob, did you hear that? This girl knew there was a price war coming on gas!"

"How do you like that!" Esther says. "I'm 'brilliant' and all I've done is try to understand Ben's opinions, and sop up some of his logic."

So there goes one myth. Then there's another—the myth about Esther and money. "It's true, I've tried not to spend money like a drunken sailor. That doesn't mean I don't spend any. I came from a childhood home in which money was not easily come by. It's hard for me to consider it otherwise today. So the idea that I'm money-wise has grown to the point of my being labeled *tight*. Result, I find myself tipping a little too much now, picking up tabs a little too often."

One of the reasons for this tight-wad deal grew out of the fact that Esther has never bought herself jewelry. Her jewels are all the things Ben has given her: the star sapphire engagement ring, her wedding ring, the sapphire guard rings he gave her for their first anniversary and Christmas combined. When Benjy was born, Ben gave her a gold safety pin with little charms on it; he also gave her her charm bracelet with its mementoes of each picture. (Continued on page 81)



Bob doesn't have to act tough around the house. But his word is law to his boys. Above, with Jim, a miniature of his dad, Petrine, Dorothy and Chris

**BY HYATT
DOWNING**

• No considerable feat of memory is required to evoke an incident which happened in Hollywood only a few years ago in which a young actor named Robert Mitchum was sentenced to serve a term in prison after having been convicted on a charge of marijuana smoking. While the press of the country came screaming in for the kill, Mitchum himself accepted his fate with stoic calm, did his stretch at the Wayside Honor Farm near Los Angeles, and returned to pick up the shattered remnants of his career.

Immediately, sibilant whispers were heard in the halls of various studios and on the streets of Beverly Hills: "The guy is through." "He's had it!" or "Back to the docks for Mitchum."

Singularly—and happily—all these poisoned arrows missed their mark by a margin a mile wide. The actor, who still seems largely indifferent to his Hollywood career, continues to saunter with sleepy-eyed nonchalance through a wide variety of roles and to turn in performances which are balm to the troubled hearts of directors.

So it was with considerable interest that I accepted an invitation to dine with Mitchum and his family at their home in Mandeville Canyon. It was the chance to find out just how this relaxed, go-jump-in-the-river individual comported himself in the midst of that most kindly yet discriminating audience—his own family.

Dorothy Mitchum, a tall, pretty girl whose serious, thoughtful face lights up amazingly in a smile of greeting, led the way into a large library where books, all of which had the friendly look of frequent use, filled one wall. There were large, comfortable chairs (Continued on page 105)

*They say no man is a
hero to his family. But in
Bob's home, Pop rates
that pedestal!*

**WHAT
YOU DON'T KNOW
ABOUT MITCHUM**



*One puff of a cigar
and you started a blaze of publicity.
That's what you wanted.
But we don't believe you wanted
a broken marriage*



AS

YOU

WERE,

ANNIE



The Anne Baxter of yesterday and today: As startling as the change in her behavior is the change in her appearance

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM

● Everyone has a reason for the break-up of the Anne Baxter-John Hodiak marriage. It's her mother. It's her grandfather. He bores her. She embarrasses him. She's a snob. He's a sourpuss. She's too ambitious. He isn't ambitious enough. She's an extrovert. He's the retiring type. She loves publicity. He hates it. She's a poet, and he's a peasant. It all adds up to some fancy psychoanalysis. Let's see what the truth really is.

The trouble started in the beginning of the marriage. It was no secret then that the very social Mrs. Kenneth Baxter was opposed to John, son of Anna and Walter Pogorzelliec, Ukrainian immigrants. To be fair to Anne's mother, there was nothing too personal in her feeling against John. She was just as opposed to William Eythe, the only other man Annie dated with any frequency before she fell in love with Hodiak. Apparently, like a lot of doting mothers, Mrs. Baxter did not

think any man was good enough for her only child.

But when Anne proved a chip off the old obstinate block, and according to the gossip at the time, threatened to elope with John, Mrs. Baxter accepted the inevitable. She gave them a lavish wedding in the garden of her swank estate up north in Burlingame, with Anne radiant in full bridal regalia. If John was uncomfortable, in his clothes or surroundings, he was careful to conceal his emotions. He smiled at the right moments and said the usual inane things to the curious crowd of well-heeled strangers and family friends. It was a difficult situation, but he carried it off.

And while I wasn't there, I have a hunch that Mrs. Baxter prayed that in time the refining influence of her precious daughter would smooth out the rougher edges of her new son. But something went wrong. It was Anne who grew raucous. (Continued on page 108)

TWO GUYS NAMED

MIKE

BY
PAULINE SWANSON

● Michael Howard Wilding, aged five and one-half days, slept peacefully in his new nursery at home in a froth of yellow bassinet, his small left arm stretched above his head, his pink right fist clutched close to his chest. His head was small and perfectly formed.

"All babies born by Caesarian section have perfect heads," said proud-to-bursting father Michael Wilding, conceding in the next breath that *his* and Elizabeth Taylor's son's was especially beautiful.

The baby's thatch of jet black hair already had been coaxed into a soft curl on top of his head. "More hair than I have," commented big Michael a little ruefully, "but less head."

Small Michael's ears were tiny shells, molded delicately, and flat against his head. His tiny nose turned up scandalously. His eyes were shut of course, but wide-set and sharply arched.

"Like his mother's, thank God!" beamed his father. "And they're dark blue like Elizabeth's. I hope they stay that color."

To have been invited into the nursery for a peek at the baby so soon after his arrival was a rare privilege which was obviously due to the eager pride of this obviously first-time father and the lenience of smiling nurse Mary Brice.

PHOTOPLAY had arranged months ago for the first interview with Michael Wilding after the baby's birth. Though the studio had insisted that no reporters or photographers could see little Mike, or Liz till she was completely recovered, it had not counted on the fondly possessive pride of *both* these new parents.

(Continued on page 100)

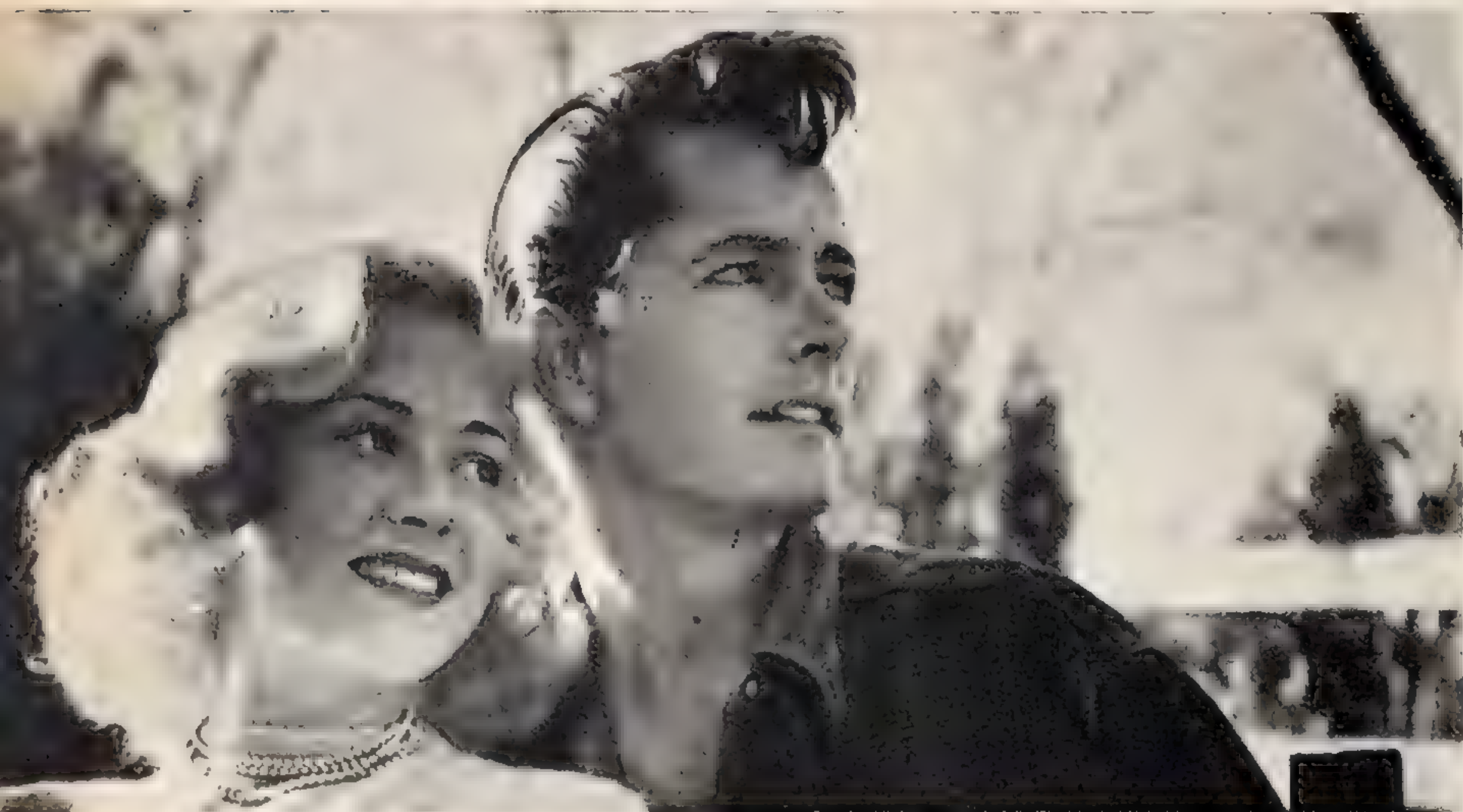
Junior's a chip off the old block—he goes for



PHOTOPLAY
FEATURE
ATTRACTION

Liz Taylor, too!

Gossips are saying there's trouble between John and Pati



IS HOLLYWOOD DESTROYING JOHN DEREK?

• The other day, on the set of "Posse," John Derek was introduced to a visiting family from Nebraska. The woman shook his hand, and with a faraway look in her eyes, said, "My, you must lead a wonderful life!" The man slapped him on the back and said, "Some gravy train, son! What's it like when everything you touch turns to gold?" And their daughter just looked at him and said, "Gee!"

John himself merely smiled politely. He couldn't tell his visitors what he really felt—how he's been in a tailspin lately—how, more than once in the last couple of years, he's been tempted to pack his bags, take his family, and head out for somewhere—anywhere—a million miles away from Hollywood.

For Hollywood, whether by intent or by chance, has seemed to be giving him a brush-off.

He started out with a bang in "Knock on Any Door." But the majority of the pictures he's worked in since have been run of the mill. John's unhappy about it, and he doesn't care who knows it. He says very frankly that he has had too many bad pictures and not nearly enough money.

And it certainly isn't for lack of appeal. For John's fans refuse to forget him. They keep bombarding PHOTOPLAY, for instance, with irate letters asking why they can't see (Continued on page 97)

His fans keep clamoring for him,

but there is a mysterious

something that keeps John from getting

that "big chance" he deserves

BY GEORGE ARMSTRONG



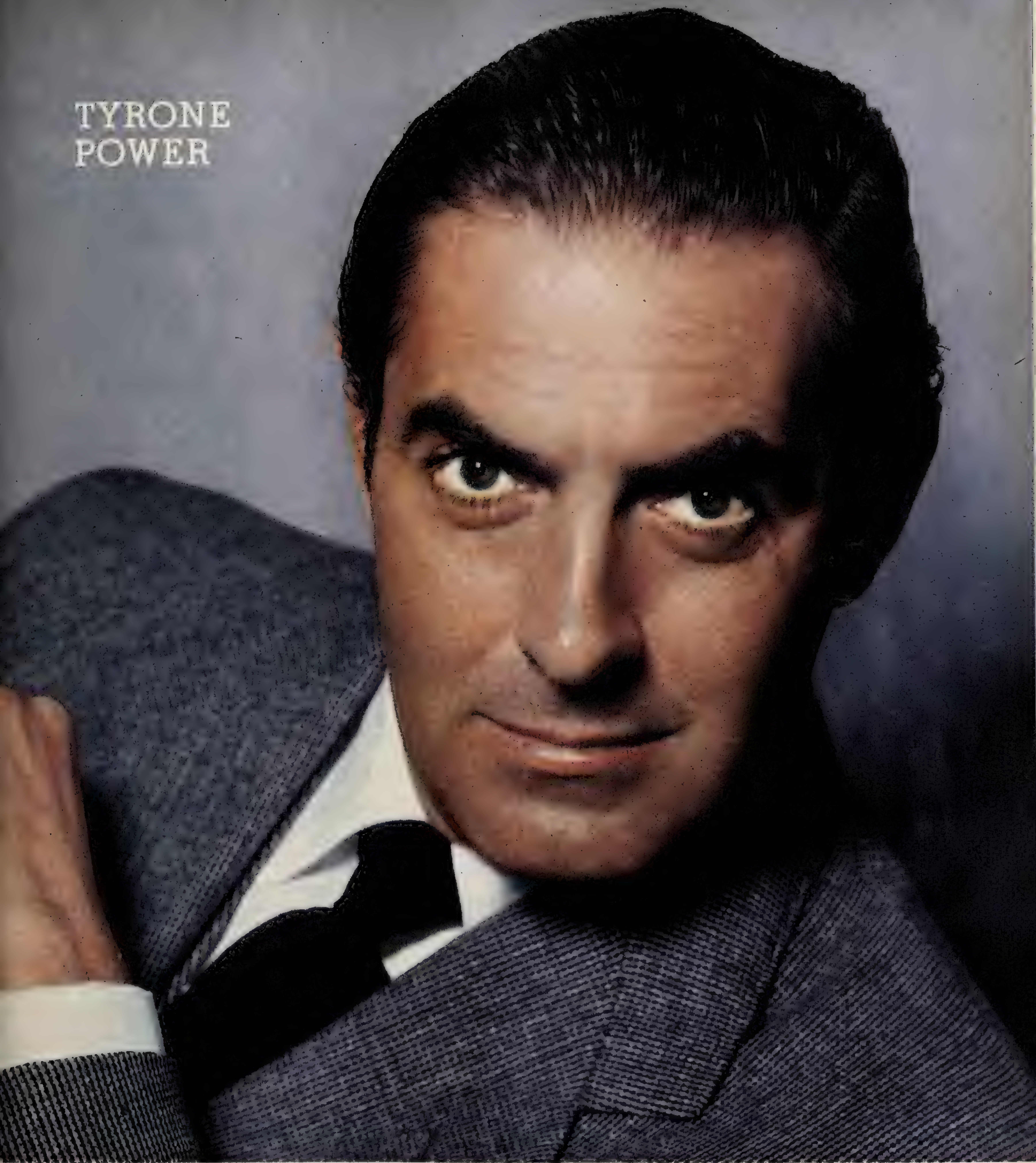


BETTY
GRABLE

Photograph by Engstead: Betty's in "The Farmer Takes a Wife"

Du Barry at the race tracks . . . purple orchids in an earthenware pitcher . . . Brooklyn Bridge on a starry night . . . Home sweet home in swing time . . . Shalimar perfume and corn on the cob . . . pleated pink chiffon . . . minks and mystery novels . . . whistlebait in the nursery

TYRONE POWER



Photograph by Jones: Ty's latest is "Mississippi Gambler"

Candlelight flickering in a tapestried room . . . a white carnation on a black silk lapel
. . . red wine in a crystal decanter . . . the brooding silence of a tropical night . . .
Shakespeare's sonnets at a Greenwich Village party . . . a Spanish grandee in tweeds



Ornitz

She led the photographer a merry chase,

Debbie Reynolds may be nearing the ripe old age of twenty-one, but she's still a girl who prefers home cooking to dinner at a night club. Still goes for banana splits, be-bop, murder mysteries on the radio and guys who act themselves. As for love—well, some day that's going to happen too. Debbie figures she'll get married eventually—when the guy she's meant for catches up with her! In the meantime, she isn't looking at every boy she goes out with as a possible bridegroom. It cramps his style and spoils the fun. That's a philosophy that's made Debbie one of Hollywood's most popular dates. Not that some of the fellows wouldn't like to make it a permanent date. But for Debbie, there's plenty of time to think about one guy and one life for two.

Meanwhile, she keeps busy bringing a lot of laughs to a lot of folks—on screen (her latest is "I Love Melvin")—and in person with such jaunts as her recent trip to Korea. Debbie's mailbag is always full of letters from boys over there. So she decided the way to answer them was—face to face! What she delivered was the touch of home they needed. Keep 'em smiling—that's Debbie's motto. With her, it works!

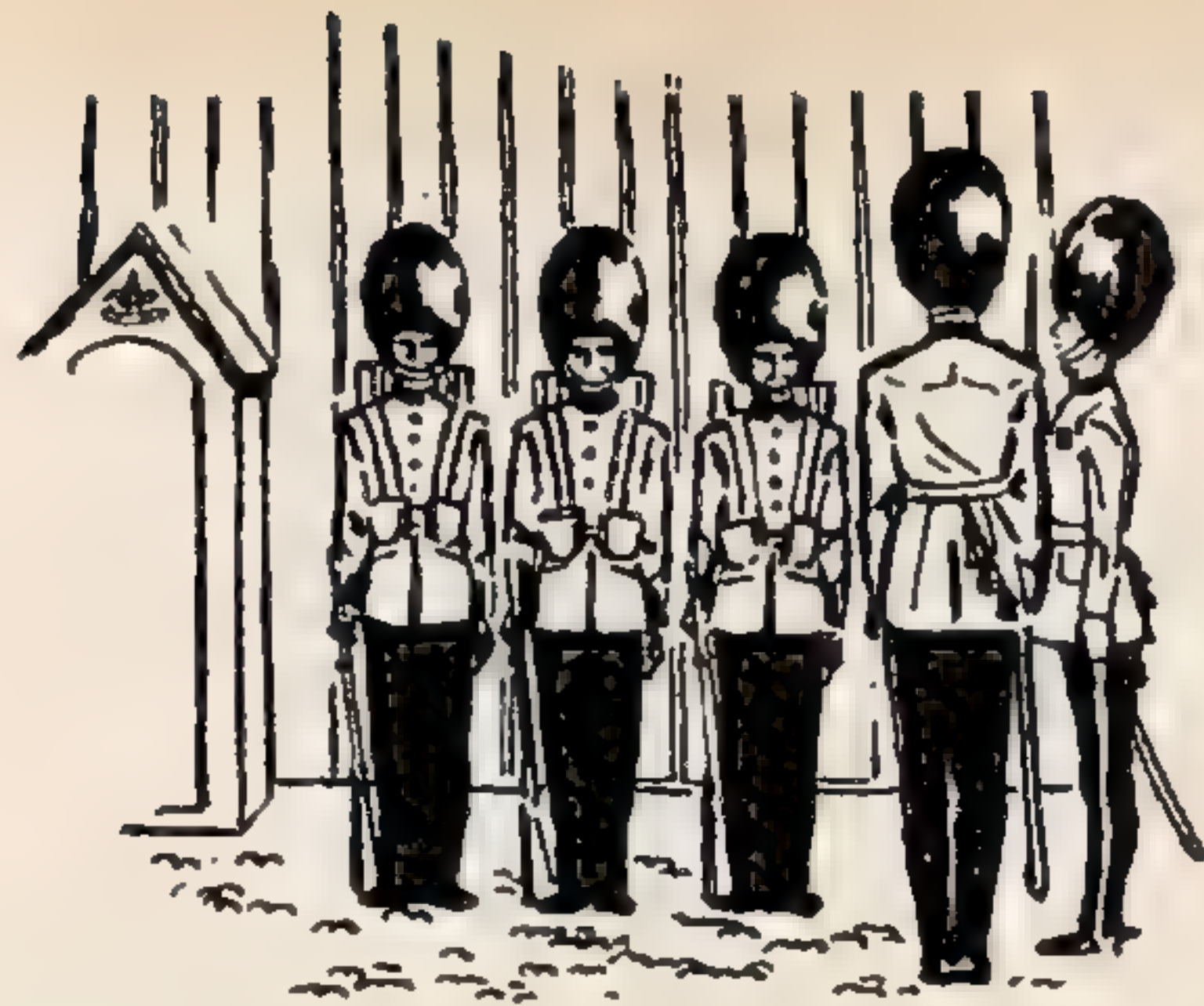
debbie

but these pocket-size pinups of pint-size Debbie Reynolds are more than worth it!



collectors'
items
no. 4





THE LADDS

"Home," say Sue and Alan Ladd and their youngsters, "is where your heart is." And they took their hearts along with them when they went to England to work and live



BY JEANNE SAKOL

GO LIMEY!

● "I always thought that English was the language I spoke," said Sue Ladd. "But I'm finding out how wrong I was. English is English and American is American—and it's amazing how different the two can be!" She was sitting in front of the fireplace in the drawing room of Highclere, the Victorian mansion she and Alan are renting during their stay in England. "The words may sound the same. But that doesn't hold true for the meanings."

Alan himself was at nearby Shepperton Studios, filming "Red Beret," story of Britain's paratroopers, and Lonnie and David, their two youngsters, were sightseeing in London with their tutor, Miss Martin. Sue kept a watchful eye on the clock for her husband's expected return.

"Alan and I were in England once before—for a Royal Command Performance—but only for a few days and we stayed at a London hotel. This time, with the children along, we've set up regular house-keeping and I'm learning what it's like to be a housewife and mother under British conditions.

"First day shopping," Sue reminisced with a smile, "I really got myself tied in knots. We needed a hammer and some nails so we drove into the village and I asked where the hardware store was. All I got was a blank look. It took me five minutes to find out what I wanted was an iron-monger's!

"The vegetable store became the greengrocer's, the drug store, the chemist shop, and no ice cream sodas either.

"It couldn't be working out better, though," Sue said, as she walked from the cosy warmth of the drawing-room fire into the draughty corridor so much a part of English homes. "We decided not to take a flat—there's another word, 'flat' instead of apartment—in London because the kids are used to space. Of course, we miss our home in Holmby Hills," she admitted, referring to their exquisite eleven-room French provincial home located in one of California's most beautiful sections. "But we were really lucky to find a house big enough for all of us, and close to Alan's studio. Also, very important—to Americans used to such conveniences—this house has a good, modern refrigerator."

Their British kitchen is old-fashioned and sprawling; the gleaming refrigerator stands out like a shiny beacon against the somberness of a coal-burning stove, wooden sinks and a cold-storage room like grandma used to have. Beyond is the large, barren room with desks, chairs and a piano which serves as a school room for the children. To safeguard their education, Sue asked Jean Martin, Lonnie's former second-grade teacher, to accompany them abroad. Here, she conducts (*Continued on page 84*)



Sue: words sound the same

Lonnie: a day in London town

David: the Queen's uncle's name

Alan: good-will ambassador



Color by Smith

He'd date and then disappear. Now Hollywood's wondering if a dark-eyed

BY RICHARD LEON

RUNAWAY FROM ROMANCE?

● "At last, Bob Taylor has found real romance! Last night at dinner he had eyes for no one else but his charming companion, and no one seeing them at dinner could deny the man's in love again."

With variations, the above item has appeared in almost every columnist's Hollywood gossip from time to time during the past year. The only change in the item has been in the name of Bob's dinner companion—first there was Ludmilla Tcherina, then Linda Darnell, later Coleen Gray, Martha Vickers. Each new date brought speculations in print. And recently, with Bob being seen almost exclusively with beautiful Ursula Thiess, wise heads have nodded knowingly and said, "This is it. This is for real."

But the previous hints of romance have not been for real. Each time the gossips thought Bob was getting serious he'd up and leave Hollywood, dashing off for a hunting trip to the Northwest, packing away from civilization for a fishing trip, or flying to Texas for a vacation jaunt away from those bright night spots of Hollywood. Each time Bob has given the appearance of a man running away from romance. Will the same thing happen to his romance with Ursula, admittedly the most serious of all?

Certainly there is a real depth of affection and warmth in the feeling of Bob and Ursula toward each other. And certainly their marriage would be an ideal one so far as Hollywood's photographers are concerned—Bob the handsome hero, tops in pop-

ularity with such current films as "Above and Beyond" and "Ivanhoe," and Ursula, so often spoken of as the most beautiful woman in Hollywood. But there are many obstacles—possibly even insurmountable ones—standing in the way of a trip to the altar for Bob and Ursula.

First and foremost, there is the question as to whether Bob is ready for another marriage. Repeatedly he has said that he wants to get married again, that he is lonely, but that he feels he may be unready for another try at wedded bliss. And possibly more than anything else, this is the explanation of his runaway disappearances, when he fades from the Hollywood scene to try to (Continued on page 111)

No one doubts how Bob and Ursula feel about each other



beauty has Bob Taylor anchored



PHOTOPLAY

★
STAR

FASHIONS

FAMOUS LEGS

IN

NEW SHOES
NEW HOSE

Leslie Caron's dancing feet step out in swing-strap, navy calf Jolene sandals, \$9.95. She wears a navy silk shantung print by Jonathan Logan, 7-15, under \$20. Debway hat. Carol Deb pearls. Holeproof's nude-foot hose. Her next film: M-G-M's "Lili"

*Photoplay Star Fashions
continued on page 60 . . .*

Grace Walker



brief...

basic...

bewitching...



There's color afoot this spring in GRACE WALKER's exciting new selection of footwear. Wonderful . . . wearable. And, GRACE WALKER's superb construction assures a snug, smart fit at heel and instep. At a nearby store or write for nearest dealer's name.

"The New in Shoes" **most styles \$7.95 to \$9.95**



★
PHOTOPLAY STAR FASHIONS

GUESS WHOSE GAMS?

**Famous Hollywood legs—snapped under
Hollywood tables—wearing the new in
shoes and hose! You guess whose gams!**



The glamour gams, above left, you've seen dancing with both Fred Astaire and Gene Kelly. Alluring in seam-free blonde royal Microfilm nylons and bright red-pepper, bow-tie kid sandals by Accent, \$10.95, ideal for spring

Lovely leg-acy, left, belong to a doll whose name rhymes with Janette. Broadway's loss is Hollywood's gain! These gams are decked in sheerest, nude-foot nylons and bare-look, two-tone blue strippling sandals by Connie, \$7.95

Her beauty shone in "Stars and Stripes Forever." Her lovely young legs wear bare, brilliant, black patent, two-band sandals (Grace Walker, \$8.95)—set off by plush royal "beauty-line" dark seam nylons

All stockings: Holeproof proportioned nylons

Hey fans! You know that famous "Come-on-a-my-house" voice . . . but did you know she had legs? Below, she suits e-a-s-y personality with new, soft-toe, barrel-wedge flats by Fortunet, \$9.95; tan royal non-run nylons





You can't miss the gams of the Miller's daughter, a dancing great—and she's great in at-home, gold-embroidered raffia wedge sandals, Town & Country, \$10.95. Self-supporting, knee-high hose



GIVE UP?
Turn the page
for answers

BUY PHOTOPLAY
STAR FASHIONS
IN STORES LISTED
ON PAGE 83

FLAT CHESTED?

DON'T DESPAIR! YOU TOO CAN HAVE
THE NEW "OUTER-LOOK" WITH THE NEW
Inflation Bra by FORMFIT

The new "Outer-Look" demands the loveliness of a high, full bustline. Confidence-inspiring, the way Formfit's Inflation Bra lends just the degree of subtle "build up" you need . . . gives you the natural, rounded "Under-Look" you want . . . without risk of slipping or embarrassment! Defies detection—light, comfortable, washable. Choose your Inflation Bra from a range of glamorous styles and fabrics. At your favorite store!

Inflation Bras from \$1.75

THE FORMFIT COMPANY
CHICAGO, NEW YORK



Inflation Bra
BY
Formfit

MORE WOMEN WEAR FORMFIT THAN ANY OTHER MAKE



Rosemary Clooney, of "The Stars Are Singing," wears soft shoes, washable orlon Premier sweater, under \$8. Pleated orlon worsted skirt, Dunkirk, under \$13, 10-18. Glentex green, white stripe scarf

Below: Nanette (it rhymes with Janette!) Fabray, who is in "Bandwagon," matches her sweet shoes with sweet taffeta print dress. Henry Rosenfeld, under \$18, 10-18. Coro gold jewelry



★
PHOTOPLAY STAR FASHIONS

THE GALS WHO OWN THOSE FAMOUS GAMS

Did you guess 'em? Each of these pix matches a pair of legs on pages 60-61. Here, leg-lovelies show clothes they chose for their new spring shoes . . . proof that long-stemmed American beauties start fashion "from the feet up!" Give your gams box-office (and man!) appeal with the fashion-and-beauty secrets of the stars. PHOTOPLAY's free, exclusive booklet will help you get leg allure!



Ann Miller ("Bandwagon" again!) in repose, proves that she is not always dancing! Famous gams are tres chic in black tapered pants—very sophisticated with at-home shoes, and green and black striped jacket. Corduroy outfit, 10-16, Dorian, under \$23

FREE BOOKLET!

"HOW TO HAVE BEAUTIFUL LEGS AND FEET"—the Five Steps of Hollywood Stars! by Jessica Bradt, Photoplay Fashion Editor. Send your name and address to: Dept. P. A. Holeproof Hosiery Co., Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin



Debra Paget, beautiful 20th doll, accents bare-look patent shoes with exciting bare-look separates by Nelly deGrab. Lacy wool, tank-top-sweater, under \$8, 10-16; full, green cotton skirt, patent-leather print, 10-16, under \$15. Lyric bag. Carol Deb jewelry

All photos by Christa

Vera-Ellen is in "Call Me Madam." Red shoes, terrific legs spice spring outfit; navy faille suit-dress and bolero, trimmed to match red, white striped dress top. Colleen Originals, 10-18, under \$30. Debway hat. Wear Right matching striped gloves. Park Lane leather bag



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KEYED
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... of genuine brown
steerhide with
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PHOTOPLAY
PICTURE
STORY

...PORTRAIT OF



JEANNIE



What with a husband, four children and a full-time career, you'd think that Jeanne Crain would be occupied enough, without worrying about a spare-time hobby. But she has one. Not only is she dead serious about her career as an actress—she's considered one of Hollywood's top amateur artists. Whenever she wants a change—as she did, for instance, after a day's shooting on the Twentieth lot for her latest, "Fight Story,"—she climbs the leafy path to her hilltop studio, and settles down peacefully with the only love that matters in her life besides her family and her acting—her art





LOOK

TWENTY-YEAR-OLD Alice Kelley recently made a sage remark: "Hollywood is a bewildering place," said she. "You can beat your brains out for years trying to get a screen test, and then one night, you're having a nice quiet dinner in a restaurant, and suddenly you're a movie star."

For six years—she started modeling when she was twelve—Alice's agent tried to get her into pictures. He couldn't even get her past the studio gate. With her bags packed, ready to try her luck in New York, Alice was having a farewell dinner with some friends at Chasen's. And that's when it happened. A scout from U-I walked in, and next day Alice unpacked her bags and started a long-term contract.

She had a small part in "The Son of Ali Baba." But her best, to date, is in "Against All Flags," in which she plays an East Indian girl who puckers up her lips to Errol Flynn all through the picture. Alice liked the part. And so, no doubt, did Errol.

Alice's family moved to Southern California in 1934, settled in Burbank, in the shadow of the mighty Warner Brothers' studios, which wouldn't even give big-brown-eyed Alice the time of day. She graduated from John Burroughs High, took leading parts in school plays, and in 1948, won a Junior Miss America contest. Sundays, she taught a children's Bible class. Weekdays, after school, she modeled.

The youngest of five children, she lives with her family, helps with the housework, goes with a young crowd who have no picture connections.

She likes to garden, to paint in water colors, go to the movies, read and ride horseback—something she learned recently in the improvement courses offered young players at U-I. She likes the beach, but water frightens her. The minute she knows her feet won't touch bottom, she panics. Nice work for the lifeguards!

ALICE KELLEY

Birthplace: Springfield, Missouri

Birthdate: May 14, 1932

Height: 5 feet 5½ inches

Weight: 116 pounds

Eyes: Brown

Hair: Brown



WHO'S

HERE

BY LIZA WILSON

TALL, dark, English-born Michael Rennie was twenty-six years old before he finally got around to being an actor. When Michael finished college, he went to work in his father's mill sorting wool. Four years later, he was manager of the spinning shed, and bored to tears. Somewhere along the way, he had caught the acting bug.

Michael's Uncle Fred, the manager of the biggest rope-making combine in the world, knew a lot of theatre owners. "Couldn't you use your influence?" Michael asked him. "I want to be an actor." All Uncle Fred did was offer his nephew a job in the rope company. Michael promptly turned it down and had a go at selling automobiles. But when he hadn't sold a single one at the end of a year, he swallowed his pride and took a job sweeping floors in his uncle's factory. Soon, he was manager of a branch factory on his own.

But one day he got up from his desk, put on his hat, and took a train to London. He was through with ropes. He haunted the casting offices, and got some small movie roles. Just as he was really getting rolling, the war started. Michael enlisted in the RAF. After flight training in England, he was sent to Macon, Georgia, for additional training. But by the time he got his wings, he was too old to pilot, and was kept on as an instructor.

Following his demobilization, he played in innumerable British films. When Twentieth decided to make "The Black Rose" in Europe with Ty Power, Michael was signed as the English king. He and Ty became chums, and thanks to Ty's urging, Darryl Zanuck brought Michael to Hollywood for "The 13th Letter." Followed a long-term contract. He recently finished "Sailor of the King" and goes next into "The Robe."

In 1946, Michael married Margaret McGrath, a musical comedy actress. They now divide their time between London and Hollywood. Michael likes to tinker with autos; still can't understand why he couldn't sell one.

MICHAEL RENNIE

Birthplace: Bradford, Yorkshire, England

Birthdate: August 25, 1912

Height: 6 feet 4 inches

Weight: 182 pounds

Hair: Dark brown

Eyes: Blue





NEW LEASE ON LOVE

BY MIKE CONNOLLY

Though Olivia de Havilland won't admit that there's room for romance in her life now, her heart won't allow Livvy to resist its call for long

• Wherever there's beauty like Olivia de Havilland's, romance can't remain long dead. Although Livvy claims that she has turned her back on love, and the only thing that truly matters to her is her young son, Ben, her own warm nature—her love of life—puts the denial to the statement she made when I interviewed her recently:

"Romance? No, there is no romance in my life. And I don't expect that there will be any for a long time to come. I don't think it's very becoming to throw your heart about

casually, to go out too much after a divorce. I don't think it's right and I'm not going to do it. Besides, one needs time—time spent alone—to readjust to single life.

"I think it's unnatural, however, not to have some kind of social life, and I have devised a wonderful system for going to parties. Here's how: I find out from the invitation list what married couple is going that I know, and if they live nearby, I ask the hostess if she'd call and ask them to take me along with them." (Continued on page 98)



"Do your stockings tell lies about your legs?"

asks **LESLIE CARON**



Hollywood stars
always wear Bur-Mil
Cameo nylons.
And here's why.
"When our stockings
pick up reflections
from Kleig lights—our
legs frequently look
unshapely, and that's
fatal," says Miss Caron,
star of M-G-M's

Lili



- "The movie camera proves that shiny stockings often make legs look unshapely," says Leslie Caron. "That's why, in Hollywood, we insist on misty-dull nylons—to keep us Leg-O-Genic at all times."
- On the screen and off, M-G-M stars, like Leslie Caron, wear Bur-Mil Cameo nylons with exclusive Face Powder Finish. For Cameo's Face Powder Finish assures their legs of the permanently soft, misty dullness that glamour demands.

*And Sheer 60 Gauge Bur-Mil
Cameo nylons give up to 40%
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Styles from \$1.25 to \$1.95

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PHOTOPLAY STAR PATTERN

COTTON TO SPRING

Sew-Easy to Make!

JANIE POWELL has an adorable new dress, designed for her by Helen Rose for her new M-G-M movie, "Small Town Girl." Doesn't she look appealing in it? PHOTOPLAY liked it as much as Janie, and copied it exactly, in our "sew-easy" star pattern, so you can look just like Janie! Make it in c-o-o-l batiste like hers, or in one of the other new cottons so plentiful now. For size 14, only five yards of 35-inch fabric.



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co-starring in

"PONY EXPRESS"

A Paramount Picture

Color by Technicolor



the jewelry
every smart woman
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Dramatic top fashions — highlighting the iridescence of these glowing cultured pearls from the ocean's depths. Beautifully matched, hand-knotted necklaces, striking earrings, bracelets and charms — all with that famous *Deltah* look-of-luxury!

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Bracelet, \$22.50

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Drop earrings, \$18.50

Circle earrings, \$19.50



Teapot charm, \$21.50

(All prices include Federal tax)

P

71

Welcome Back



TV lost Tom Drake to Hollywood and Arlene Dahl in "Sangaree"



Ann Sothern's blonde luster will be a welcome sight on screen

EACH YEAR, Hollywood introduces a bevy of newcomers to American movie fans. But this year may become notable for the many familiar names and faces to *re-appear* on neighborhood screens. In the forties, Broadway-trained Tom Drake had the bobby-soxers begging for him after his first picture. His studio obliged and cast him in hit after hit. Then, a few years ago, Tom dropped out of sight. But Tom Drake is back at work now in Paramount's "Sangaree."

Ann Sothern, on leave from filmdom, has been scampering through some Broadway and road-tour plays and devoting much time to her seven-year-old Patricia Ann, fondly called Tish. Soon Warners will release "Blue Gardenia" in which Ann co-stars with Anne Baxter.

Lew Ayres is a particularly elusive star in the Hollywood sky. His overwhelming artistic success many years ago in "All Quiet on the Western Front" by no means left him reconciled to acting. Lew had other dreams, one of which was directing. After "Johnny Belinda," Lew took his umpteenth sabbatical from work—and the social whirl. One could only suppose that he spent his time in quiet contentment in his home on a mountain top, where, being an astronomer of sorts, he studies other stars. Now Lew is down from the hills, filming "No Escape." Welcome back, one and all.



Pursuit of dreams kept Lew Ayres out of films time and again

Which of these skin problems spoils your appearance?



Rough, flaky skin: "I use Noxzema twice a day," says Cindi Wood of Springfield, Pa. "It helps my rough skin look smoother, softer."



Dry skin: "'Cream-washing' with Noxzema refreshes my dry skin and helps it look much fresher and smoother!" says Marjorie Weir, Huntington, L.I.



Blemishes*: "Noxzema helped heal my minor blemishes* fast!" says Skye Patrick of New Orleans, La. "My skin looks so much softer and smoother."

How you, too, can

Look lovelier in 10 days *or your money back!*

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If you aren't entirely satisfied with your complexion — here's the biggest beauty news in years! A famous skin doctor has developed a new wonderfully effective home beauty routine. It helps your complexion look fresher, lovelier and helps you *keep* it that way!

Different! This new sensible beauty care owes its amazing effectiveness to the unique qualities of Noxzema. This famous *medicated* beauty cream combines softening, soothing, healing and cleansing ingredients. It's *greaseless*, too—actually washes off in water—and helps the looks of your skin while it cleans off make-up and dirt.

Quick! Easy! Women all over America are thrilled with this sensible, inexpensive skin care. Their letters praise Noxzema's quick help for rough, dry skin and externally-caused blemishes. Wouldn't you like to help your problem skin look fresher, smoother, lovelier? Then tonight, try this:

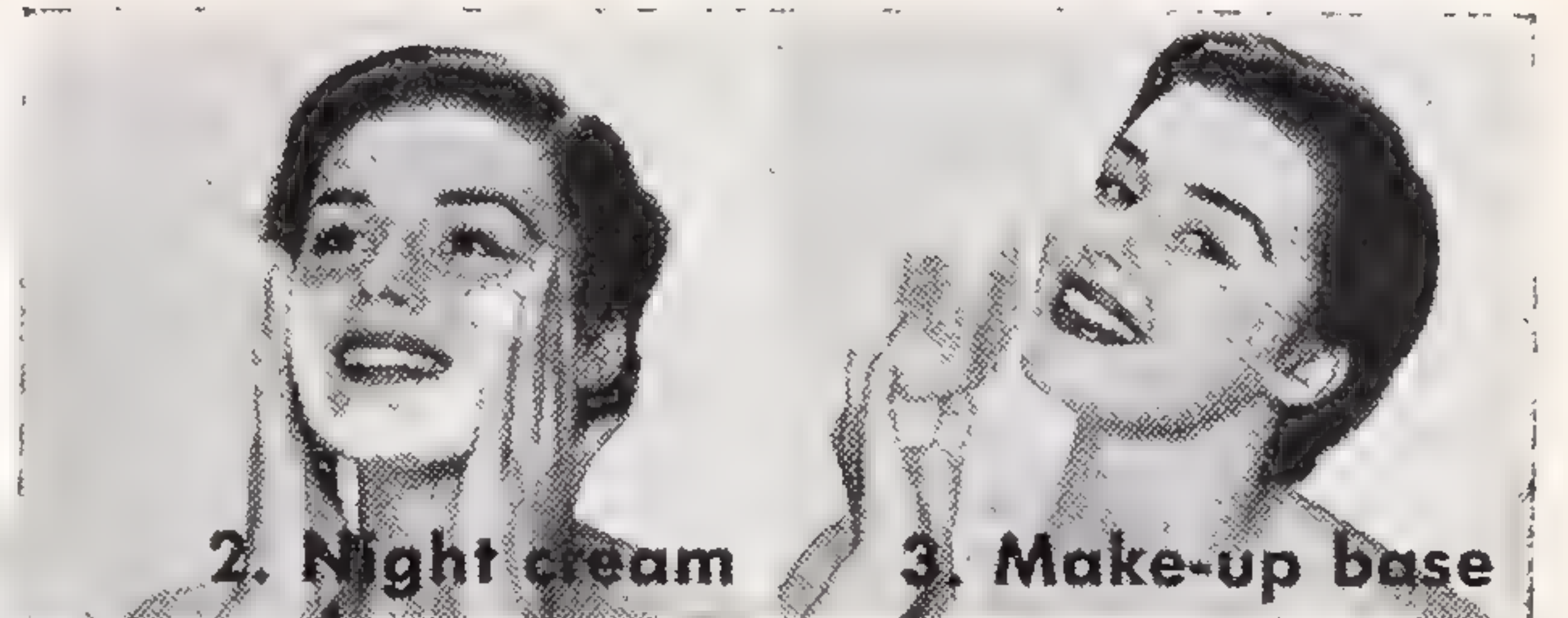
1. Cleanse thoroughly by 'cream-washing' with Noxzema and water. Smooth Noxzema over face and neck. Wring out a cloth in warm water and *wash* your face as if using soap. See how make-up and dirt disappear! How fresh your skin looks after 'cream-washing'! No dry, drawn feeling!

2. Night cream. Smooth on Noxzema so its softening, soothing ingredients can help skin look smoother, fresher, lovelier. (Always pat a bit extra over any blemishes* to help heal them—fast!)

The film of oil-and-moisture Noxzema provides is especially beneficial to rough, dry, sensitive skin. Even in extreme cases, where the dried-out, curled-up cells of dead skin give an unattractive grayish look, you will see a big improvement as you go on faithfully using Noxzema. It's *greaseless*! No smeary face!

3. Make-up base. In the morning, 'cream-wash'; apply Noxzema as a powder-base.

No matter how many other creams you have used, try Noxzema. This *greaseless* beauty cream is a *medicated* formula;



that's one secret of its amazing effectiveness. That's why it has helped so many women with discouraging skin problems — in actual clinical tests, it helped 4 out of 5 women.

It works or money back!

Try Noxzema for 10 days. If not delighted, return jar to Noxzema, Baltimore. Your money back!

*externally-caused

look lovelier offer!

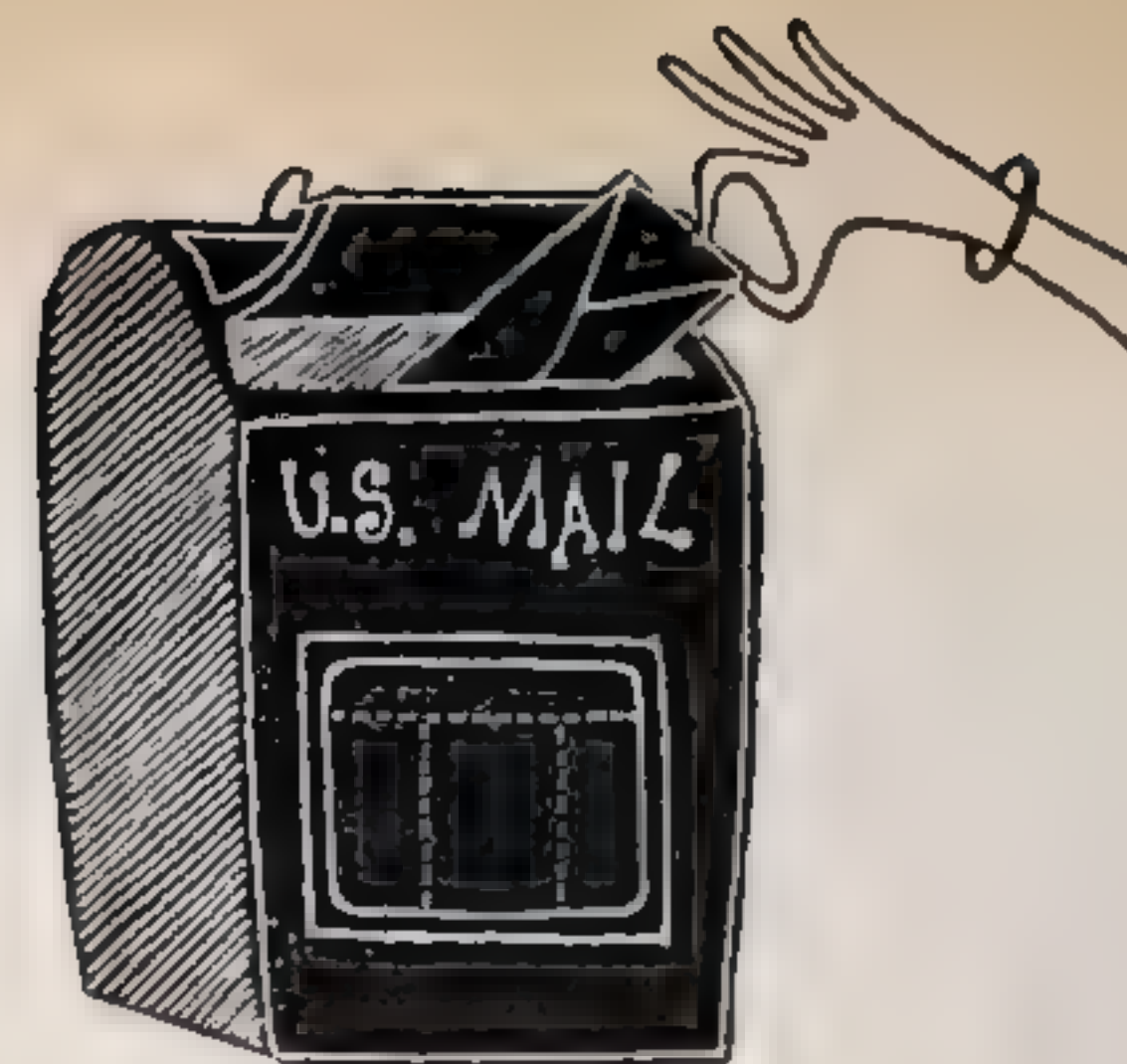
40¢ NOXZEMA

for only **29¢** plus tax

Limited time only!
At drug or cosmetic counters

readers inc...

Address letters to Readers Inc., PHOTOPLAY, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York.
Much as we would like to, we cannot promise to publish, return or reply to all letters



SOAP BOX:

My curiosity is piqued by Lou Sullivan, of Lexington, Kentucky, who wrote Readers, Inc. "What is this thing called Zsa Zsa Gabor? She certainly can't act, isn't beautiful (as some people say) and can't even talk plain."

I shall answer this candid Kentuckian who wields the critical bludgeon as determinedly as Daniel Boone swung his axe.

"This thing called Zsa Zsa Gabor" is a woman who strongly suspects that Lou Sullivan is deeply disturbed by the female of the species and, unwilling to admit it or accept it, lashes out with male bluster to convince himself and others that he is a man.

Lou, darling, don't fight women! It's no sign of masculine weakness to be preoccupied with them. They're really delightful creatures. You give yourself away, but utterly, when you feel impelled to beat them down with ungallant repudiation. A man who's well adjusted to the opposite sex would never expose himself and his weakness as you have.

As for not being beautiful, not being able to act, or "even talk plain," I am defenselessly intrigued. At least I'm glad that despite my limitations in English I was able to put over a message to you.

I hope someday to meet Lou Sullivan. There's a chance that I can talk him out of the blinding shame that he's suffering at the moment about his attraction to women.

Sincerely,
ZSA ZSA GABOR

... Betty Hutton is one of the most popular movie stars among us boys in the service. We write her letters and she answers us with a large picture, and that is what we like, especially while we are over here in Korea ... We are always glad to hear her and see her on the stage. We just love Betty.

CPL. CHARLES PHILLIPS
c/o FPO, San Francisco, California



The GI's love Betty

... in the February issue of PHOTOPLAY ... Mary Barbarena of San Francisco, who had been collecting movie magazines, wanted to send some to the boys in Korea and didn't know how to send them ... Here is a letter I read:

"We are endeavoring to correct the lack of reading material for the men here in Korea. We welcome reading matter of any type ... It is the policy of this library to distribute it to forward units of the armed forces ...

All mail can be addressed to: Battalion Library, 192nd Ordnance Battalion, c/o Postmaster, San Francisco, California. Thank you. Pfc. James Popefko, Librarian ..."

MRS. F. SIMMONS
Goldsboro, North Carolina

I'm sick and tired of seeing Scott Brady be a smart aleck, or be on the wrong side of the law in films. I've seen the handsome fellow's movies and every one was terrible because of the role he was given. Why can't he be the innocent boy-next-door in his next movie? Team him up with some beautiful young star like Debra Paget or Helena Carter and it'll be a hit ...

CAROL COWAN
Tryon, North Carolina



Wanted: love story for Scott

... In Readers, Inc. ... a Marietta Simons ... voiced her disapproval of photographs taken of stars in low-cut, strapless gowns. Also one of Marilyn Monroe in a bathing suit ... I wish to disagree with her. All over the country, girls wear that type gown, and as for the bathing suit on Marilyn, she will see far more revealing suits ... any day, down at the beach ...

MRS. FRED RITCHIE
Mt. Pleasant, North Carolina

I have read PHOTOPLAY for years. It is the only magazine which, to my notion, records the true Hollywood ... the letter by Marietta Simons in the January issue made me angry. She says, "I feel I must voice my disapproval of the disgustingly revealing photographs." As long as Hollywood stars continue to wear low-cut gowns and revealing bathing suits, it will be PHOTOPLAY's job to print these photos. Allow me to remind Miss Simons that a movie magazine records fact—does not sort out what it necessarily approves or disapproves of. That would be bringing readers only half the truth.

WARREN LUSTER
Pomona, California

We read your article in the latest PHOTOPLAY, "Is Hollywood Carrying Sex Too Far?" Yes, we think it is, very much so. June Allyson, Jeanne Crain and Esther Williams are losing their sweet freshness by going "sexy." Who will play the nice parts in movies if these ex-nice people go "sexy"? Why don't these stars act their real selves, like Jane Powell, Pier Angeli and Doris Day?

PHYLLIS DURNON
Ossian, Iowa

I would like to write a few lines in behalf of young Bob Wagner and Miss Barbara Stanwyck. Some items have been in print about Bob dating Miss Stanwyck and, in my opinion, these remarks have carried an insinuating note which is an insult to the intelligence and integrity of both these fine people. Why haven't these items also included information that Bob and Miss Stanwyck have been engaged in the making of a film at 20th Century-Fox? Under the circumstances, isn't it quite understandable that they should become friends without necessarily involving romance? There are a number of years difference in the ages of these two stars and I'm sure they're both well aware of it—surely this doesn't prohibit them from forming a friendship of value to both of them. I think their friendship is a wonderful thing to see and it should be treated properly and with fairness to both.

THOMAS F. MURPHY
Boston, Massachusetts

I read an article recently about John Wayne, and he says he "can't act." But by gosh he does a mighty fine job of trying.

PEGGY SMITHER
Seaside, Calif.



Speak for yourself, John

In Edith Gywnn's column in February PHOTOPLAY ... you said, "Robert Taylor was spied buying a gorgeous chiffon and lace negligee with nightie to match—and ordering it monogrammed with merely an M. That doesn't stand for Barbara (Stanwyck) or Ursula (Thiess)—so ... Well, isn't Bob's pet name for Barbara Stanwyck "Missy" ... and doesn't it begin with "M"?

MRS. FLORENCE E. FOSTER
Dorchester, Massachusetts

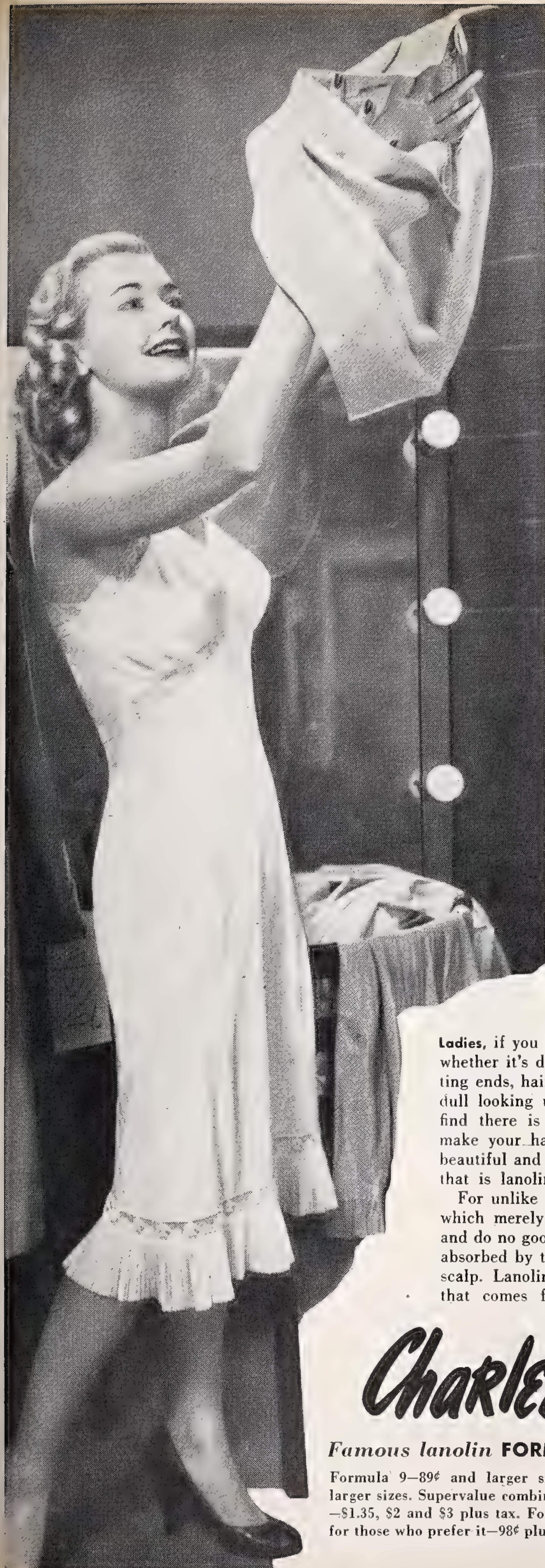
CASTING:

... After having read that great novel, "The Caine Mutiny," I feel that a wise choice for the role of Captain Queeg would be Charlton Heston ...

ANN REPERT
Glenside, Pennsylvania

Jane Powell as Laurey and Howard Keel as Curley could certainly make "Oklahoma" wonderful ...

BARBARA BEAZLEY
Calgary, Alberta, Canada
(Continued on page 78)



IT
PAYS
TO BE
A

FAST WOMAN

"In my business you have to be fast. I'm not a movie star or a high-fashion camera model with a make-up man and an hour to fix my hair before every appearance. I'm a Seventh Avenue dress model, always changing clothes, always in a rush. But each time I appear, I must be as calm as a duchess, groomed to perfection.

"With my hair, that was a problem! It not only looked like straw, it acted like straw in the wind.

"Then, flash!—came news of Formula 9 and the 1 Minute Miracle! One minute is all I ever have, so I tried it. And the miracle happened! In 60 seconds my hair became soft, silky, instantly manageable with more natural curl than I had ever had in my life! Now after a fast change, a mere flick of the comb and it's as smooth as an ad in Harper's Bazaar.

"Do men notice the difference? Notice it? They love Formula 9—for the well-groomed look it gives them!"

Ladies, if you too have a hair problem—whether it's dry hair, cracked and splitting ends, hair breaking off, dandruff or dull looking unmanageable hair—you'll find there is only one thing that can make your hair healthier-looking, more beautiful and instantly manageable, and that is lanolin.

For unlike vegetable and mineral oils which merely cling to the hair surface and do no good at all, lanolin is actually absorbed by the hair and penetrates the scalp. Lanolin is a natural organic oil that comes from hair—the hair of a

sheep. It is nature's hair conditioner.

And only Charles Antell in famous Formula 9 has mastered the secret of refining and compounding lanolin so it is absorbed in sufficient quantity to make your hair lustrous, youthful looking, shimmering with highlights, instantly manageable—yet vanishes as you apply it. It's marvelous what it does!

That's why we say to you now, try Formula 9. Get it at any drug or cosmetic counter. We guarantee you'll have healthier-looking, more beautiful hair or it costs you nothing.

Charles Antell

Famous lanolin **FORMULA 9** and **SHAMPOO**

Formula 9—89¢ and larger sizes, plus tax. Shampoo—59¢ and larger sizes. Supervalue combinations of Formula 9 and Shampoo—\$1.35, \$2 and \$3 plus tax. Formula 9 also in liquid cream form for those who prefer it—98¢ plus tax. (Slightly higher in Canada.)





I had been working on "The Desert Song" exactly three days, and I had done nothing more than pre-record some of the song numbers, when I picked up a Hollywood paper one morning and read that Kathryn Grayson and I were "feuding on the set."

I blew my stack.

The simple truth of the matter was that, up until that very instant, I hadn't exchanged more than forty words with Kathryn and those words had been both formal and pleasant.

I don't know who starts these crazy rumors. My wife, Sheila, and I had met Kathryn at a party. As is usual at gatherings where most of the guests earn their living in the entertainment field, everyone began to contribute something to the evening's fun.

When Kathryn was asked to sing, she arose without any of the usual "Oh, really not tonight" routine, and took her place within the curve of the grand piano. She sang "One Fine Day" from "Madame Butterfly" and she sang the "Habanera" from "Carmen." She brought down the house.

I had seen her in pictures and I had assumed that hers was a light, fragile voice of sweetness, flexibility, and true pitch. I discovered that her voice is a powerful instrument, equal in every respect to many of the celebrated grand opera voices. I was impressed.

When Warner Brothers notified me that I was to make "The Desert Song," I asked if Kathryn Grayson could be borrowed from M-G-M. I went so far as to say that I didn't see how the picture could be made at all unless a girl having both Kathryn's beauty and great voice could be cast as the heroine. Does that sound like stage setting for a feud?

The day I'd learned that Kathryn had been loaned to the studio, I had telephoned

Listen, Kate...

They say you're a terror on the set—always fighting with your

Sheila and yelled in triumph, "How about that for good news?"

So after I had read our sour publicity, I rushed to the recording studio and told Kathryn, "I want you to know that I had nothing to do with that silly story."

She lifted her shoulders in a relieved sigh and then began to smile. "And I want you to know that I had nothing to do with it either. I'm glad to get that straightened out. Now let's forget it."

How's that for sportsmanship?

During the ensuing eleven weeks of "The Desert Song" shooting, I learned many other facts about Kathryn. For instance, she is one of the most efficient girls in Hollywood. She never wastes a minute. I interrupted her in the midst of making a list one afternoon and discovered that she was planning menus for her household for the following week. Not only that, she was making out a grocery list at the same time.

She keeps track of such things as having the house painted (after securing bids and placing the contract with the most satisfactory bidder), having the trees on her grounds pruned and otherwise cared for, maintaining records of dental visits for the members of the family, buying birthday gifts for something like twenty-two relatives, and in general serving as major domo of a home while simultaneously turning in fine performances as actress-singer.

She made me feel like a lazy lug.

Keeping track of a career and maintaining a full personal life at the same time would be occupation enough for anyone, but Kathryn still finds time to do things for other people. Without fuss, without letting anyone on the set become aware that she was making a series of telephone calls, Kathryn managed to spring a surprise party on the cast and crew during the late afternoon of her last day on the picture. You've never seen such a feast!

In the midst of all the excitement, Kathryn disappeared. She had waited until the party was well launched, then slipped away, leaving her guests to enjoy themselves while she went home to have dinner with her little girl. Kathryn is a devoted mother. You can read her love in her facial and tonal expressions when she talks about Patty Kate. You can sense it when she discusses the weekend plans she has made for the youngster's pleasure.

A friend of Kathryn's told me that when Kathryn and Johnny Johnston were playing The Palladium in London, Kathryn broke out in a rash and concluded that she had picked up some bug. Johnny called a series of doctors, none of whom seemed to be able to effect a cure. Finally someone suggested an elderly physician who had been successful in treating skin disorders.

So he was called. He studied the rash, then settled himself in a chair opposite the patient and encouraged her to talk. After several minutes he began to smile. In a Killarney brogue he told her, "You are pining for that baby of yours. You are worried because she is wearing a cast on that dislocated hip, and you yearn to be at home with her. Your rash is caused by your emotional state. Stop fretting and you'll be all right."

The moment Kathryn headed home, the rash disappeared.

I'd like to point out, too, that Kathryn also has a pixie sense of humor. The best way I can explain it is to tell a story. Both of us were invited to the same benefit, and both of us agreed to sing. Although show people are always happy to be of assistance, sometimes these benefits drag on and on.

In the wings, Kathryn and I were kidding about the fact that it was almost midnight and neither of us had been called upon. I was groaning because I had an

early morning call and I was telling her how lucky she was to have the day off.

"Day off!" she hissed. "I want you to know that I plan to do two weeks' work tomorrow." Whispering furiously she began to enumerate her crowded program, step by step.

"Yeah, yeah. That's what you're saying now," I whispered back. "But tomorrow morning you'll turn off that old alarm, roll over and pound the pillow until noon. I know how it goes with you glamour gals."

She gave me a funny little look that said, "Bub, you've gone too far. Now comes the business," and hurried away to the program director.

Opening those great brown eyes and tipping up that persuasive nose, Miss Grayson pleaded that she had to report for work at six the next morning, and couldn't she please do her bit now?

Who could resist? Miss Grayson sang and then went sailing past me, her pretty pan elevated in impish triumph. I didn't sing until 1:00 A.M. The next time we both appear at the same benefit, I'm going to appoint her my program agent.

Everybody has a fault or two. And in order to keep this report on Kathryn from seeming saltless, I might as well mention her outstanding weakness.

She is a perfectionist. She worries. She wants to be a better singer day by day. Furthermore, she considers herself an actress in need of improvement. She studies. She rehearses. She says, "I think I could improve it by repeating once more."

I think I should write a note to her. Matter of fact, I will. And here it is: "Kid, you're great. You've got everything: beauty, brains, character, and a God-given voice. You can afford to relax and enjoy life. And you can afford to ignore any talk of feudin' and fightin' with your leading men. I know—I was your leading man."

leading men. Now it's my turn to talk



Shadow Wave
HOME PERMANENT

WITH
One Application

Takes Beautifully ... Neutralizes Itself!



**A LASTING
WAVE GUARANTEED**
by Lever Brothers Co.
—or money back!

A soft, natural-looking wave the new easy way!

SIMPLE . . . because you need only one application

Just roll curls on any plastic curlers or Shadow Wave's new French style. Apply lotion, let dry and brush into a soft, lasting wave . . . that's all!



SAFE . . . because of unique



patented lotion

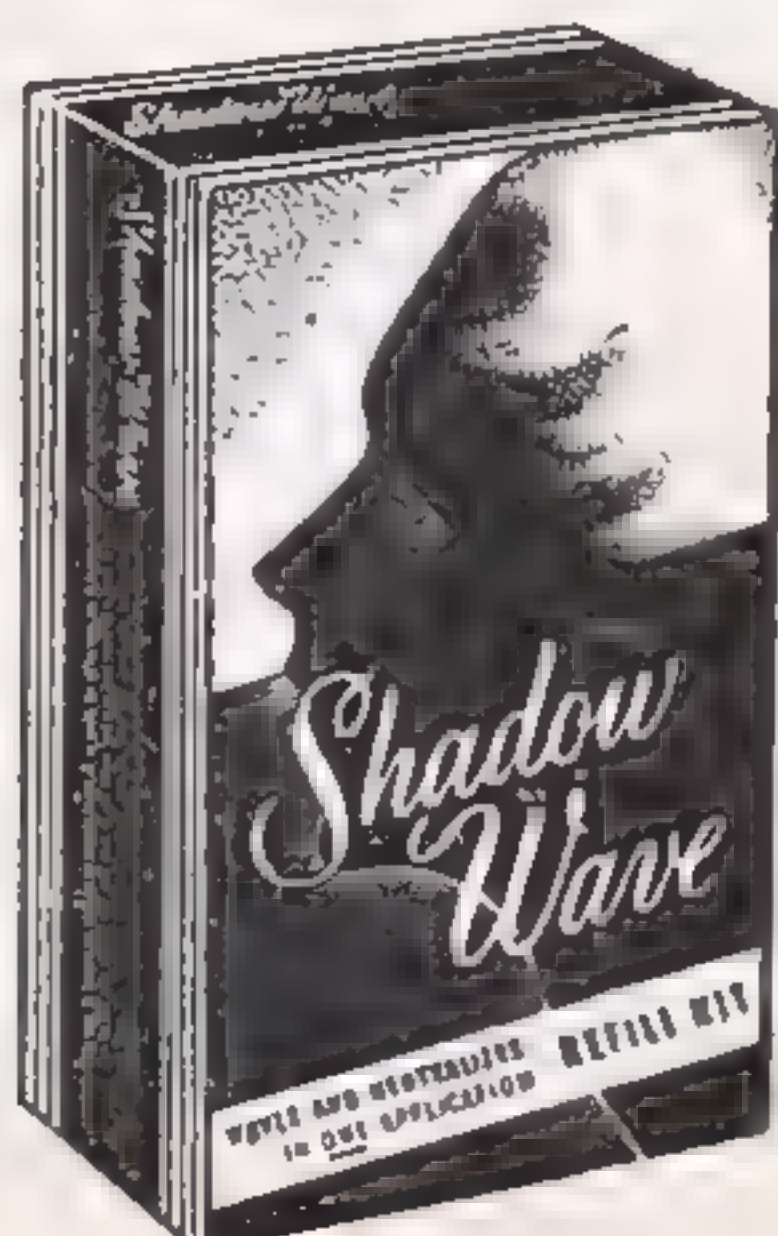
Kinder to your hair, needs no repeated soakings. The only home permanent that neutralizes itself so completely.

SURE . . .



because there's no guess-work

Waving stops automatically, there's no timing problem. That's why it's guaranteed to take.



Shadow Wave
HOME PERMANENT

readers inc. . . .

(Continued from page 74)

I think the movie "The Sheik" should be made with Stewart Granger as the *Sheik* and Piper Laurie as leading lady. I think it would make a smashing hit.

DEBBIE SANDERS
Baltimore, Maryland

I'd like to nominate Jeff Chandler for "The Sheik." What good is it to cast someone who resembles Valentino if the power and temperament are lacking? Jeff seems plausible in roles that would make other actors appear ridiculous . . .

EVELYN ZAGAMI
San Diego, California

Why don't they make a vocal team of Eddie Fisher and Debbie Reynolds . . .? They're both tops on my list, and young and popular. I think the team of Reynolds and Fisher would be a great success!

MARJORIE McMASTER
Tyler, Texas

I think it would be wonderful if Richard Allan could dance with Vera-Ellen or Virginia Mayo in a musical picture, in Technicolor.

JO ANN KUWABORA
Lodi, California

I would like to see the movie, "Seventh Heaven," remade in Technicolor with two great stars, Lana Turner and Dennis Morgan. I saw it when Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell played in it, and it was one of the greatest shows I have ever seen in my lifetime.

MRS. SAM ROTI
Sioux Falls, South Dakota

When I saw this photo of Elaine Stewart in January PHOTOPLAY, I immediately thought of Susan Hayward. Wouldn't these two girls be perfect in sister roles?

JUDY ABELE
Portland, Oregon



Susan and Elaine: Lookalikes?

QUESTION BOX:

In your August issue of PHOTOPLAY you stated that Esther Williams was the star of "One Piece Bathing Suit." In your October issue you stated that she was the star of "Million Dollar Mermaid." Were these two the same picture under both titles?

RUTH BAHNER
Sedalia, Missouri

Yes, the title of the picture was changed from "One Piece Bathing Suit" to "Million Dollar Mermaid."—Ed.

I'm writing you about perhaps the most talked about movie star since I was born sixteen years ago—Marilyn Monroe. I have two questions. Why does her publicity call her the woman women hate? I honestly think she is the best looking star in Hollywood, but certainly hasn't made herself obnoxious enough to cause all women to hate her. Why is it that in all her publicity something isn't said about her fine acting? In "Don't Bother to Knock," she certainly showed herself up to be one of the top actresses . . . give her credit for this, as well as for her looks.

BETTY JOYCE NUNN
Williamsburg, Virginia

Is Robert Arthur, who produced "The Story of Will Rogers," an actor also?

MANUEL SANTA CRUZ
Key West, Florida

No, they are two different people. The actor (he's currently in "The System") changed his name legally to Bob Arthur.—Ed.



Name change: Robert to Bob

I have just seen "Snows of Kilimanjaro." Some of us who saw it say that Ava Gardner and Gregory Peck were not married, and some say they were. Who is right?

KATIE LOU RODGERS
Beardstown, Illinois

Your guess is as good as ours! The picture never really makes it clear.—Ed.

I have just seen the three-dimensional picture, "Bwana Devil," and although it was advertised as being the first picture of its kind, wasn't there a three-dimensional short feature out a number of years ago?

LORAINÉ BANOS
Detroit, Michigan

Yes, several experimental shorts had been made years ago.—Ed.

Would you please . . . tell me what new movies Donald O'Connor will be in and what movies he has already been in? Also . . . what is Vera-Ellen's real name?

SHERRY PAGE
Palo Alto, California

Donald O'Connor will soon be seen in "I Love Melvin," to be followed by "Call Me Madam." In 1952 he was in "Francis Goes to West Point" and "Singin' in the Rain." Vera-Ellen's real name is Vera-Ellen Rohe.—Ed.

. . . I would like to know who played Chauncey, the young policeman in "Stop, You're Killing Me!"

PEGGY JAMES
Greenwood, South Carolina

That was newcomer Bill Hayes. A popular singing star, he makes his motion picture debut in this movie.—Ed.

(Continued on next page)

She's Engaged

Vivacious Jane Foster of Maplewood, New Jersey to David Byron Miller of New York City. They'll have a June wedding—to remember always!

She's Lovely

So tiny—just over five feet to David's full six!—blonde, with a complexion that's petal-smooth.

She uses Pond's

"I love the way Pond's Cold Cream makes my skin feel so silky . . . look so much clearer. It really cleanses!" Jane says. "I'm never going to be without Pond's."



Her ring—a large brilliant-cut diamond



Jane Marguerite Foster

"I've found how to make a wonderful 'change' in my skin," Jane says

"Did you ever get discouraged with your skin? I never realized how much clearer, how much, much smoother my skin could look—until I began using Pond's Cold Cream," Jane says.

If your skin looks harsh . . . has that hateful "muddy" look—see how daily Pond's Creamings can help your skin.

Skin-helping ingredients in Pond's work together as a team—in interaction. And as you swirl on Pond's you help both sides of your skin.

Outside—dirt and old make-up are cleansed from pore-openings—*immaculately*. At the same time, your skin is given smoothing oil and moisture it needs. *Inside*—circulation is stimulated.

Use Pond's Cold Cream as Jane does. The difference in your skin will delight you, as you see it take on a new smoothness, a new freshness!

Get a large jar of Pond's Cold Cream. Use it tonight—and see a fascinating, immediate change come over your face.

For a really lovely complexion, do this every night as Jane does



Soft-cleanse by swirling satin-smooth Pond's Cold Cream up over face and throat. Tissue off—well.



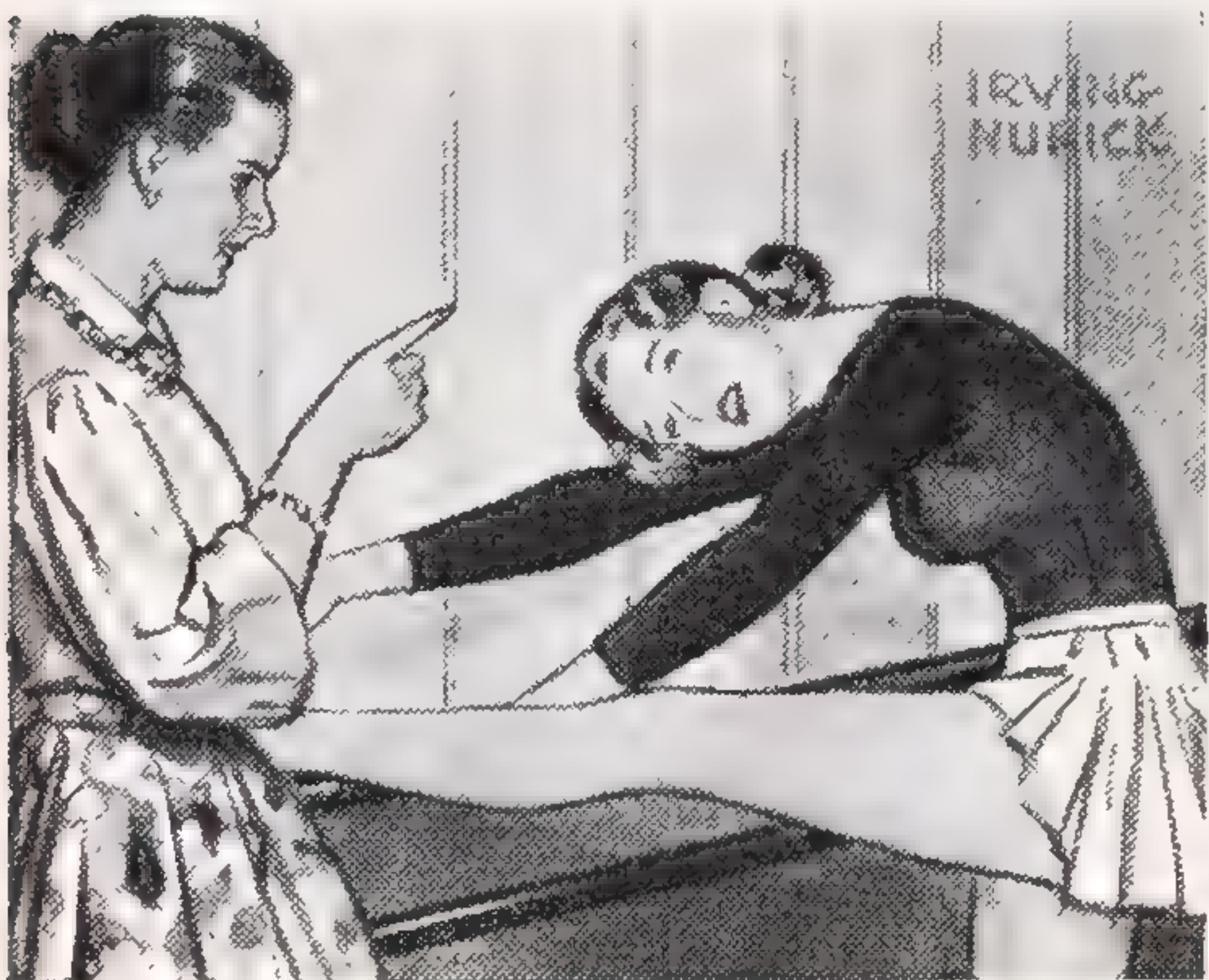
Soft-rinse with more skin-helping Pond's. Now tissue off lightly. Your face is immaculate, glowing.



To learn "the truth" about your pals —

- ☐ Let them tell it with costumes
☐ Study palmistry

Who'd guess that timid Theresa secretly longs to be a Mata Hari? And Bill (The Shoulders) hankers to whip up the world's best souffle? Give a "secret ambition" party! You'll get a line on your gang — with their togs representing the life they'd really like! As for you, you're safe from revealing lines (that certain kind) — with Kotex. Just trust those special, flat *pressed ends*. And you get double *protection* — extra absorbency plus that *safety center*.



Can you offset bowlegged gams with

- ☐ Grace ☐ Exercise ☐ Blue jeans

If Nature threw a curve when she built dem bones, exercise won't straighten 'em. To offset that bowed look, acquire graceful posture; avoid shorts, snug-fitting jeans. Wear skirts with a graceful flare—at the right length for *you*. For *every* gal (come calendar days) there's a "just right" absorbency of Kotex. Regular, Junior, Super.

Are you in the know?



While dancing, which policy's best?

- ☐ Cool chatter ☐ Wait for the tone signal

Should you be a conversational ball of fire? Chances are, he'll prefer good footwork to clicking the pearly gums. Try a few remarks re the music; if he's for yacketty, let *him* set the tone. And if it's "that" time — keep prancing in *comfort*. Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it: *this napkin holds its shape!*



More women choose KOTEX*
than all other sanitary napkins

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



Know someone who needs to know?

Remember how puzzled *you* were when "that" day arrived for the first time? Maybe you know some youngster *now* who's in the same boat. Help her out! Send today for the new free booklet "You're A Young Lady Now." Written for girls aged 9 to 12, it tells her all she needs to know, *beforehand*. Button-bright! Write P. O. Box 3434, Dept. 343, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.

(Continued from preceding page)

"The Toughest Man in Arizona" was a wonderful picture. Throughout it I was watching the fellow who played Jerry . . . Who was he?

PATRICIA JUREK
St. Cloud, Minnesota

Lee MacGregor; you can direct your letters and requests for photographs to him c/o Republic Studios.—Ed.

I saw Arlene Dahl's picture on the back of some cut-outs I had put away and forgotten about of Ingrid Bergman . . . It looked as though she was in the Ziegfeld Follies or a chorus girl. Will you give me some information on this?

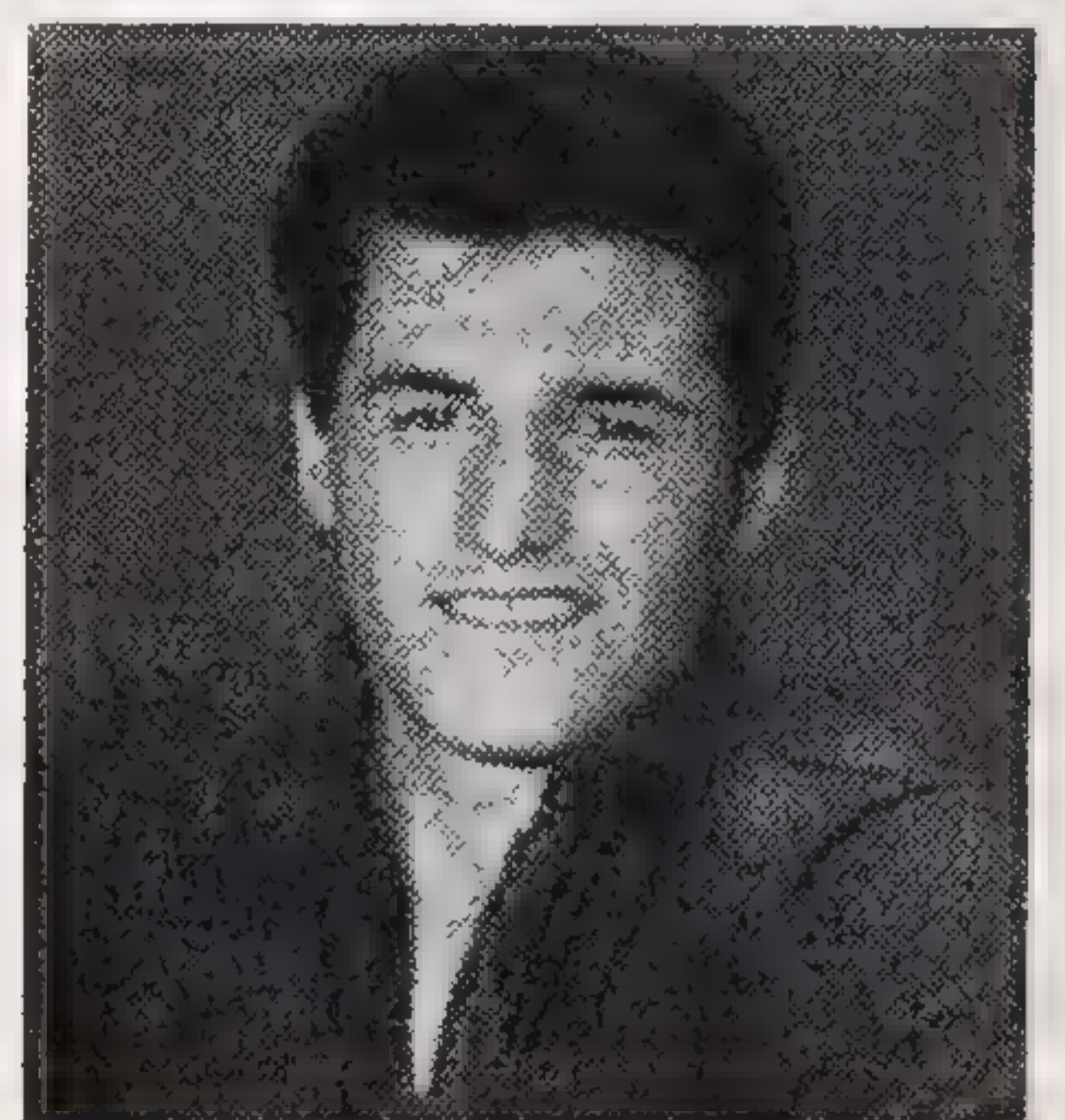
ELIZABETH THOMPSON
Jackson, Mississippi

The clipping showing Arlene Dahl must have been from a movie she was in with Vera-Ellen, Fred Astaire and Red Skelton. She played a stage actress in "Three Little Words." She was on the stage for awhile, before becoming a model, but was not a chorus girl.—Ed.

. . . Who was the cute young man who took the part of Rock Hudson's son in "The Lawless Breed?" He looks very promising.

KATHLEEN GIBLIN
New Iberia, Louisiana

That was Race Gentry. You can write him c/o Universal-International Studios.—Ed.



Newcomer: Race Gentry

People always mention Tony Curtis' real name, but never Janet Leigh's. Is her stage name the same as her real name? If not, what is it please?

VICKIE RESS
Steubenville, Ohio

Her real name is Jeanette Morrison.—Ed.

A friend says that Arthur Shields (who played the Reverend Playfair in "The Quiet Man") and Barry Fitzgerald (who played Michael Flynn) are brothers. If they are, why don't they have the same name? Also, what was the background music for "The Quiet Man"?

MARY LOU BAKER
Centerville, Massachusetts

Your friend is right. They are brothers. Barry Fitzgerald, like many people of the theatre, uses a stage name. But his real name is William Shields. The background music for the picture was made up partly of traditional Irish folk melodies, partly of music specially written by Victor Young. It is available on both RCA and Decca records.—Ed.

Do many stars wear glasses off-screen? Can a person be in movies if he does . . . ?

D. P.
Oakridge, Oregon

Working under Klieg lights is hard on the eyes, and many stars wear glasses. This is no handicap to their careers.—Ed.

Esther Williams

(Continued from page 41)

That is the sum total of Esther's jewel box and in Hollywood terms it's not lavish. But each piece is important. She loves getting her treasures this way; they mark the years—that's the sentimental Esther. The practical Esther will probably never have a pair of valuable earrings because her ear lobes are so thin, she constantly loses ear clips, and she's squeamish about having her ears pierced.

Another reason she is thought frugal—she doesn't buy lavish clothes. Like any star, she could spend as much money as there is on clothes. She could rationalize a complete French wardrobe every few weeks on the basis that it's part of the career. The truth is that Esther has never been able to bring herself to the excitement of that extravagance. She's happy without a French label. She's happier, actually, finding a little dressmaker in Pacific Palisades who will copy clothes for her from pictures. Between picture assignments, Esther hauls her dummy from the wardrobe department out to this seamstress. By using the dummy, she doesn't have to go for frequent fittings. When a new picture starts, Sam Kress of M-G-M wardrobe has to yell, "Get the body back!"

Ben is an excellent dancer. In fact, it was at Lick Pier in Ocean Park that they knew they were completely in love. Ciro's and the Mocambo dance floors weren't big enough for these two tall people who like to take long steps; so they went out one Wednesday night to the huge Ocean Park ballroom. They had the place practically to themselves that night, they danced to their hearts' content. When Esther got home, she told her mother, "That does it. He's the best dancer of all time!"

"Actually, I fell in love with Ben the first time I saw him. That very minute. It was at a charity benefit for a Jewish old-age home. I'd sold cigarettes and was just leaving, alone, when Bunny Green said, Esther, by the way, do you know Ben Gage?" And there he was.

"Why, hello!" I said. But to myself I said something else. *'There he is,'* I said. What's taken you so long, Ben Gage? Where have you been?" He was in a sergeant's uniform. I hadn't imagined him in that. As a matter of fact, I'd imagined him on a white horse. But there he was. And do you know, with all the problems of our seven-year marriage, losing our first baby and all the work separations that we hate—I've never lost sight of the magic moment when I first saw him. If anyone had told me twenty minutes or five years before that I could fall in love at first sight, I'd have thought he was out of his mind. On everything else in my life, I've had to think so hard. It took me a year to join a swimming team; it took me a year to accept a movie offer. I had to think and think about each move. But not about Ben.

"As a matter of fact, for the first part of our courtship and marriage, I was like Betty Hutton as the backwoods kid in the early scenes of 'Annie Get Your Gun.' I just stood around with my mouth open, listening to Ben and saying, 'What did you say, Ben?' 'Say it again, Ben.' That's why it's so incomprehensible to me that anyone could think I could be having trouble with my man."

Ben's gentle with his sons and quiet; he gives them full scope to show off their personalities. Recently, they went to Palm Springs, the whole family; but the weather was too hot for the youngsters and they sent them home by plane. The next night, Esther called home and talked to Benjy. After a minute, he said, "Okay, I've talked



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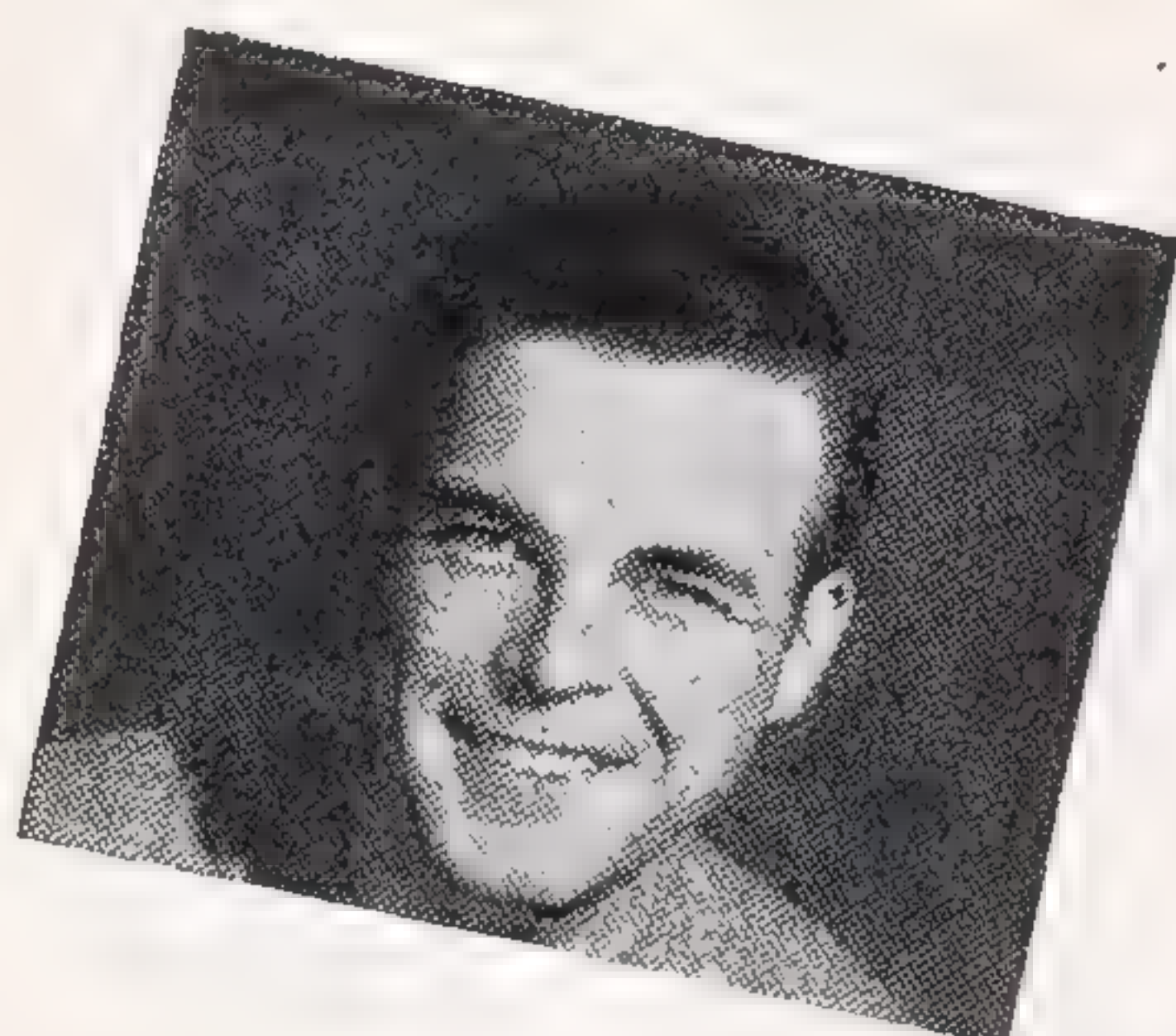
Mario Lanza

"The more feminine a woman, the more fascinating she is to me."



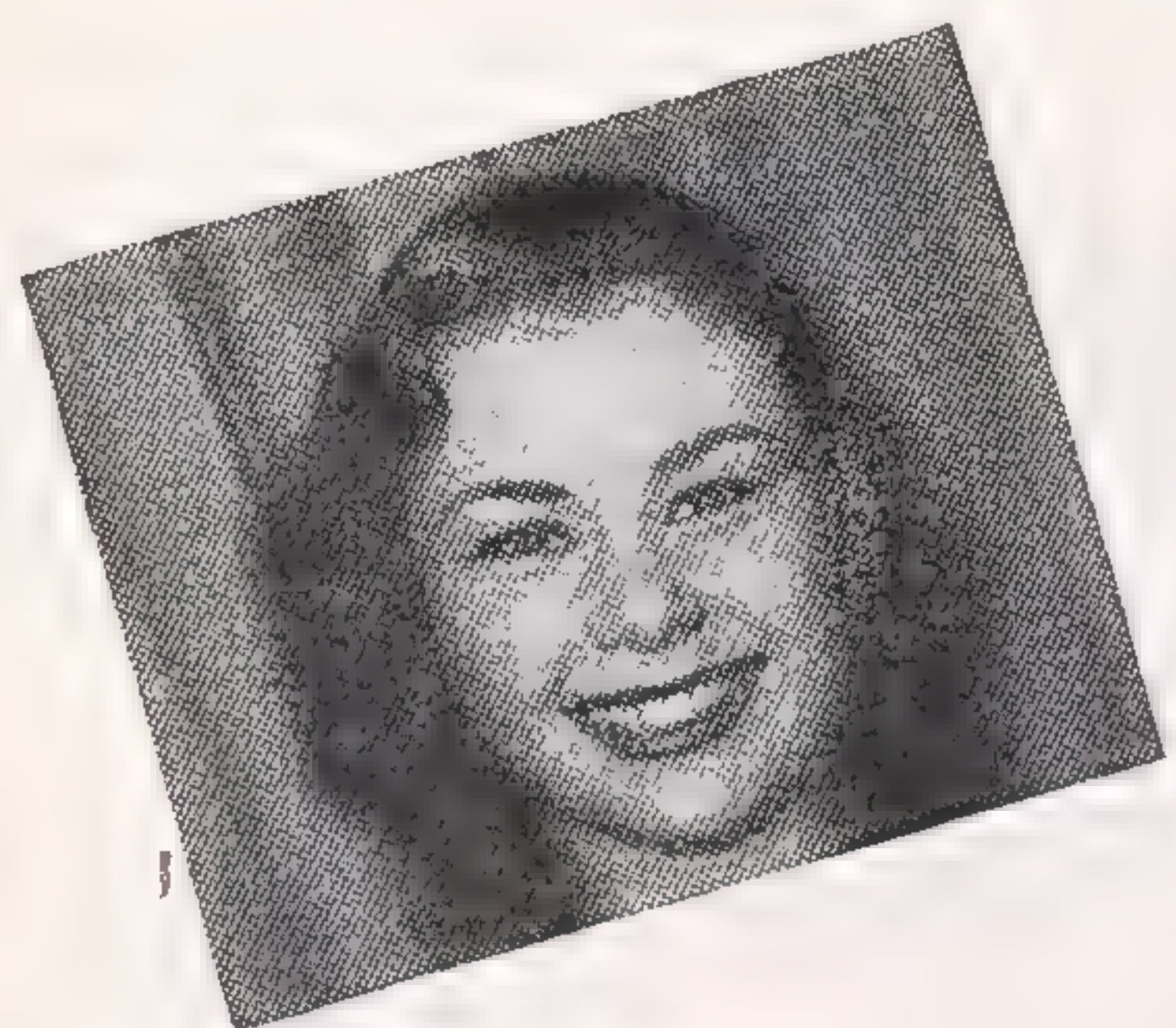
Lana Turner

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to you, Mommie, now put Daddy on." Esther had several other things she wanted to say but Benjy was impatient. "Put Daddy on, Mommie, I want to talk to Daddy." So Ben came to the phone and Esther, piqued and curious, picked up the extension.

"Daddy," Benjy was saying, "you know, I didn't want to get on that plane. I said, 'Nononononono, I don't want to, I won't.'" He hadn't mentioned this to Esther at all.

"Then what didja do?" Ben said.

"I got on. And you know what, Daddy? It was a jet. It went rrrpt when it landed."

"Yep," Ben said, "that's how a jet goes."

The conversation went on, Benjy telling his dad all about it, what he felt and when he stopped being scared and how Kimmy took the trip. When they'd finished talking, Ben said, "Were you on the extension?" Esther admitted she had been. "Well, just don't tell Benjy. This was man-talk."

"Anyone who thinks I'd dissolve this marriage just doesn't know anything about us," Esther says. "It happens that we're in love with each other and with our life—but if the situation were different, if there were reasons for Ben and me not to be happy—I still could never give those boys what Ben gives them, and I could never deprive them of this dad whom they adore. I not only am not a mermaid-tycoon—I'm not a mother-and-father either. I'm just their mother and I hope I'm doing as good a job at that as Ben is doing as their dad."

"This Ben of mine is uninhibited, and I'm as uninhibited as he. I can't imagine a life without utter naturalness. Ben needs me, and he's the sort of man who needs only one person in the world. It's wonderful to be loved that way, and I thank my lucky stars for my husband every day of my life, and every day of his. Today is his birthday and his gift from me is a chronometer watch. On the back I've had engraved, 'Darling, happy birthday, happy life. E' That's how I feel and that's what I mean. I thank God that I had the good sense to fall in love with a man who also has the good sense to know his love and his kind of life when he sees it."

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The Ladds Go Limey!

(Continued from page 55)

classes for the children two times each day

The sound of two auto horns announced the simultaneous arrival of Alan from the studio and Lonnie and David with Miss Martin. Alan sat alongside the driver in the beige Cadillac he brought from the States, making faces through the window at the car behind, where the children jiggled the door handle, impatiently waiting to spring out. They rode in the bright blue Jaguar sedan Alan and Sue bought shortly after arrival. It's exactly the same model as Michael Wilding's and the kids adore it.

"Tea's ready," announced Mary Thompson, the maid, from the front doorway. Lonnie yelled "Come on, David!" as the two youngsters raced in to be first at the cucumber sandwiches.

"I'm going to shoot a few holes of golf before dinner, dear," Alan said, going up to change. "The weather's so good it'd be a shame to miss it."

"This living in the middle of a golf course," says Sue, "is spoiling Alan. On a morning when he has a late call, he can roll out of bed, eat his kippers and corn-flakes and be at the first tee in about five minutes."

But Alan managed time for far more than golf when he wasn't working in "Red Beret." He has made himself one of the most effective ambassadors Hollywood has ever sent abroad.

Alan arrived in England during the height of the period of British Equity hostility against having Americans play roles which might well be filled by British actors. But he won both the public and the press over to his side at once. So popular did he become personally that the entire squad of airborne commandos who had been recruited to work in "Red Beret" named him an honorary member of their regiment; a group of four hundred young British fans gave a huge tea in his honor and newspapers tagged him as "One of America's best exports to this Isle."

Sue is radiant about this British sojourn. "We've been wanting to take the kids abroad for so long," she said, "but the cost would have been too great if Alan weren't working here."

"When he decided on the script of 'Red Beret' I had only five weeks to get the whole family ready. There was never any question of leaving the children behind. We're too close a family to be apart. Why if one of us isn't home for dinner it seems like a pall's over the whole house. Alan and I so seldom go out it's reached a point now where the little ones are quite insulted when we do. Six thousand miles between us! We'd all be too unhappy."

"Lonnie, my baby girl, wanted to take the whole house with her when we came. She settled for three dolls and her complete set of *Nancy Drew* mysteries. At the last minute, she was given a doll's trunk so she stencilled L-A-D-D on it and carted it along. Having their own possession makes them feel more at home."

"David was really the funny one. He insisted on bringing his tricycle, his Teddy bear and a pair of Alan Ladd guns. Somehow he also got the idea he could fish off the side of the *Ile de France* but we talked him out of his fishing rod."

Alan strode in with his clubs just as the children finished their tea. "What did you see today?" he asked them.

"Trafalgar Square, Piccadilly Circus and Buckingham Palace, where the real Queen lives," announced Lonnie proudly.

"And she has a little boy, too," David cut in, "And his name is Charles. The policeman asked me my name and he said the

Queen's uncle has the very same one . . ."
"The Duke of Windsor," interposed Miss Martin.

"And we saw the changing of the guards and ate lunch in Fleet Street and went to the zoo in Regent's Park," he summed up with shining eyes.

"See what I mean about education?" asked an approving Alan. "When I was a child we were too poor for me to travel anywhere. That's why I'm so strong on first-hand learning. With Miss Martin to guide them, this trip will do more good than a library full of books."

Highclere stands on a slight rise, giving a clear, high view of the surrounding fields, shade trees and hedgerows. And here the Ladds expect to remain through March and possibly April before taking a continental holiday. They haven't decided on a vacation spot yet. The whole family likes the sun, and after an English winter they'll need it, especially Alan, who begins work soon on his next picture, "White South." Sue has been consulting travel folders comparing the French Riviera to Majorca or Capri.

"Above all, Alan enjoys informality. He wants to wear those loud shirts he brought home from our Hawaiian trip last year. Wherever we go we'll take a villa."

Alan assuredly deserves a rest. With all his quiet good humor and affectionate attitude toward his family, signs of fatigue can be detected on his face. After all, in eleven years since he first found fame in "This Gun for Hire" he has made twenty-six pictures, each a roaring box-office hit. The infant born Alan Walbridge Ladd thirty-nine years ago in Hot Springs, Arkansas, has come a long way since his poverty-stricken family moved to California in 1921.

Warner Brothers gave him his first full-time job as a "grip"—"the guy who does anything nobody else will risk." Acting appealed to him more than breaking his neck stringing lights on the ceiling, so he studied hard, drifting finally into radio.

When agent Sue Carol heard him she convinced him to try for the movies. Producers refused to take a chance because they considered his five feet, nine inches too short and they weren't interested in blond actors.

Since the part of Raven in "This Gun for Hire," catapulted him into the top box-office spot, his popularity has never waned. Before "Red Beret," he completed "The Iron Mistress" and "Desert Legion," which are now being shown.

Through it all, Sue Carol Ladd has been wife, mother to their two children, adviser and friend. His conversation always returns to her. "You can ask Susie if I'm right," he'll say. "Am I right, Sue?"

After dinner that night, Miss Martin took David and Lonnie up to change for bed. A short while later there was a delighted squeal. Lonnie came rushing to the head of the stairs.

"Mommie . . . Daddie . . ." she called. "Look at me. Look what Miss Martin did for me!"

And there stood the nine-year-old Lonnie Ladd in her woolly nightshirt, excited beyond words because she had curlers in her soft blonde hair for the very first time.

Alan and Sue looked at each other tenderly. "Our baby's growing up," Alan said.

"Run along to bed, dear," Sue urged. "Tomorrow's a long day."

She stirred up the fire, her eyes misting a little. The glowing coals were symbolic—a symbol of the fact that the Ladds manage to create warmth and a real family oneness wherever they are—their greatest success story of all.

THE END

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Terrific Trio

(Continued from page 32)

clasp knife and a piece of wood and instructed to whittle. Just whittle. Cowhands relaxing never carve anything in particular, he learned; they just whittle until the shavings curl thick about their boots and the stick has become a sliver. Then they find another stick.

Under the guise of ribbing, Dale and Rory were giving him the benefit of their experience, teaching him the things he needed to know to lend realism to his role, and Bob was sensitive enough to understand that. But he was still boyish enough to be mortified when he swung aboard his old cayuse with what he hoped was a practised air, only to hear Rory break up the set by drawling, "Get a load of that tenderfoot—he's looking for a gear shift on his saddle to make that horse go."

He defended himself—or, at least, he made a manful attempt. "Maybe I'm new to Westerns," R. J. boasted, "but I'm still the only guy in the picture who gets to kiss the girl!"

"That's because you're new," retorted Dale. "When you get to be a star, you can have it written into your contract that you only kiss your horse. Anybody but a greenhorn like you would know that you're never, but never supposed to kiss girls in Westerns!"

In the course of the picture, Wagner became so impressed that he bought himself an MG "because Rory and Dale drive MG's." It was worth a trip to the lot to see the three tall, handsome "Westerners" stride off the set, spurs ajingle, jack-knife their lanky bodies into the perky little British roadsters.

They are all tall, handsome stars under contract to the same studio. But there the resemblance ends.

Dale Robertson is a very positive personality. He is always the most relaxed

person on the set. He arrives at the studio well prepared for the day's shooting; he knows exactly what he is to do, and he has made up his mind how he will do it. A "one-way" guy, Dale is stubborn. The studio executives are eager to groom him for the top stardom which is obviously his destiny, but they are limited in picture material by his refusal to lose his Oklahoma accent. "You just can't put a guy with an accent like that in a drawing room without shooting another reel to explain how he got there," said a doleful but logical Robertson booster.

Dale Robertson's positive nature is also reflected in his marriage. Hollywood second-guessers try to tell you that success has gone to Dale's head, and that's what's wrong between Dale and his wife Jackie. But the real problem seems to be that Jackie has had difficulty conforming to her husband's ideals—and that those ideals are iron-bound. She had had a career of her own when she met Dale; true, her parts in pictures had only been bits, but even a small place in the sun satisfied a need of her own. Jackie is an intelligent girl, a gregarious one who loves people and is very much stimulated by them. She needs to be with them, but to Dale's mind, a wife's place is in the home.

The pivot man of the tempestuous threesome is Rory Calhoun, who knew both Dale and Bob Wagner before they were in pictures. He is the easiest of the three. He is a clown on the set, and he originates most of the practical jokes and gags. He is the most likely to fluff a line, the least apt to worry when he does. "What is there to do besides laugh it off?" Rory asks with a shrug of his broad shoulders. "How many times can a man say he's sorry?" Rory's emotional security is there for the most casual observer to see. He and his wife, the petite and volatile Lita Baron,

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are anything but recluses. All you have to do is ask them, and they'll appear at a benefit, and they enjoy an occasional party immensely. But few of their close friends belong to the Hollywood scene, and they join in no frenetic scavenger hunts for excitement outside their own lives. On his days off, you can usually find Rory caulking a boat in the back yard or working on some odd job like paneling a room in their new Beverly Hills home.

What's the secret of their happy marriage? Lita puts it this way: "After four years we still enjoy waiting on each other. We discuss Rory's new roles, plan things we want to do together. Maybe we're naive, but we don't think people get married to get away from each other.

"When we go to a big Hollywood party, which isn't often, neither of us gets lost. If Rory sees me trapped in a corner by some bore, he drifts over and gets me out of it. And there was one party last year where a certain woman was after Rory all evening long. Wherever he went, there she was, retying his tie, smoothing his lapels, playing with his hair, and after a long time I could see that he was really getting annoyed. So I excused myself to the people I was talking with and went over to rescue him. If anybody said anything rude to her, I wanted it to be me—Rory can be so blunt.

"There has been a lot of talk about that party; people talking about my Latin temper and my feud with that female. Well, you have to expect situations like that when you marry a man as attractive as Rory; but he knows I'm never angry with him when they come up. We know how we feel. I just got furious with that woman for embarrassing him."

The third member of the triumvirate, Bob Wagner, is by far the most serious and intense. Acting is the Holy Grail

to which he is dedicated. He must explore every possible facet of a new role before he rests easily in his characterization. Bob's appearance in "The Silver Whip" was not the result of whimsical casting—he constantly besets his studio with pleas for "a different kind of part," moving eagerly from straight drama to Western to song-and-dance, growing steadily in stature and experience. When he is able to portray every conceivable type with conviction, there will be one critic still dissatisfied with his performance. That critic is R. J. Wagner, who is marked with the unrest of the perfectionist.

Hollywood interest has been piqued by R. J.'s preference for the company of persons older than himself. But this is merely a mirror of what he has been and must be. First and foremost, he is the only child of intelligent parents who treated him as another adult as soon as he was old enough to grasp the meaning of the compliment. More important—and oddly touching—Bob is as movie-struck as any fan in the world. He can talk old pictures till dawn, and he would rather spend an evening at the feet of one of his cinema heroes or heroines than go out with the most beautiful girl in town. Looking for Wagner at a party, you will probably find him in a corner with one of his boyhood gods, absorbed, unaware that there are other people in the room. He's paying tribute, yes—but he's also studying voice and expression and gesture. R. J. Wagner learns something from everyone he meets.

His pleasure in older people has precipitated a new development in Bob's private life. Rumor whispers that he can no longer count on a date with his erstwhile girl, Debbie Reynolds, because she resents his attentions to a glamorous "older woman" named Barbara Stanwyck.

It's true that Bob and Barbara have been seen at Ciro's and Mocambo, that R. J. haunts the drive-ins and juke joints less frequently. It is equally true, however, that Barbara Stanwyck has long been a Wagner idol and that he would naturally consider it a great privilege to be at her side. And Barbara would be less than human if she didn't find the worship of so charming and talented a boy beguiling. Whether Bob is merely going through a phase of sophistication or has truly outgrown the bobby-sox forms of entertainment remains to be seen; at this time he is as changeable as any other twenty-two-year old.

He's more than serious and intense and changeable, to hear Rory Calhoun tell it: "I remember once when I thought he was getting off on a wrong track that would do his career no good. Because the same thing happened to me in the beginning and because I've known R. J. such a long time, I thought it might be a good idea if I had a fatherly talk with him.

"So I said my little piece one day when we were alone, and after I finished he said, 'I don't think it's any of your business, Smoky.'

"Well, he was sure right about that, and I told him so. A couple of months later he was back, asking me questions about the very things I had tried to tell him. It made me feel good about him. R. J.'s a proud kid, real proud. I hurt his pride by giving him advice in the first place, and he had to swallow a lot of that pride to come back and ask for it after what he said. But he did it—he's that kind of guy."

The terrific trio is a motley crew, each different in philosophy, in attitude, in his impact on the fans . . . but they have one vital thing in common; each is a triple threat at any box office in the land.

THE END

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Greasy make-up "coarsens" young skin. For a *naturally* pretty look, use greaseless Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base.

INSIDE STUFF

Continued from page 31

the wardrobe department had to pad the seat of her riding pants so she could sit still for close-ups! . . . After Angela Lansbury finished her role opposite June Allyson in "Remains To Be Seen," the stork took over. Then Angie was needed for retakes, so they "shot" her standing tucked behind a tall chair!

Set of the Month: Cal is convinced! For humor, personality and down-to-earthiness, no other actress can top Barbara Stan-



Gossips say this . . . and that . . . Fact is: Babs had a football team in a whirl

wyck. At U-I on the set of "All I Desire," she was about to revive the famous "Bunny Hug" for the camera. Spying a visiting group from East-West football teams, she called out: "Wanna try it, fellows?" By the time those brawny lads finished a few whirls with her, they were dropping from exhaustion. Barbara? Not a hair out of place. Yes, local columnists still insist she has more than friendly fondness and vice versa for young Robert Wagner. Just wait until those super-snoopers learn that twenty-two-year-old Tab Hunter sees every Stanwyck picture five or six times!

Bluebird Stuff: It would warm the cockles of your heart to witness Jane Wyman's happiness in her marriage to Freddie Karger. It's worked out so well, she's taking the Reagan children out of private school and they'll live at home. Little Terry Karger, Fred's eleven-year-old daughter, is so sweet and unspoiled she's a great influence on Jane's Maureen (same age) who fancies herself quite an adult. As a surprise for her husband, Janie sneaked Terry over to Paul Clemens' studio, where the famous artist painted her portrait.

Crystal Ball Stuff: No announcement has been made, but wait and see. U-I is planning a sequel to be called, "The Son of Cochise" and it will star Rock Hudson.

Now we can hardly wait for them to make "The Son of Cochise Meets the Daughter of Ma and Pa Kettle!" . . . Real quiet-like, M-G-M's dusting off the old print of "Dancing Daughters," a great movie in its day that catapulted the unknown Joan Crawford to staggering stardom. Star-studded casting this time: probably Elizabeth Taylor, Jane Powell and Ann Blyth.

Hodge-Podge: Someone saw it and reported that Mitzi Gaynor was walking around with a purse filled with thousand-dollar bills. They failed to mention that it was Korean money, sent to the dancing star by our boys who wanted it back—autographed! . . . Because he couldn't stand being separated from his wife and baby, Richard Basehart secured his release from Twentieth Century-Fox, drove his Cadillac to New York and put it and himself on a boat headed for Italy and Valentina Cortesa.

Switcheroos: Marilyn Monroe exiting from Francis Orr's stationery store in Beverly Hills, where *she* bought a calendar—for her desk! . . . Rock Hudson refusing a new studio dressing room suite, because he's sentimental as well as superstitious about the cubby hole which was first assigned to him . . . Bill Holden pointing out Robert Mitchum in a public market, when an anxious tourist asked if there were any movie-stars around! . . . Virginia Mayo flabbergasting the studio by saying she wasn't exhausted, she didn't want to get away from it all and she'd be happy to come in and make publicity pictures, although she was off-salary . . . The famous team of Marge and Gower Champion inviting Debbie Reynolds and Carlton Carpenter to share an "evening off" with them. They ended up dancing at the Hollywood Palladium!

Additions: Mario Lanza's a father for the third time and his famous chest is out to there. He's so proud that his first son weighed in at eight pounds, six ounces, Mario may go back to work! . . . Good news for Jane Russell and Bob Waterfield, who finally won court approval to adopt Michael Kavanagh, the little English lad Jane brought home from London last year. They hope to adopt two more.

Lone Wolves: The Dan Dailey-Beetsy Wynn nuptials may never happen, skeptics say, because his personal counsellor supposedly advised Danny-boy never to make an important decision too hastily when his emotions were involved . . . Howard Duff's sudden walk-out on Ida Lupino, following their return from a European trip, didn't surprise their intimates. Although he worships his wife and baby,

Howard is a confirmed bachelor at heart, struggling nobly to adjust himself to a life of domesticity. His quick return to home and hearth pleased all their friends . . . John Wayne denies (not too happily) the possibility of an eventual reconciliation with his first wife, which would probably be the greatest break that could happen to him.

Marriages: Director Michael Curtiz wanted to rearrange the altar and give guests a better view of sweet singer Peggy Lee, when she married Brad Dexter! . . . So far no public comment from Aunt Ethel and Uncle Lionel on John Barrymore Jr.'s surprise marriage to flame-haired actress, Cara Williams . . . Just as everyone suspected, Bobby Van, young M-G-M dancing star, and starlet Diane Garrett have been secretly married, but finally had to tell it. More reasons to celebrate, Bob has the plum acting part of his career in the "Affairs of Dobie Gillis."

Dancing With Tears: Fred Astaire is a quiet gentleman, but don't try to push him around! Witness what happened when he "listened" to the story of "White Christmas" and agreed to do it with Bing Crosby. Then both boys were so disappointed with



The secret's out! M-G-M star Bobby Van and Diane Garrett are married

he finished script they withdrew and it was announced that Bing was sick and Fred refused to make the picture without him. Having never walked out on a job in his life, Fred got on the phone and the misinformed columnist certainly heard the true story. So did everyone else within hearing distance!

neck Preview: Robert-Wagner fans may swoon or swear when they see his long, black curly hair in "Twelve Mile Reef." He's a Greek sponge fisherman in this one. (Continued on next page)



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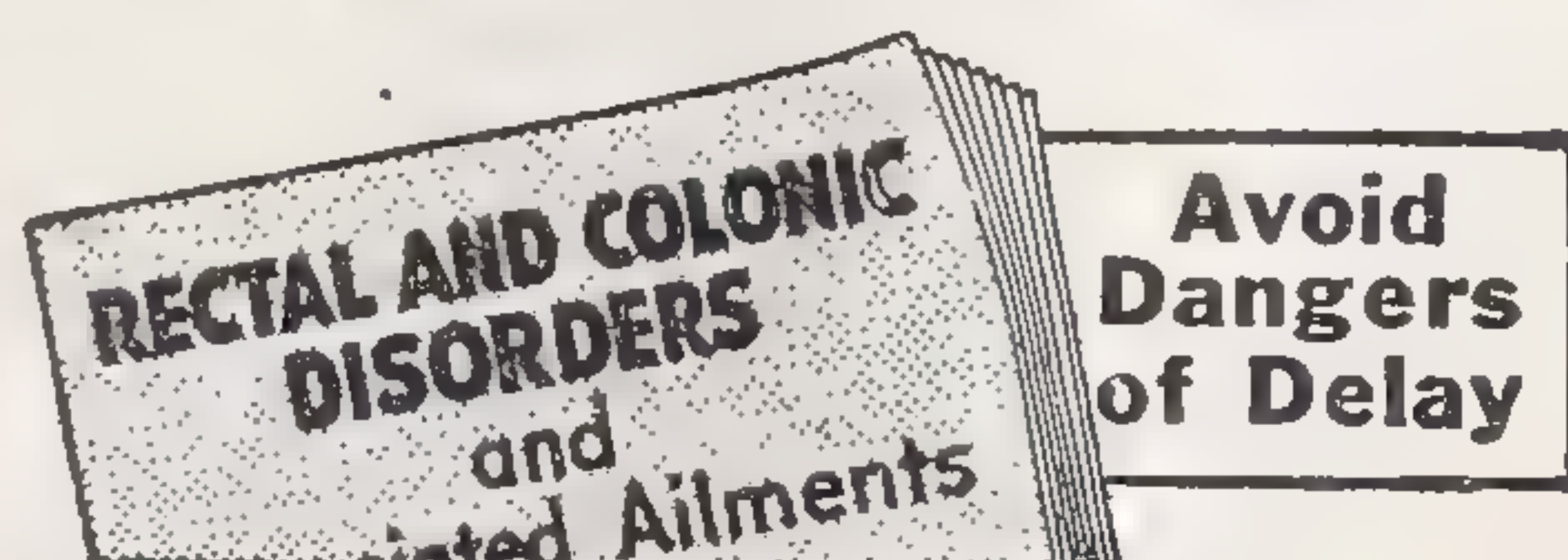
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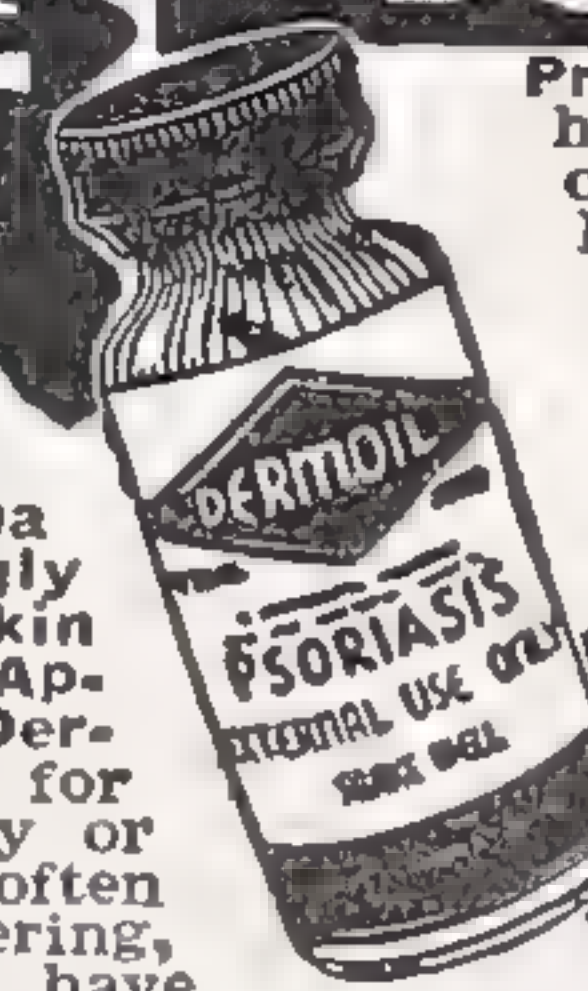
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INSIDE STUFF

Continued from preceding page

Long-haired Bob hailed us the day he returned from location in Florida, "I'm going to the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal dinner," he bubbled, "and this time I'm invited!" Because he always wanted to witness one of the famous affairs, Bob confessed, last year he *sneaked* in!

Normal But Nice: Yes, there's plenty of "ham" in the Dick Powell household—in the deep freeze! Everyone thought there might be a new June Allyson after she finished her glamorous role in "Remains to Be Seen," but back she went to those *Buster Brown* collars and full skirts. "I loved doing the part," Junie told us, "but the glamour pussies can have that squeezed-in-tight look, those high heels and painted nails. I like to take a deep breath and not have to worry about a split skirt and plunging neckline suddenly meeting!"

Rampant Red Head: Susan Hayward, who was voted the favorite American movie star in Spain, is about to call on Spain in person. She and Jess Barker will visit Ireland and Sweden too, because her two grandmothers came from these countries. Sneaking of Susan, on the "White Witch Doctor" set, dozens of local lads from Central Casting were playing dark-skinned African natives. Our girl observed them as she cracked: "I'll bet there's a shortage of butlers in Beverly Hills this week!"

Frustrated Father: His son was exactly three days old when Jeffrey Hunter left for Europe to make "Sailor of the King." Three months passed before he got back home again and the days seemed like years. On arrival, Jeff rushed into the nursery and gathered his offspring up in his arms. With a horrified look on his face, the poor frustrated father turned to his wife, exclaiming: "Barbara, what shall I do? He doesn't even *know* me!"

Faces Going Places: Betty Grable, who should know, predicts that Kathleen Crowley is someone to watch and wait for. They play opposite each other in "Farmer Takes a Wife" and beautiful, talented Kathleen, who is the pride and joy of Egg Harbor, New Jersey, comes to Hollywood via television . . . Jeff Chandler, one of the first to enthuse over Debra Paget's acting in "Broken Arrow," now believes her sister will be the next star in the family. When Lorna Gaye signed that long-term contract with U-I, Jeff instantly asked them to find a part for her in his next picture . . . Not since Lana Turner and Guy Madison were overnight sensations in bit roles, has anyone impressed the public like PHOTOPLAY Readers' "Choose Your Star" girl, Elaine Stewart. Since playing that bawdy scene on the stairway with Kirk Douglas

in "The Bad and the Beautiful," her fan mail has tripled. Director Vincente Minnelli says Elaine will zoom to stardom.

Cal Salutes: Marilyn Erskine for having the courage to ask for her M-G-M release, rather than continue in mediocre parts. Her reward is the great role of Mrs. Eddie Cantor in the life story of the famous comedian, now being made at Warners . . . Burt Lancaster, for politely walking out on an interview when his interrogator persisted in plying him with too intimate questions . . . Ray Milland, for turning down \$250,000 in acting jobs and remaining true to his ambition to direct a picture, which he's now doing in Munich . . . Dana Andrews for getting the coveted role opposite Vivien Leigh in "Elephant Walk," which Paramount is filming in Ceylon.

Undie-world News: The black lace nightgown Joan Evans received from her husband was so beautiful, she bought a heavy pink taffeta slip and now it's an evening gown . . . Friends gave those matching honeymoon pajamas to Barbara Ruick and Robert Horton, who will marry in August. His are embroidered "Hers" and hers are embroidered "His," if you'll pardon the double-talk . . . Jerry Lewis saw 'em in a window and as a gag bought his wife those evening pants trimmed with sequin ants!

Nifty-Gifties: While in Italy, Pier Angeli cabled M-G-M for Debbie Reynolds' and Leslie Caron's shoe sizes. Each gal received a pair of those pointed-toe, high heel evening models . . . In her spare time Piper Laurie loves to whittle. So the hand-whittled wooden nude she gave Rock Hudson for his birthday now stands in a specially-lit niche in his entrance hall.



Pals gave "Choose Your Star" winners Bob Horton and Barbara Ruick "something useful"

Laughing Stock...

BY
ERSKINE JOHNSON
(See Erskine Johnson's "Hollywood Reel" on your local TV station)

At many Hollywood parties there's always an argument—about who invited the host!

Hollywood tot to her movie-queen mother, who has been going to a psychoanalyst for years: "Mummy, buy me one of those Freudian slips you're always talking about."

An "I Love Lucy" fan stopped Desi Arnaz, raved about the show, then said: "You know, I give my wife the same treatment you give yours. But you know, it was terrible when you were off the air. I didn't know what to do with her all summer long."

A big movie queen ankled into a fur salon and was tossed the "Something in the way of mink for you?" question.

"Yes indeed, dahlings," purred the star. "My business manager."

Comic Irwin Corey looked over some photographs of a Hollywood starlet in filmy underthings and said: "Ah, a negligee-ible talent."

Bob Hope to a political group: "If I had been elected president, I would have had John L. Lewis' eyebrows declared a national park."

Gertrude Berg checked in for her role of Mrs. Goldberg in "Main Street to Broadway" and greeted producer Lester Cowan with: "Here I am and I've brought my wardrobe with me—three aprons."

Jack Benny tells about the two bopsters who like to reminisce about the future.

M-G-M gave June Allyson a boyish haircut to make her look sexy. June's groaning: "Instead of the girl next door, I now look like the boy next door."

Fred Astaire, talking about his dance routines in "The Band Wagon," said: "I'm attempting something very daring. I'm dancing on the floor."

Walter O'Keefe's description of Marilyn Monroe: "She was the inspiration for the pressure cooker."

Discussing his career, Fred Allen told a friend: "When I appear on TV, audiences rush to the movies. When I'm in the movies, they rush back home to TV. I keep the American people in constant motion."

Irene Ryan, the comedienne, opening at a hotel with a new hula dance, explained it with: "It's a sort of a wild-waist show."

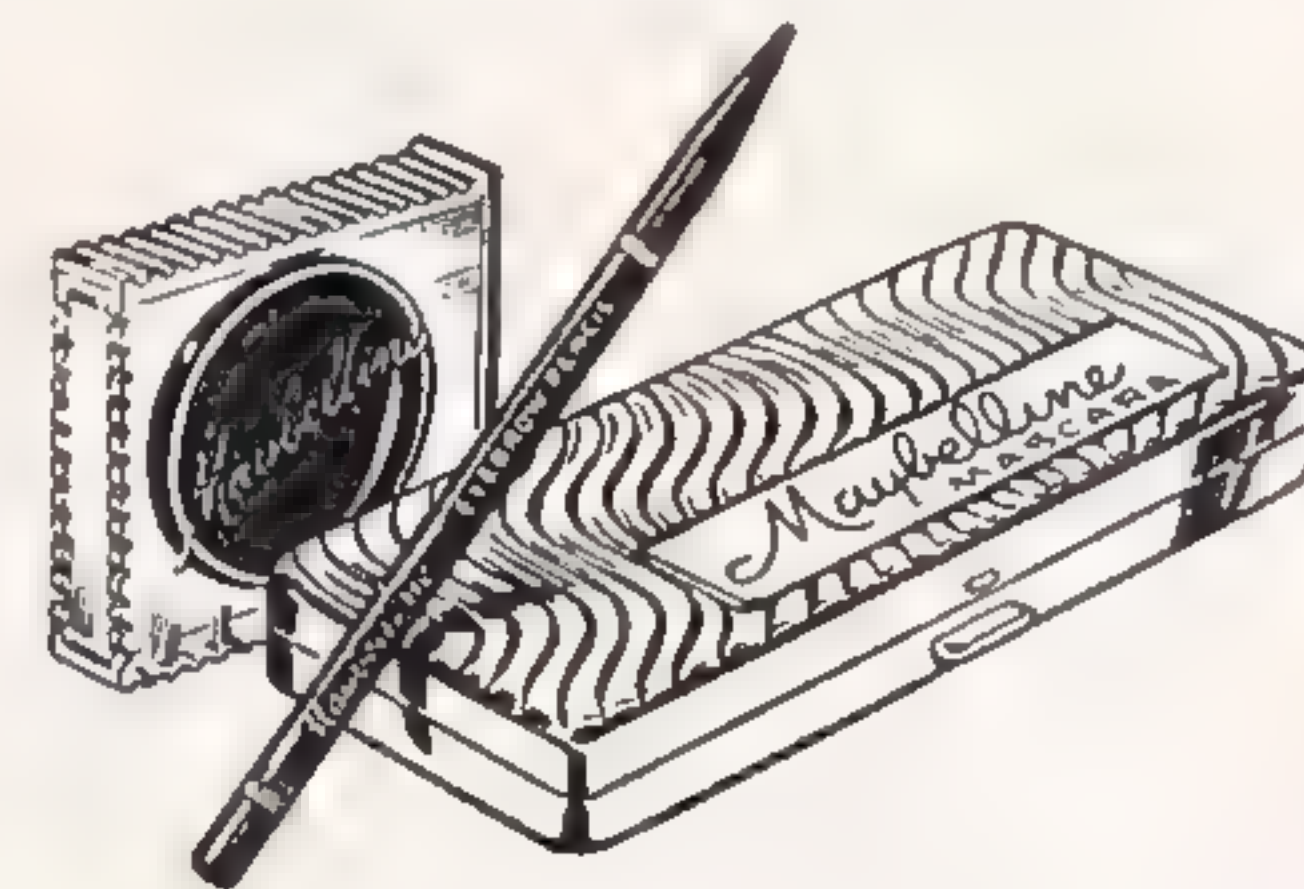


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Wonderful Love Story

(Continued from page 35)

Costello's and we danced and danced and it was so wonderful to have a floor with all the room you wanted and a man who just knew every step in the world.

"And it was so exciting, by contrast, to one day we spent last August. Friends of Jim's have a boat equipped for deep-sea fishing. I'd only been out like that twice before, and Jim had been so busy with his practice that he said he'd only done it once before. So imagine the thrill of it, when I landed two albacore. Jim only got one, and I had a fearful moment, thinking that might bother him, but it didn't at all."

"He's in love," I said.

Ann laughed, exultantly. Slender and small as she is, the depth of her personality has always expressed itself in that voice that seemed too big for her. And this kind of happiness and laughter is new to her.

Before she was sixteen, she was fighting to keep a brave smile on her face in front of her mother, slowly dying of the most dread disease. In another year, when giddy junior-high girls were necking in parked cars, Ann was merely pretending to be such a girl in a picture with Joan Crawford—and holding her own against that fierce competition.

"I beat Jim at hearts, too, the other night," Ann went on, "and he just laughed, just as he teased me that day at the deep-sea fishing when I nearly pulled my arms out of their sockets, landing my fish."

"You're in love, too," I said.

"Oh, I am, I am. And just think of my good fortune—to be in love for the very first time, and to have it be a man like Jim. You see he's a man in his own right, with a profession in his own right, and nothing about this theatrical world can much surprise him, since his brother is Dennis Day. Besides, doctors, being in the finest profession there is, have a true sense of values."

The limousine was rushing us through a section of Los Angeles that is even now relatively unpopulated. The day was so clear that all around the horizon you could see the high mountains, their tops covered with snow, but in the bright green fields the meadow larks sang.

Ann smiled, noticing I'd caught the sound, too. "Isn't that beautiful?" she said. "Isn't everything simply beautiful when you know you are in love and beloved?" Her

face grew reflective. "You know me well enough to remember those couple of times when I thought I might be in love with some of the fellows I'd gone out with. But I never was."

At seventeen Ann was making a lot of money. It's pretty tough to find a boy of that age in the same financial position. There were a lot of nice boys too embarrassed to ask Ann for a date, knowing they couldn't spend more than a couple of bucks on it.

"And isn't that silly?" asked Ann. "Why Jim and I have had dozens of dates that didn't cost a thing. He loves golf as much as I do, but being a doctor, he can't get far enough away from a phone to go around a course; but we do go swimming at the beach—which is free as sunshine."

"You know, I met Jim three years ago on New Year's Eve. A friend of Dennis Day's was a friend of mine so we met at a small private party."

"My heart didn't turn over at first sight of him," said Ann. "But that was probably because I didn't dare let it. I just remember Jim's kind eyes, and I was so glad when he called five days later and asked me to a christening of Dennis's second baby."

"I went to that christening, and then Jim asked me to another, and then he asked me to go out on a dancing date."

"Of course, he'd been at my house when he called for me the other two times, and Aunt Sis and Uncle Pat approved of him very definitely. But to go dancing was really special and I had a wonderful time."

"The pattern of what my future life may be was established a week or so later when I was to play a benefit. Knowing Aunt Sis and Uncle Pat were taking me to it, Jim asked if we'd call at his house afterward, to meet his parents."

"I was very excited and pleased. The three of us arrived at Jim's house. His parents were expecting us, and were just as charming as I'd been sure they would be, having such a fine son. But the situation was just a little awkward because we were all shy with one another, as we waited for Jim to arrive and unite us so to speak, into one group. We waited and we waited. It got to be midnight and one o'clock and we finally took our leave. You know the answer, of course. Jim had been held up with a patient, and he'd been much too busy to telephone, as he successfully brought a premature little



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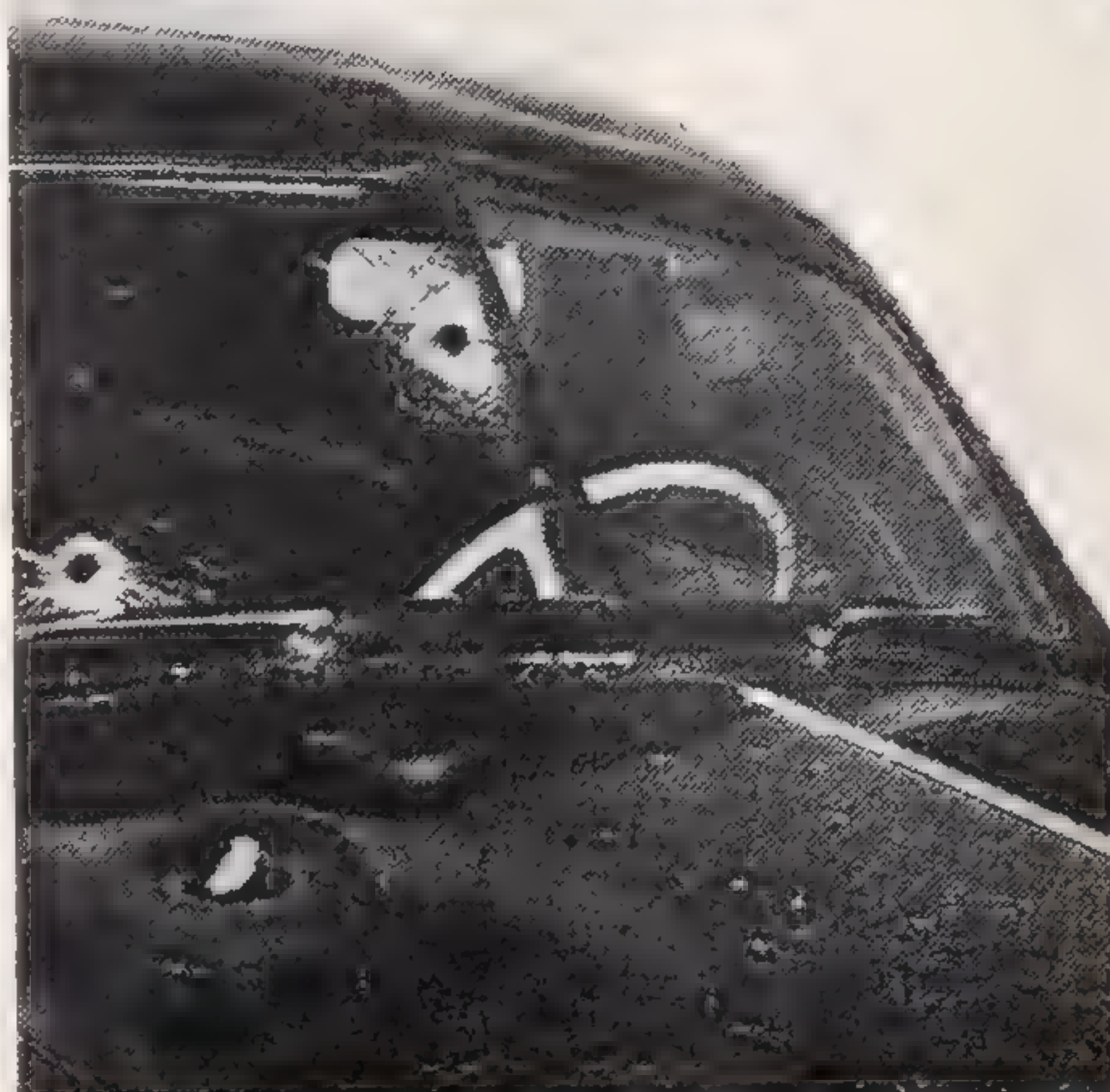
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baby into the world while we all waited. "Instead of that making me angry or disturbed, it made me wildly happy and the reason of that came up the other night with some friends of Jim's, most of them doctors and their wives. One of the wives said to me, 'Do you know what you're getting into—marrying a doctor? Have you any idea how your time will be cut up? Do you realize there may be nights on end when he won't get a full night's sleep?'"

"Before I could answer, Jim broke in. He said, 'Do you realize the demands of a career on a girl like Ann? Besides the time she is in actual production, there are claims on her for benefits, for publicity, for this, that and a thousand things.'" Ann laughed. "You see what I mean? Isn't that what's called compatibility?"

"Would you ever have considered marrying out of your faith?" I asked.

"I'm just so glad I didn't even have to think about that with Jim that I've forgotten all the rest," she said. "Take this morning for instance. We both went to eight o'clock mass, so that we could have the rest of the day for our work. Not together, of course. Jim had to go to the hospital, as he had a very busy day before him. And you know how mine is planned out. I'll be lucky if I am home by ten, and if Jim is home by then, he'll call me. But if he isn't, I won't worry. I shall know he'll call me in the morning. That's the greatest thing about love—that knowing—that security—that faith."

The car pulled up before the auditorium in which Ann was to sing. Almost as far as we could see the children were lined up, waiting to get inside.

"There's something about singing for children and service men that surpasses any other kind of a personal appearance," Ann said. "But right this moment I can't remember the words of even one song. I can't remember the words of anything."

"You make it sound as though you wouldn't wait long to marry."

The excited color burned in her cheeks, the laughter bubbled from her throat. "We've set the date as June 27," she said. "We want to wait until my first picture at M-G-M is finished and until Jim is free enough from his work so that we can plan on a honeymoon, a real one."

"I want everyone I've ever known, practically speaking, to be there to share my happiness. And I want the whitest dress and the longest veil and the loveliest bouquet of lilies of the valley, and of course, if I just have Jim's relatives as ushers and bridesmaids the procession down the aisle will take hours."

She stepped out of the car, and the youngsters with their autograph books began swarming, and the police lined up to make a path for her. She signed every book, every scrap of paper and then we were backstage, where the photographers were waiting, and city officials, and boys in uniform, while in the audience you could hear the children murmuring.

"I want a little boy named Kevin," Ann whispered to me, as somebody stepped forward to hold her coat and someone else held her handbag. "And I want a daughter named Nan and obviously a McNulty must have a son named Pat."

"You're on, Miss Blyth," said an official.

"Pray for me that I don't break into singing 'Falling in Love is Wonderful' to the tune of 'Jingle Bells,' she said.

But of course she didn't. She sang every song without missing a word. And watching her, you knew how lucky Dr. James McNulty is, and how lucky Ann is too. Lucky like every other young couple who meet and fall in love—forever and ever.

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Spring Beauty Hints

by **REGIS PAINE**
beauty consultant

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movies continued from page 21

I Love Melvin

(M-G-M, TECHNICOLOR)

At last, Debbie Reynolds has a part that captures the sparkle of her off-screen personality. She's an obscure chorine who dreams of Hollywood stardom, while her family tries to maneuver her into matrimony with a stuffy young businessman (Richard Anderson). Along comes Donald O'Connor, humble assistant to the chief photographer on a national magazine. Donald happily takes up Debbie's time, shooting innumerable photos for an imaginary picture story. Finally, to outshine his rival, Donald promises he'll try



Hallway romance for Don and Debbie

to make her a cover girl, dummied up a fake cover that Debbie mistakes for the real thing.

But the fragile plot's subordinate to the musical numbers done with joyous spontaneity by the young stars. As Debbie's kid sister, Noreen Corcoran's a charmer, and Jim Backus turns in a smart comedy job as Donald's saturnine boss.

Verdict: *Light-hearted musical with lovable co-stars* (Family)

Niagara

(20TH CENTURY-FOX, TECHNICOLOR)

The story's a tightly plotted suspense yarn, but the real accent of the picture is on two natural wonders: Niagara Falls and Marilyn Monroe. Both are studied raptly from every angle, and the results are awe-inspiring. Ostensibly, Marilyn's playing a worthless wife, deliberately driving the already neurotic Joseph Cotten to the mental brink with her infidelity. Actually, from the first close-up to the last, through all the longshots of Marilyn in motion, she's creating a caricature of sex. The movie's hers, but Jean Peters shouldn't be overlooked. Refreshingly cast as a nice average girl, Jean has both beauty and acting competence to offer. A visitor to Niagara, she's a witness to some incidents

of Marilyn's plan to murder Cotten and Cotten's counterplot of revenge. Casey Adams makes Jean's husband a likable figure, and Richard Allan has a few telling scenes as Marilyn's lover.

Verdict: *Entertaining mélange of murder, Monroe and magnificent scenery* (Adult)

City Beneath the Sea

(U-I, TECHNICOLOR)

An up-to-date swashbuckler about sunken treasure teams Robert Ryan and Anthony Quinn as daredevil deep-sea-divers. The two are hired to look for a liner that went down in the Caribbean off Jamaica with a load of gold bullion aboard. Supposedly drowned, the captain is keeping the location of the wreck secret so he can grab the gold for himself. Between lively brawls on land and narrow escapes under the sea, Ryan falls in love with winsome Mala Powers, while Quinn gets involved with sultry Suzan Ball, who proves alarmingly marriage-minded. It's cheerful action stuff most of the way, but the plot does stall from time to time. Quinn has the edge on Ryan, getting more color into his portrayal.

Verdict: *Adventure yarn that has its dramatic ups and downs* (Family)

Taxi

(20TH CENTURY-FOX)

One far-from-typical day in the life of a New York hackie shows you some new angles on the city, mingling chuckles and sentiment. Dan Dailey's at his best as the tough hero, who isn't above gypping a passenger innocent of New York geography. But his intentions are finally reversed after he's spent most of the day toting around an Irish colleen who's searching for her no-good American husband. Suitably deglamorized and sporting a delicious brogue, Constance Smith proves her versatility in this role. Character parts are neatly done: Blanche Yurka, as Dan's mother, bent on marrying him off; Neva Patterson, as a lady publisher who knows the missing husband too well; Anthony Ross, as a sour-faced, good-hearted immigration man.

Verdict: *Pleasing vignette of the big city, with a wobbly plot* (Family)

Jeopardy

(M-G-M)

Reminiscent of a well-constructed radio thriller, this modest-proportioned movie concentrates on building and sustaining tension. On holiday in a remote section of the Lower California coast, Barbara Stanwyck, Barry Sullivan and Lee Aaker, their little son, face a double crisis. The partial collapse of an abandoned pier leaves Barry with his foot hopelessly pinned under a huge beam. The tide is coming in, and Barbara must get help to free him before it's too late. Stacking the cards ruthlessly

against its people as such tales usually do, the story puts her into the hands of a homicidal escaped convict (Ralph Meeker). He wants her car—and her, too. With their personable and persuasive qualities, Barbara and Barry lend warmth to this superficial idea. Mechanically, the hero's fix isn't quite convincing.

Verdict: Artificial but taut and workmanlike suspense drama (Family)

Girls in the Night

(U-I)

Dealing with the same subject as "City Across the River," this study of youth in the slums isn't as successful. However, like the earlier film, it gives newcomers a break. Patricia Hardy and Glen Roberts are an attractive pair as sweethearts whose romance is shadowed by tenement sordidness, though Patricia has a good deal to learn about acting. As her brother, Harvey Lembeck seems rather elderly for a juvenile delinquent. With his girl (Joyce Holden), he commits a burglary on the same night that the victim is murdered. Jaclynne Green, obviously too pretty for the role, gives a good character performance as the drab creature who loves the killer. Handicapped by flat dialogue and pat situations, Anthony Ross and Glenda Farrell draw sympathy as harried parents.

Verdict: Crime thriller trying hard to be a social study (Adult)

The Naked Spur

(M-G-M, TECHNICOLOR)

Thanks to an excellent cast headed by James Stewart, Janet Leigh and Robert Ryan and to some of the most beautiful scenery ever filmed, this Western shapes up as lusty entertainment. Commendably,



Janet and Jimmy see an ugly sight

it tries to provide strong character portraits along with the action. Ryan, who makes a spectacular desperado, comes off best because his character's motive is the simplest and most forceful: He does not wish to be hanged. Stewart's less lucky, (Continued on next page)



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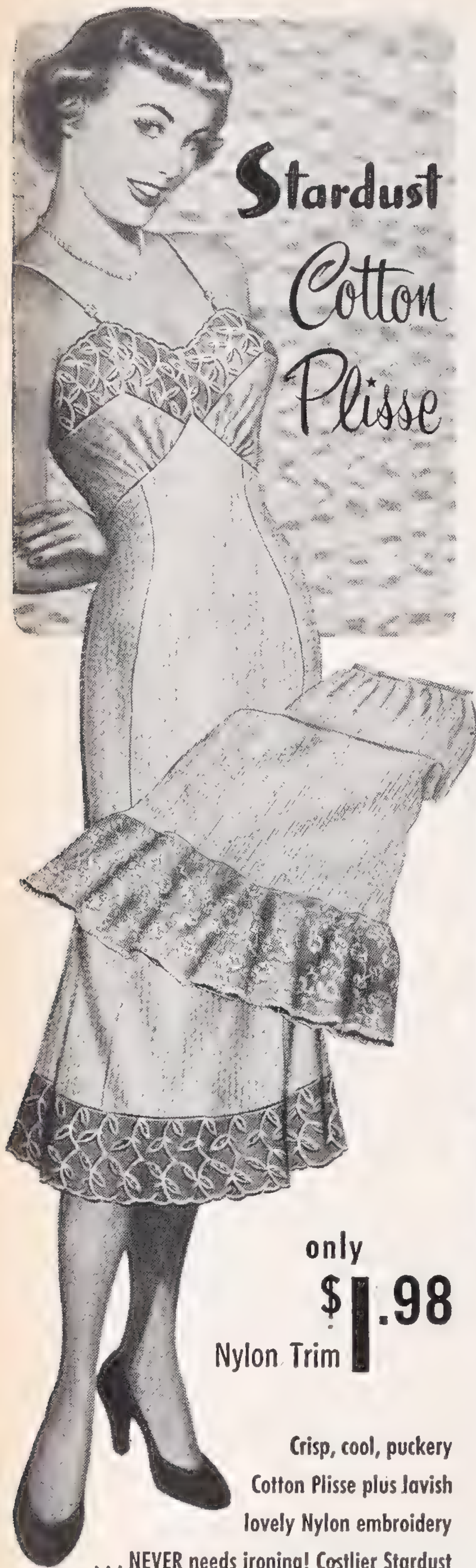
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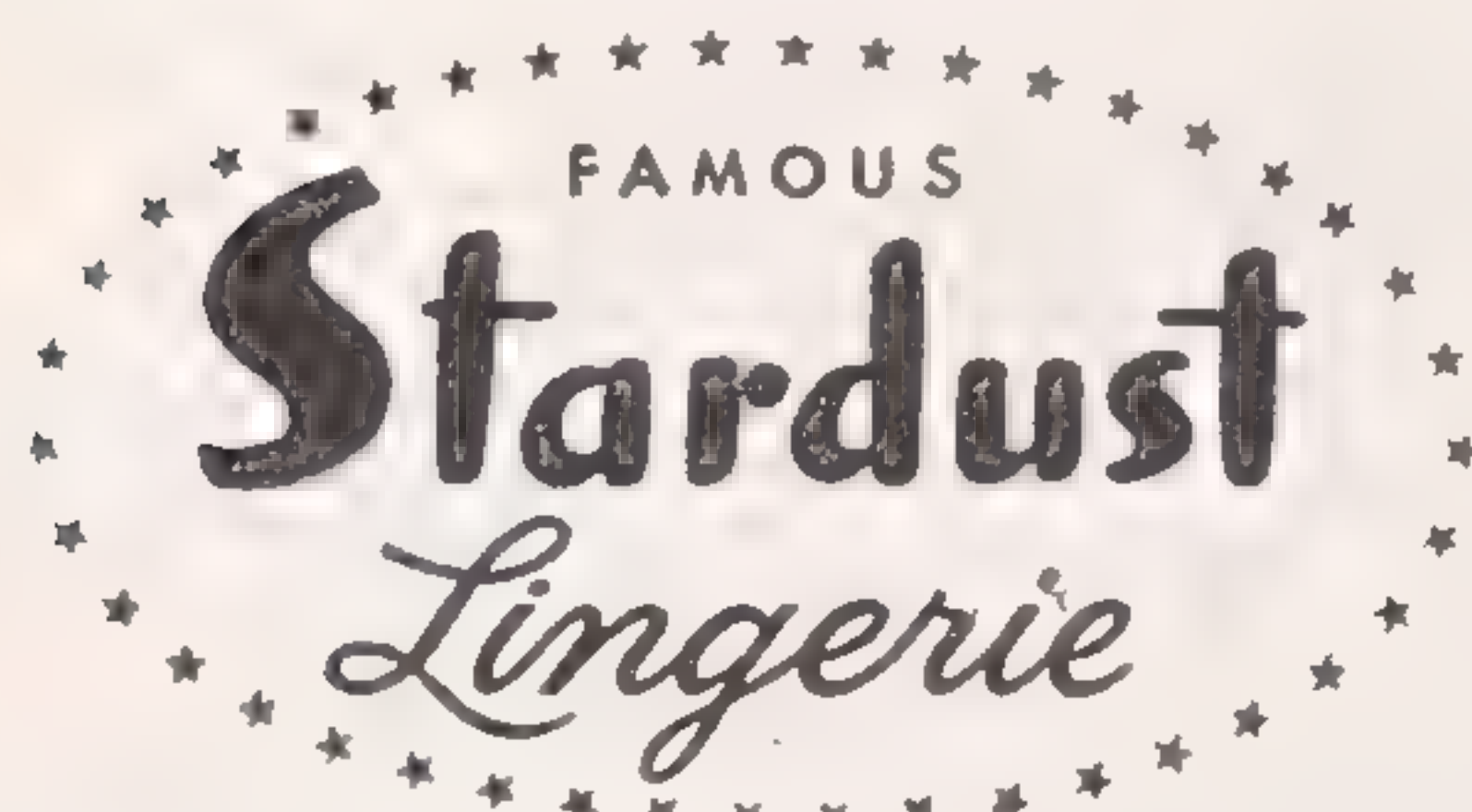
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movies continued from preceding page

playing a grim Kansan who, having nothing personal against the killer, has trailed him into the Rockies to collect the reward.

Giving her most effective performance so far, Janet's a waif traveling with Ryan and defending him against his captors. The other two, also eager for the reward, are Millard Mitchell, as a standard philosophical old prospector, and Ralph Meeker, as a slippery young adventurer. In contrast with the loveliness of springtime aspens and high snow fields, the picture shows an astonishing lot of violence, subjecting all its people to picturesque brutalities. Even Janet isn't spared.

Verdict: Rugged, handsome but over-pre-tentious action story (Family)

All Ashore

(COLUMBIA, TECHNICOLOR)

Unassuming in manner, the music-trimmed story of three sailors on a Catalina shore leave turns out surprisingly easy to take. Dick Haymes and Ray McDonald divide up the song-and-dance chores, playing confident lads who quickly find themselves girls—Jody Lawrance and Peggy Ryan. But the real surprise is



Money worries stump Dick and Mickey

Mickey Rooney, more ingratiating than he's been in years. He's the little guy who's pushed around by his carefree pals, lends them money and waits forlornly for his true love to come along. And it's heiress Barbara Bates who takes a shine to him. In the stand-out sequence, Mickey daydreams himself into the middle of a romantic operetta, with Dick and Ray as villains and himself as the mighty-voiced hero. It's a hilarious bit of satire.

Verdict: Bouncy, off-handed comedy with jaunty music (Family)

Rogue's March

(M-G-M)

Here's a period piece in a sense beyond its Victorian setting. There's a quaint flavor about Peter Lawford's misfortunes and exploits. Pete's an officer framed on a spy charge (those Russians!), thrown out of the Army and condemned for trea-

son. Escaping from jail, he astutely hides by re-enlisting in the Army as a private. His experiences as a gentleman ranker are interesting, and the action speeds up when his new regiment is sent to the very trouble spot in India where his old regiment has gone. (The story features several brazen coincidences.) Lawford's forte is comedy, but he's acceptable in this heroic role. Janice Rule, as his sweetheart, and Richard Greene, as his gallant rival, are wasted.

Verdict: Disarmingly old-fashioned melodrama of courage and intrigue (Family)

The Clown

(M-G-M)

Red Skelton has shown his ability to project the quality of pathos that should be included in a good comedian's bag of tricks. But his latest picture is overloaded with it. Another item in the has-been cycle, this one presents Red as a stage comic who has wrecked his own career through liquor and a touchy temperament. His only incentive for a comeback try is his worshipful young son (Tim Considine), his companion in poverty. Even the capable Jane Greer has trouble with the inconsistent role of the boy's mother, now married to a wealthy man. Though Red has a few amusing knockabout numbers, the whole is hardly to his fans' tastes.

Verdict: Blatant tear-jerker, with a slow and ambling pace (Family)

The Tall Texan

(LIPPERT)

Here's an actionful Western, hampered by its own delusion that it's another "Stagecoach" or "Treasure of Sierra Madre." After a stagecoach is wrecked, the passengers discover that there's gold nearby. They set up a camp and begin panning. Discord's created among them by greed, romantic rivalry and the dangerous temptation of richer gold deposits inside the forbidden confines of an Indian burying ground. Both Lloyd Bridges and Lee Cobb, affected by the picture's malady, give slightly pompous performances. Luther Adler strays in the other direction, becoming arch. But Marie Windsor achieves a nicely balanced portrayal of a girl intent on money.

Verdict: Brisk little horse opera with big ambitions (Family)

Ruby Gentry

(20TH CENTURY-FOX)

The highly colored and terribly serious tale of a girl from the wrong side of the tracks gives Jennifer Jones a chance for some heavy emoting. She and blue-blooded Charlton Heston are linked by a wild passion, but, for practical motives, he marries a socialite. Jennifer's rebound to Karl Malden leads to dramatic fireworks.

Verdict: Overwritten, overplayed and unconvincing (Adult)

Is Hollywood Destroying John Derek?

(Continued from page 48)

him more often and in meatier roles. But the answer to that question is an involved one, tied up with John's whole career.

The story goes something like this:

John first played a small role for David Selznick, in "I'll Be Seeing You" with Shirley Temple. But when Selznick released his players, John was on his own. And he found the going tough.

Then, one day, he heard through the grapevine that Humphrey Bogart was going to make "Knock on Any Door." He read the book, and then, somehow, managed to wangle a script. One reading was all it took. He *knew* he was right for the leading part—Nick, the "pretty" juvenile delinquent. But getting to Bogey to prove it, was something else again. John tried all the routine methods—the polite phone calls, the carefully-phrased letters. He tried every "proper channel" in the book. And when nothing else worked, he finally took the bull by the horns and literally forced himself into the star's office. And then, though he was horrified by his own audacity, he made Bogey listen to him.

How well that worked is ancient history by now. He got the part, was a tremendous hit, and, as a result, wound up with a seven-year contract. That was back in 1948, and nothing could stop him after that. He thought! But he was soon to learn disappointment—Hollywood style.

Following his initial splash, he was given some distinctly mediocre roles. The first sign that the jinx might be breaking came when he was loaned to Robert Rossen, the independent producer, who wanted him for "All the King's Men." The film won the Academy Award for 1949, and John himself was dubbed as a sure comer. "Keep your eye on Derek!" was the good word around Hollywood.

John earned more while he was working on "All the King's Men" than he ever had before—a reported \$1,500 a week. His salary on his home lot was peanuts by comparison, and he felt, with what seems justifiable logic, that if he was worth that much to an outside producer, he should have been worth at least as much to his own studio.

Not long after that, Alfred Hitchcock wanted to borrow John for a role in "Strangers on a Train," the picture that won raves for Robert Walker and Farley Granger. But the studio refused. And John, seeing the chance for a "hit" performance snatched out of his fingers, was truly nettled. But that did him no good at all.

Nor did it do him any good to gripe last year when Paramount, on learning that Alan Ladd was leaving its roster, offered to

buy John's contract at a fabulous figure. John could, Paramount felt, very capably have filled Alan's shoes on the lot.

But the studio remained adamant to all requests to let John work for somebody else—until last year, when he made "Thunderbirds" for Republic, the movie John thinks is his best since "Saturday's Hero." And now, at last, things look great on his home lot.

There's hope—great hope, John feels, in the fact that after having cast him in two adventure yarns, "The Prince of Pirates" and "Posse," his studio seems to be giving him a chance again to prove himself effectively in his latest assignment, co-star with John Hodiak in "Mission Over Korea."

John Derek has never been considered a particularly light-hearted guy. He is serious about his life, his career, his marriage, even his morning egg. But the talk around Hollywood these days says that, even for the serious-minded character he's always been, John is a pretty gloomy Gus. And there are some who'll try to tell you that his career problems are only a small part of the trouble.

Certainly, the illness of his small son, Russell, has been a factor. No parent could have survived this ordeal and emerged unscathed. Russell was born with a faulty esophagus, and there were repeated operations, and many, many months of patient care—and heartbreak—before he was out of danger. Even today, the Dereks keep emergency equipment handy at home, in case Russell should have a relapse.

There have been the usual rumors, too, about John's marriage—that it has failed or will fail. Pati Behrs, John's wife, is an authentic Georgian princess who came to America not many years ago and started a career as a professional dancer. She was as ambitious as the average young girl in show business, but she met John before she had her career really going full-swing. She had had only one movie role, a bit for Twentieth Century-Fox, by the time they were married in 1948. And then she immediately settled into domesticity.

Some Hollywood crepe-hangers say that's the trouble—that she had just enough taste for a career to whet her appetite for more, and that now she resents having given it all up, and that the resentment shows up in her attitude toward John.

One Hollywood writer—female—puts it this way:

"Pati is an attractive girl, but she doesn't do anything to emphasize the fact. She's always lolling around in blue jeans, and I can't remember when I've seen her in a full make-up job. She doesn't look like a movie star's wife *should* look. It's almost as

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though she were backsliding on purpose."

And a Hollywood photographer says: "Pati doesn't do anything to build up John's ego. And he needs it. He's so self-conscious about his remarkable good looks that he does everything he can think of to prove his masculinity. A guy like that needs self-confidence, and the best place to get it is from his wife."

But one of the Dereks' best friends—a chap who has known them both intimately for years—gets violently angry when he hears remarks of this sort. "They're wasting their breath when they gossip about this pair. John and Pati are very much in love. And there's never been any trouble between them. My money's on their marriage lasting longer than any in town."

"Sure, John needs self-confidence," he goes on. "But the only way for him to get it is for Hollywood to give him the break he deserves. He's earned the right to prove his place as an actor—and, incidentally, to build up his bank account!"

John's finances have been stretched at the seams since he bought his home in Encino. At this writing, his salary is less than \$1,000 a week, a figure which is gigantic compared to his earnings in the past. Only a year ago, he was getting \$500—and that came only after a long series of tiny raises. Compared to other young stars' salaries, John's is not bad, but his expenses are unusual.

Out of his salary, John has to pay heavy taxes, to meet the mortgage installments on his house, to pay his agent, a business manager and a press agent, besides taking care of the regular living expenses for his family and the upkeep on his property. And that's a lot tougher to do than it is to list it on this piece of paper. Besides, John

has had a number of crushing bills for Russell's operations and medical care.

Of course, people will say, "It's his own fault if John saddled himself with debts beyond his means." And nobody can argue that point. Nor can anyone argue that John wasn't lucky to get such a head start on his career in the first place. But almost anybody who knows anything at all about Hollywood will agree that John is constantly facing tough financial problems.

So luxuries are deleted from the Derek budget. Completely. John has wanted to own a horse for years, but he can't afford one; the one he keeps is not his own. It is impossible for the Dereks to entertain—even on a small scale, so they sit home night after night. Of course, it's dull and depressing. Who wouldn't find it so?

People are wondering when John will snap out of it. But he can't—not if things remain as they are.

John is in a rut at the moment which would unbalance many stars who know less about Hollywood and its industry than he does. John was born and grew up in Hollywood, and so he has not been surprised by the hurdles set in his path.

He has not gone Hollywood in any sense of the word, a fact which, in the long run, is far more important than a dozen mortgages or a million bad pictures. He has done the most vital thing of all: he has kept his head. And that will no doubt see him through.

There's every indication that the next time that family from Nebraska comes to call, he'll be able to answer them in no uncertain words. "Yes," he'll probably say. "It is a wonderful life!" But he may add in an undertone, that it took a lot of dogged patience to make it so.

THE END

New Lease On Love

(Continued from page 68)

But Livvy's been easing up on this strict self-chaperonage system lately. She's been seen about town quite a good deal with Director John Huston, since he returned from Europe. And though she would be aghast at the very suggestion that there was anything romantic in these dates of theirs, all of Hollywood remembers that these two were once—not so many years ago—very serious about each other. And people can't help wondering if this picking up of the raveled threads of that old love may be leading to one that will be rich and true and lasting.

In the meantime, though, Livvy shies away from the subject of marriage.

"Will I ever marry again?" she puts it. "I can't imagine that I will, somehow. You see, my mother and father were divorced, and I was brought up by my mother, who married a second time. I didn't get along at all well with my stepfather. Neither did Joan (Fontaine). We were absolutely foreign to him and he didn't understand us at all. It was, to put it frankly, a very unhappy household."

It was this basic friction, Olivia said, that probably led to the fact that she and Joan were estranged for so many years, and that both of them had felt distant toward their father, as well. But in recent months, the family has been reunited. When Joan married Collier Young in November, she invited their father to the wedding, and not long afterward, the two sisters met each other, and decided to forget their old feuds, most of which, they both agreed, were based on unspoken intangibles, the result of their disrupted home as children.

But bearing all the old bitterness in mind, Olivia is resolved that the same thing must never happen to her son, Ben.

"If I were to marry again," she says, "it would be essential to my own happiness that Ben love his stepfather. I would have to choose a father for my son as well as a husband for myself, and that, as you know, is a difficult set of circumstances. This man, if he should happen to come into my life, would have to undergo a very long, engagement-trial period so that we could be certain we were not making a mistake. And where is there a man who could put himself through the ordeal of close scrutiny such as that, who would recognize and agree to the need for it?"

"For the present," Olivia says, "my life with Ben is very complete. For the first time in my life, I have a family, and that is pretty wonderful. Shadrach, my ten-year-old airedale is here after spending two years in a kennel in Long Island. And, of course, Ben and I still have Catherine, the Siamese cat who traveled all over the country with us when we were on the road in 'Candida.' And to round out our family, Ben brought a fish and a snail home from school—and he watches over Mr. Fish and Miss Sweatpea lovingly. Now, tell me, is there room for a man in our household?"

Olivia asks this question, but she doesn't wait for an answer. For her lovely eyes are focused on the future, not the past. She's looking ahead to a rainbow of bright days which she knows are there for the seeking.

When I asked her to tell me in her own words what her plans are, I was impressed all over again with the beauty, sincerity, graciousness and out-and-out goodness of this girl. She has glowing good looks without benefit of cosmetics and her dark eyes truly are "windows of the soul."

To understand Olivia as completely as

ever one person can understand another, it is fundamental to realize that at this period in her life she is first and foremost Ben's mother. Her attitude in making formative decisions for the weeks and years ahead is dominated by the will to "do what is best for Ben."

"Ben is the center of my life," she says. "All my decisions will be keyed to him." And Olivia is not one to speak lightly on matters of importance. She will, I feel sure, keep Ben uppermost in mind as she plots her life anew.

"You're going to think I sound just like every mother when I say this, but really, Ben is a very unusual child, *really* unusual! He holds my interest completely. He's so advanced mentally for his years that the head of the nursery school gave him a card that said 'Happy Fourth Birthday.' But he's only *three*!

"Ben has definite mechanical leanings. I noticed it first when he was eight months old and had just learned to stand but not to walk.

"Ben's mechanical interests are only natural, I suppose. After all, my grand uncle, James de Havilland, was a General in the Royal Army Engineer Corps, and my great grandfather, Charles de Havilland, was a Major with the Royal Engineers in India. And you probably have heard of my cousin, Sir Geoffrey de Havilland, who invented the Mosquito, the all-wood fighter of World War II, and who also invented the Comet, the first jet transport."

"It looks like Ben's future is all mapped out for him," I said. "What are *your* plans for the immediate future?"

Without a moment's hesitation, as if she had thought this through many times, Olivia replied: "First of all, I'm going to find a public school that I think will be right for Ben and then buy a house in that school district. I want it to be a rather small school, as much like a country school as possible.

"Although Hollywood has been my home for seventeen years, I have no particular roots any more. I like to live in a climate where there is a change in seasons. Perhaps Connecticut is my answer. Children lead a wonderful country life there—boating in the summer and sledding in the winter. Above all, I want to settle where Ben will have the greatest happiness.

"I might even buy a house on the Island of Guernsey (one of the Channel Islands between England and France). My ancestors settled there after going to England with William the Conqueror in 1066. I'm the

first in my direct line never to have lived there. About ten years ago, the present generation let the de Havilland home on the Island slip into the hands of a princess, but it's up for sale now and I'm seriously thinking of getting it back. It would be a wonderful place to live when I am ready to retire."

I evidently showed my alarm by this reference to retirement, for Olivia hastened to add, "Don't misunderstand me. I need and do want a long rest from the flurry of pictures I have been doing, but I expect to go on with my acting career just as long as I am permitted to do so. Aside from Ben, acting is my life. I'd be lost without it."

Broadway, too, is in Olivia's future. But when next she appears on the legitimate boards, she says, it will be in a play by one of the critics' favorite playwrights. As Olivia puts it: "I did both George Bernard Shaw's 'Candida' and Shakespeare's 'Romeo and Juliet' on Broadway, both classics. The next thing I do should be, I think, a modern play."

It was good to hear her speak out in this uninhibited way once again, for during the years of her marriage to Marcus Goodrich, newspaper people in Hollywood found that the once-cooperative and gracious Olivia seemed to be completely dominated by her husband and unable to speak freely or express her own personality. He made all decisions and frequently was abusive to representatives of the press and film magazines and to autograph-seeking fans.

Olivia de Havilland lived and breathed a script during the past six years, which had a perfect plot for an Olivia de Havilland movie: a trusting wife, an allegedly cruel husband, an innocent child whose life would be ruined if its parents were divorced.

The script reached its climax on August 26, 1952, when Olivia was granted an interlocutory decree from writer Marcus Goodrich. The divorce becomes final in August of this year.

When Olivia made the decision to end her marriage, she was exercising the kind of firm conviction she has always shown. And there is no question that she will continue always to do what she thinks is wisest for Ben and for herself. And this means that romance *must* come into her life—for romance is normal and natural for a beautiful and sensitive woman.

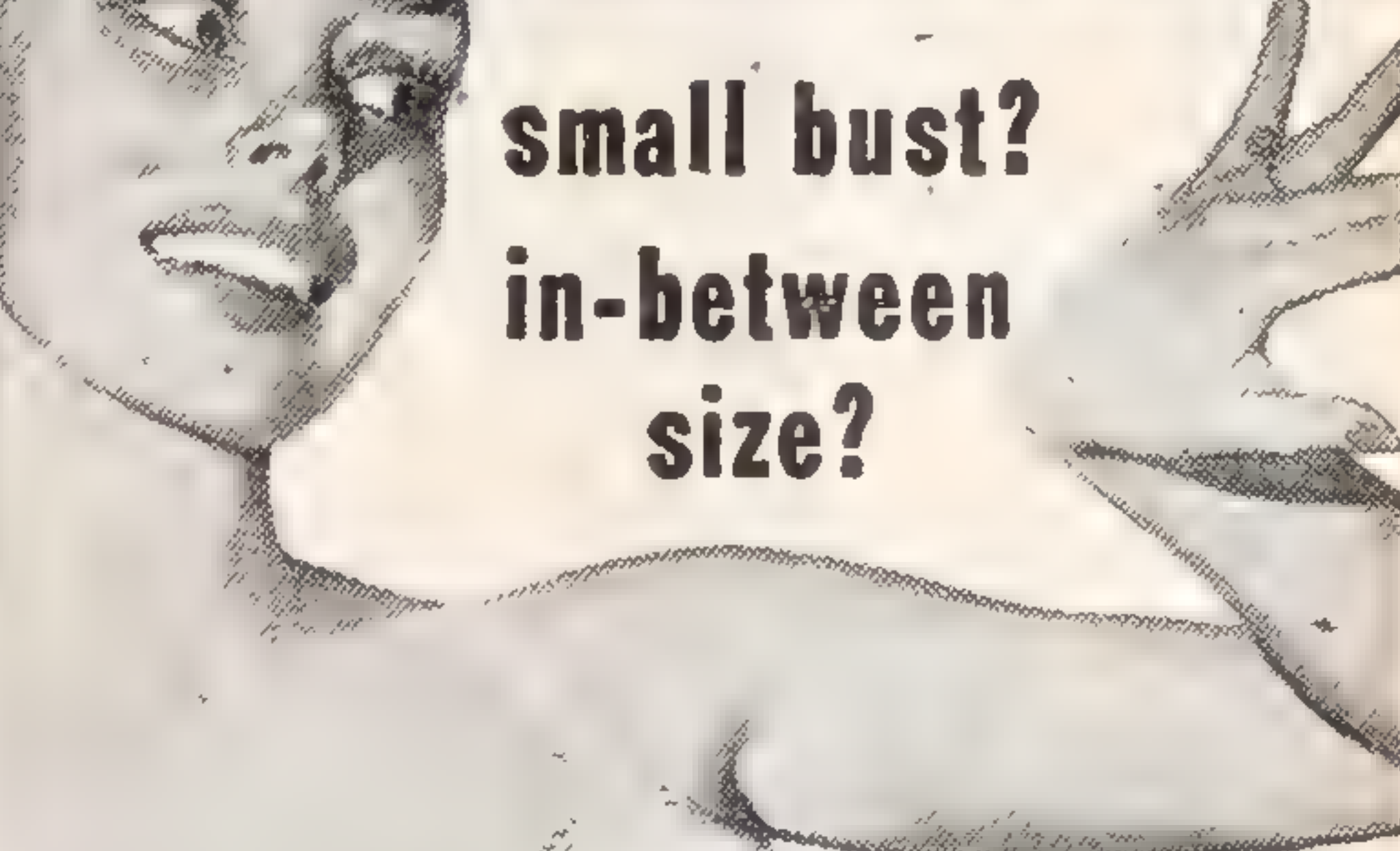
And that will be the happy ending. For this particular star, the script could end no other way.

THE END

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Two Guys Named Mike

(Continued from page 46)

"Look," commanded Michael Wilding. No detail of his brand new son's perfection could be ignored.

"Please notice," he said, "that he is *not* wrinkled and he is *not* red."

It was true. Becomingly pink cheeks glowed against the pillow. Tiny pink chin. But no red.

Still Michael could not bring himself to leave the baby's side. He stood looking down at the child with a bewildered expression, as though not quite believing this miracle had happened.

"Look," he said again, half-glancing at the nurse to see if he would be upbraided. Quickly he pulled back the cloud of yellow comforter to expose all of Michael Howard Wilding—all perfect.

The baby stirred a bit in his sleep, but didn't wake.

"Isn't he *good natured*?"

Mary Brice confirmed this. "He cries," she said, "only when he is hungry." But she added, "He will be hungry soon."

At this point Elizabeth's voice called weakly from the next room, "Mich-ael."

And Michael leaped up and rushed off in the direction of the bedroom. He was back in a few seconds, saying "Wouldn't you like to see Liz for a few minutes?"

But the doctor's orders?

"It's all right. She says it's all right." He led the way to her bedroom.

Elizabeth was lying in the hospital bed, her eyes circled but shining, her natural high color emphasized by a soft fluff of pink bed jacket.

"Isn't he beautiful?" was her first comment about little Michael.

Big Michael told a little joke, and Elizabeth tried to laugh, but couldn't.

"It hurts to laugh," Michael explained.

"It seems," Elizabeth said, half apologetically, "as though it hurts to do almost everything... even breathe."

Michael himself looked as though he could do with a little rest too. He was pale with fatigue—and expended emotion—and his eyes were bloodshot from lack of sleep. He looked as though he had had about ten babies himself.

"I never believed those stories before," he said, "about fathers climbing the walls of the waiting room. But they're true. Up until the very last minute I thought I was taking it all in stride."

"Elizabeth had X-rays on Monday—January 5, that was—and the pictures showed the baby was ready to be born. It was due, you know, on January 7. But right then and there our doctor, Konrad Aaberg, decided to take Elizabeth into the hospital on Tuesday night and deliver the baby by Caesarian section."

Michael interrupted his story at this point to give special mention to Dr. Aaberg.

"Do you know Dr. Aaberg?" he asked. "He is the *greatest* doctor, the nicest, the gentlest guy..."

Of course, all new parents feel that way about their obstetricians. But Dr. Aaberg was *special*, Michael insisted.

"Don't you want to see the baby?" Michael asked Elizabeth.

Of course she wanted to see the baby, she smiled, but wasn't he about to be fed?

"A couple of minutes won't make any difference, so ask for him," her husband urged her.

This time Elizabeth *did* laugh.

"He's mad about him," she said, unnecessarily.

"I'm *stupid* about him," Michael retorted. And why not? After all, there had been a Michael in the Wilding family for hundreds of years, and he'd been the last until five... almost six... days ago.

Elizabeth asked the nurse to bring in the baby, "just for a few seconds."

Michael agreed, after a moment, to allow Elizabeth to get some rest. He led the way back out into the big, informal living room from which the Wildings can see, when they have time again to look, a magnificent view of practically all of Southern California.

Michael settled himself on the broad circular sofa which curves around a massive fieldstone fireplace in one corner of the hospitable living room. He continued his recital of events of the night of the birth of little Michael.

"Well, anyhow, I drove Elizabeth down to Santa Monica Hospital at tenish Tuesday night. We were both very happy and excited... but not really nervous, if you know what I mean. Her parents met us there, and we all went up to the maternity ward to the two little rooms I had reserved for Liz's confinement."

"Santa Monica Hospital is a small hospital, you know, and has no 'living in' facilities. Elizabeth wanted the baby near where she could see it whenever she wanted, so I took the extra little room next door. Outrageously extravagant, I suppose, but you don't have a baby every day."

"Thank Heaven," he seemed to add under his breath as he sighed deeply before proceeding.

"Dr. Aaberg came in about ten-thirty. He was very confident and cheerful. A Caesarian, he assured me, took only eleven minutes. I would have word very soon whether we had a boy or a girl. Then he left to 'wash up.'"

"At about eleven two nurses came with a bed on wheels and took Elizabeth away."

"The Taylors and I sat back to wait it out. Eleven minutes, the doctor had said."

"After fifteen minutes I was climbing the walls, just like all the expectant fathers in the stories. After half an hour I was hanging from the chandelier."

"Elizabeth's mother tried to reassure me. It took some time, she said, to prepare a patient for major surgery."

"Major surgery!" I heard the words which had been so matter-of-fact only yesterday with a sense of shock.

"Mr. Taylor tried to make little jokes. I should stop pulling my hair, he said, or I would be bald before my time. And he wondered if Santa Monica Hospital provided pressing service for new fathers. My clothes looked already as if I had slept in them."

"But I couldn't laugh. Thirty-five minutes, my watch said. Forty. Forty-five. The longest forty-five minutes I had ever endured in my life. What must it have been like for Elizabeth?"

"And then a white-capped nurse knocked softly and came in. 'If you will just come down the hall, Mr. Wilding,' she said, 'you can see your son!'"

The three of them—Elizabeth's nearest and dearest—the three who loved her best, who were now to be four—walked, trembling, down the corridor, to the nursery window. It was midnight, so the curtains were drawn.

"Like an opening night," Michael recalls, "but with no music... except our hearts knocking on our chests. It was an awful window... with a railing to hang onto. Designed, no doubt, for terrified fathers."

"A nurse in an antiseptic mask parted the curtains to expose a sea of little cots."

"The baby the nurse was holding up was mine. I looked at the little creature. I saw the mass of dark hair. One eye opened and looked at me. I gestured through the glass to the nurse to do something about

the other eye . . . was something wrong? Right through the mask I could see her laughing at me."

Then Dr. Aaberg, still in his surgical gown, came up behind them.

Mrs. Wilding, he told Michael, was back in her room. She had "stood the operation very well." She was asking for her husband.

Elizabeth was quite conscious, and as yet in no pain. The "saddle block" anaesthesia had been chosen so that she could be in every way present at the birth of her child. She saw her son, as a matter of fact, five seconds after he was born.

Now back in the hospital bed in her room, she was radiant, her great eyes luminous with discovery and triumph.

"What did she say?"

"I don't know what she said," Michael replied to this question. "Maybe she didn't say anything . . . she *did* it . . . it was how she did it. She asked for her baby and the baby was brought to her. She held him in her arms. I wish you could have seen her . . . she was like . . . like a flower."

Michael's voice was hoarse as he described that magic moment when the three of them were first together. He controlled it quickly.

"She is so sweet with the baby. The only times she feels really well—so far—is when she is with the baby. The pain goes—somehow.

"Dr. Aaberg says she is a natural mother."

And Michael is a . . . well . . . a classic father. He agreed to leave the hospital that night only because Dr. Aaberg insisted. Elizabeth must rest, and so should he. And besides, it was the rule. He walked out into the street and saw a newspaper with a bannerline reading, "Liz Taylor Has Baby Son."

He drove home slowly with no idea in retrospect how he negotiated the hairpin turns on the long grade to their mountain top. He threw his clothes on a chair, himself on the bed—the big, low bed which seemed so ridiculously oversized for one weary man.

He slept, fitfully, but hopped up with the first sound of activity in the house next morning. The housekeeper must know

the news, and Elizabeth's secretary. A paper hanger came to put the finishing touches to the nursery and Michael retold the whole story to him.

"The baby really weighed seven pounds, five ounces," he bragged, "but we get credit for only seven-three. He lost two ounces in that business they do to new babies to make it easier for them to breathe."

"Seven-three is very good," the paper hanger, a father himself, assured him. Mr. Wilding, no doubt, would be handing out cigars.

Cigars? Michael had no cigars. He hadn't known about cigars. It was an American custom.

The paper hanger looked disappointed. It must be an important American custom, Michael realized. Then he remembered something, and dashing back to the bedroom, dug through his bureau drawers until he found what he wanted: a cigar Geary Steffen had given him when *his* baby had been born six weeks before. He gave it to the paper hanger, who looked relieved, and Michael vowed to buy more the first minute he got into town.

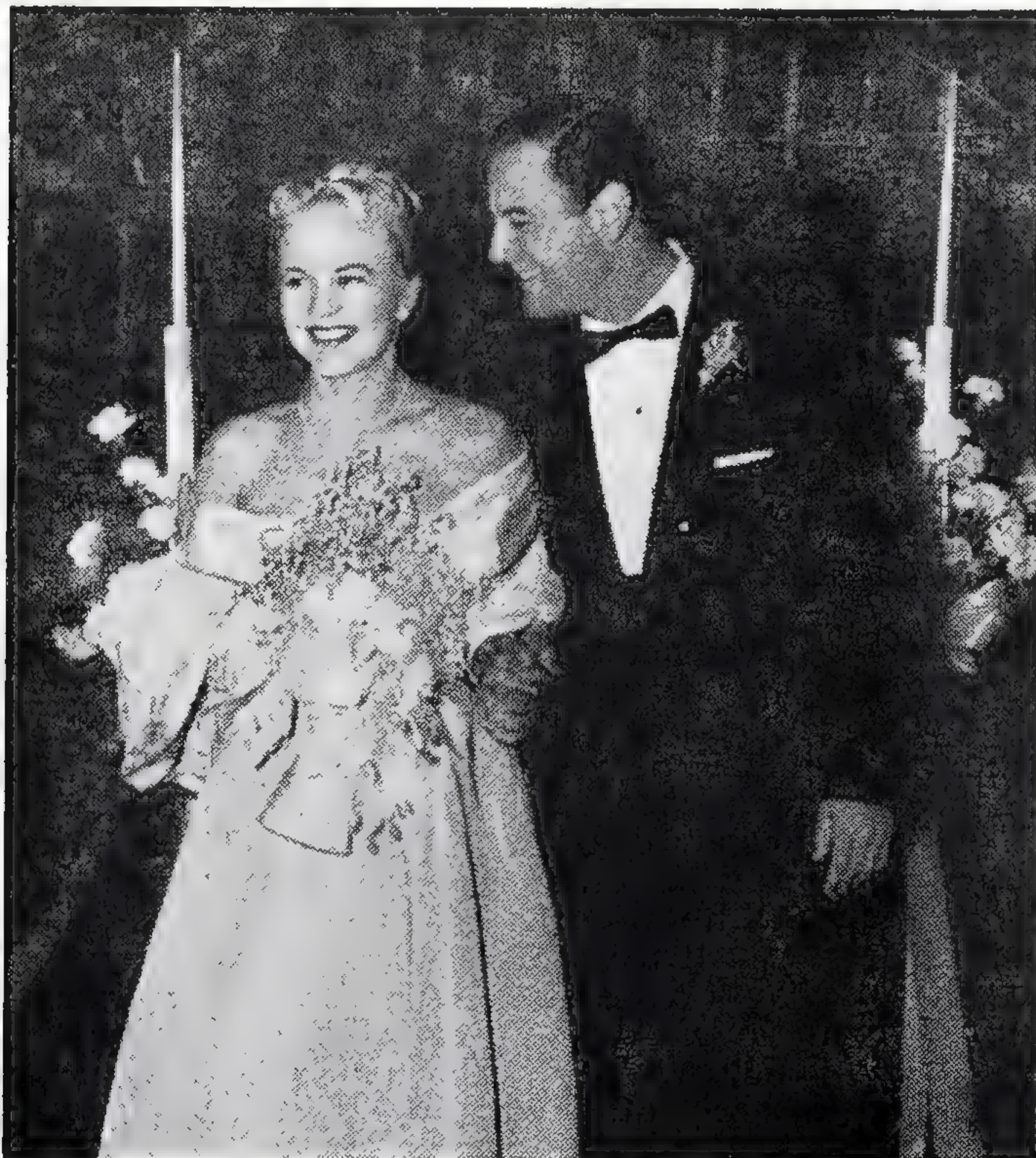
He never did buy the cigars. Elizabeth was feeling miserable when he arrived at the hospital, and Michael stayed by her bedside for ten hours that day, and the next. And the next.

On Sunday morning, the fifth day, they brought her and the baby home. . . .

"It was soonish, but she longed to be home. We brought along Mrs. MacKenzie, the nurse who had looked after her in the hospital; you need some one to wash you, you know. And we rented a hospital bed—easier to get in and out of; to walk about. They made her walk about, you know, even that first day. And she was in such pain."

But as Michael had said, the pain disappeared when she was with the baby. For now truly she was—as in her new movie, "The Girl Who Had Everything." Future movie assignments, like "All the Brothers Were Valiant," could wait—all Elizabeth had time for now was her two guys named Mike.

THE END



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Just Right for Each Other

(Continued from page 37)

For weeks they'd been rehearsing feverishly in a little studio Gower had rented down in Greenwich Village. When Marge had mentioned casually that another dancer wanted her to work up an act with him, Gower had awakened to possibilities both romantic and rhythmic. "If you're going to dance with *anyone*, you're going to dance with me," he'd exploded—and lost no time in effecting it.

When at last the act was ready, and they were booked into a hotel in Montreal, there was no money for costumes or the fare to get there. Then at the last minute, the mailman delivered a long envelope to Gower with a check inside, his severance pay from an unfulfilled M-G-M contract. With this, they'd paid the overdue rent on his hotel room and on Marge's apartment. They bought her two costumes and paid for renovating a couple of old ones for him. They then borrowed thirty dollars from a friend for the fare to Montreal—and to their acclaim as a team. Now they were booked into the Palmer House in Chicago, but en route Marge had tried out for "Allegro," never believing she'd have a prayer of a chance for the part.

There in the restaurant now, they were playing for all it was worth—yea, for more than it was worth—what might well be their own farewell scene.

There were tears on her side and heroics on his. This was her big chance, Gower kept insisting manfully. She must take it. While Marge kept sobbing she couldn't break up their team. Then Gower said suddenly, almost wearily throwing the line away, "I don't know what we're worrying about. I'll get another partner and we'll open in Chicago. What difference will it make? You and I are going to be married anyway."

Whereupon startled brown eyes met equally startled brown eyes. This was the first time he'd ever made any mention of marriage. They kept looking at one another, then they started laughing, and soon they were hysterical. Their waitress laughed with them. She was glad. They seemed to belong together, these two.

No doubt now in Marge's mind what she would do. The next morning she would call Rodgers and Hammerstein and tell them she was sorry, but she just couldn't accept the part. Years later she would still laugh, "I'll never know whether I'd have gotten it or not. But I turned it down. I can always hold that thought—"

"And right over my head," Gower grinned.

As usual, once the crisis was over, Gower's appetite was fully regained. "Give me the noodles and tuna too," he said recklessly, happily—ready to try anything.

"But you like noodles," Marge says now, adding interestedly, "don't you?"

"Only when they're instigated by you," he explains.

That even now, five happily married years later, Marge and Gower Champion find food for thought. Indicative of how very close they are is the degree of heart each harbors for a noodle. They're two of a kind, dancing up that stairway to stardom on their own particular pink cloud, and a little wide-eyed to find themselves getting there so soon. They're talented, hardworking, enthusiastic and thoroughly in love. Their every step, look and word intones just how much they belong to each other. They even speak in rhythm, one picking up the other's sentence in mid-air, without ever missing a beat. And they look so much alike, they've been mistaken many times for brother and sister. And nobody's gladder than Marge and Gower,

that their resemblance is only accidental.

They're today's fabulous Siamese success-story, the Champions, and you PHOTOPLAY readers who first voted them high in "Choose Your Stars" are a part of that story. Impressed by their star potential and by the avalanche of fan mail that followed their featured roles in "Show Boat" and "Lovely to Look At," M-G-M executives decided to give them solo stardom in "Everything I Have Is Yours," to be followed by their present starring roles as a dance duo in "Give a Girl a Break."

Today the Champions may well ask what other breaks are life's to give. Theirs is a breathless present and a brilliant future. All that remains is for Fate to allow them to go on up that ladder together, step by step.

This too is the concern of their friends and fans—whether success and stardom can separate this team on the screen. There's nothing in their contract which insures against it. But as they're both quick to say now, "Nobody has ever even suggested—can't believe—I'm sure they wouldn't—" Still, it's a sobering thought.

Although an Act of God would separate them—"If we have children, Marge will have to stop dancing. It would be impossible for us to have a child and both keep working. Not—"

"Not the way we feel about it," Marge goes on quietly. "We just couldn't leave them alone to be brought up by somebody else. You see—"

"We're just not that kind of parents," Gower ends. "That is—we wouldn't be."

Individually, with their respective talent and enthusiasm, each would undoubtedly have found fame, but together, theirs is a sparkling success-story with all the laughter and conflicts of any backstage drama in which they play on the screen.

They themselves find their success hard to believe. "When we started working together we thought we might be good as a team. Our bodies worked well together, and something seemed to click between us. But we never thought what has happened would happen," they say with happy wonderment.

Since childhood, their dancing paths have crossed. Gower was the prize dancing pupil of Marge's father, Ernest Belcher, famous Hollywood teacher. They sat next to each other in History "B," but at an age when either sex tolerates the other only as one of life's more lamentable necessities. During high-school years they did have a few scattered dates, and recently Marge came across an old diary and noted after a lengthy, detailed account of an evening with Gower, her own comment, "Happy time!"

But Gower began his career with another partner and it was a whole war and many engagements later, before he got into step with Marge. And then, only against his own manager's vigorous objections. "Are you going to dance with that fat little girl?" he said. "Yes," Gower said angrily. "Yes! I definitely am."

Now when Marge, a svelte one hundred two pounds, chats about how she's always had to watch her weight, saying, "I've never been able to wear a cashmere sweater outside my skirt until now. I was so—" Gower listens until, thoroughly miserable hearing her run herself down, he can stand it no longer. "Now, Marge, I really don't think you were ever like that," he begins, but she interrupts conscientiously with, "Oh yes I was. Don't you remember what your manager said? 'You're not going to dance with that—'" and Gower quickly changes the subject.

A far happier memory is their opening

night at the Mocambo when they captivated all Hollywood with their own happy rhythm, music as refreshing, as breathless and as irresistible as first love.

But today Marge and Gower still consider their best performance the one they gave for an unsuspecting group of relatives on their own wedding day. They were married between bookings at Gower's "Auntie Pat's" in Hollywood, with Marge a misty old-fashioned vision in Gower's mother's wedding gown. They'd closed at the Palmer House in Chicago the Wednesday night before, flown to the coast Thursday, gotten the license Friday, and were marrying on Sunday. They were to leave that same evening for New York, arriving in time to rehearse Milton Berle's television show—before opening for a long engagement in the Persian Room. "We were so tired we were a little hysterical," they remember now.

But they forgot their weariness momentarily during the ceremony. For, as they say, they had a "real comedian-minister." When he asked, "May I have the ring, please?" he got completely carried away. "Lovely!" he observed, then went right on with the ceremony, almost breaking them up. "He wore high-top, button shoes with five million buttons, and we were so fascinated we kept looking down at his feet throughout the whole procedure."

"It doesn't seem like five years, does it?" asks Marge, slowly fingering her ring. And the inscriptions inside both wedding bands which read, "Happy Time," have been equally prophetic for their adoring public. For which they take small credit. "Work is fun, if you're happy," they both say now.

Between them, "Gower's the choreographer and the boss," Marge says readily, adding, "I wouldn't have it any other way." And nobody can tell you better than she can all the reasons why. Just how talented he is. How he won the Donaldson Award for the choreography in "Lend an Ear." How good his dances were for "Make a Wish."

"But Marge edits our routines," Gower cuts in quickly, anxious for her credits to start rolling too. "When I get an idea, I get so excited it gets hold of me and runs away with me. After our accompanist, Dick Pribor, and I work on it a couple of days, then I do it for Marge. By then, I'm too close to it, but Marge comes in with a whole fresh point of view and I'm anxious for her reactions. If she says, 'This doesn't feel right here,' or 'This I don't like,' then I will really argue with her. If I'm strong enough to argue her down, I'll believe I'm right."

"Then I will accept it too," says Marge. "For once I know Gower's sold on it, it is right."

Despite all of which, they agree that on occasion they've disagreed. "Not," as Marge says, "intensively—but—"

"That first routine we ever did together, I thought it was horrible," she

laughs now. "But I said to myself, 'Oh, well, we've just teamed up, I'll go ahead and do it.' It was only the biggest number we did."

"What about our 'County Fair' number?" Gower recalls gallantly. "How right you were on that one! I wanted to fade out quietly at the end of it," he explains, "but Marge thought this was too namby-pamby, and she was all for putting a big fat corny finish on it. So we finished corny, and it was a big smash."

On the other hand, once in a while—"Remember the 'Boy Meets Girl' number? We both hated that one, and we were both right," they say, wincing now.

And if you wonder what they do when they get home, after dancing all day long, doing a difficult, exhaustive routine like the roof-top number in "Give a Girl a Break"—whirling, turning, jumping from parapet to parapet to a mad, mounting rhythm—they smile, remembering, "This may sound crazy, but, well, we danced."

"It was real funny. Gower put a stack of records on when we first got home—"

"Restful records. The kind you can relax or collapse and listen to—"

But the soft candlelight, the glowing fireplace, and the romantic strains of "All the Things You Are" were just too much for Marge. Wearing her comfortable red and green plaid brunch coat and bare of feet—"Our feet were so swollen we couldn't even get our shoes on—" Marge had said, "Feel like dancing?"

"Um-m," he said, meaning, "not necessarily, but if you want to, I'd be charmed—I think. Would you like to?"

"Then Gower put his arm around me and in our bare feet we crept around the room like we both weighed a ton. Once around. Then we sat down," laughs Marge.

Other evenings when they're not so tired, they'll put on concertos and such. Then again, sometimes, "We go out on a 'date,'" says Marge, "and we take in a movie on Hollywood Boulevard." And as Gower says, "We have 'surprise evenings,' when I don't tell Marge where we're going. I just say, 'Dress up'—then we may have dinner, go to the theatre, and wind up at the Mocambo."

All of which bears out the Champions' own feeling that marriage isn't more difficult for a co-starring dance team. "On the contrary, it's much easier," they insist. "If one of us is tired, the other is tired. If one feels like going out, the other wants to go out too. Our moods always match. It's a fine arrangement."

And if a house could speak, their two-story, spacious white brick home high on a mountain with its own wedge-shaped view of Hollywood's lights, and their feline choir of five assorted-blooded cats who share it with them, would chorus the same—these two belong together twenty-four hours of each day.

With the intensity of all in show business who've lived out of a suitcase for so long, Marge and Gower have spent three years painstakingly furnishing their first home. As they say, "We live with it and we love it, all of it." Their house, complete with terraced gardens, a swimming pool, a rehearsal room in the basement, and their own happiness, is a gem of collectors' items. A harmonious combination of mellowed modern and sentimental antiques which reflects the tastes of its owners.

"Actually, I didn't like anything modern until I met Gower—"

"Funny, but I just couldn't see antiques—until I married Marge—"

While it's Marge who proudly invites friends to come up and see her etchings, it's Gower who will keep on indefinitely paying for them. "They're real," she says

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proudly. "Genuine Goyas. Gower found them in an art shop and he's been paying on them for months out of his private allowance. We both get ten dollars a week that we can spend—and no questions asked." Gower will probably still be buying them when he's as old as the etchings—well, almost. For weeks, he would drop by the shop every week and pay a few more dollars, until in a soft moment, the proprietor finally said, "You've paid quite a bit on them now. Why don't you take them home to your wife?" As Gower observes, "He must be a real Champion fan. He thinks we'll last."

They insist the living room is a "Siamese brown" and Marge's bedroom "Siamese blue," and that both shades were inspired by their two Siamese cats, one of which is named "Gladys." "We got so tired of hearing people say something's 'real George,' We thought it would be nice to say it's 'real Gladys,' for a change."

Down in the den they use for a rehearsal room is their beloved piano they bought when they were living in a basement apartment in New York, and for which they blew their family bankroll of nine hundred dollars. "We were on a soul-satisfying binge at the time." Dick Pribor, their friend and accompanist ever since those first days, will never forget how thrilled the three of them were and how they rushed home from the night club to see it when it was delivered. "We suspended a floor lamp from the ceiling for an improvised spot. This we focused on the piano, and we ate our hamburgers in the darkness, regarding the piano with soul-stirring wonderment."

Take his word for it, the Champions haven't changed since that basement apartment where they all worked so hard filling discarded apple-boxes with dirt and vitamin pills and plant food, trying to make a flower grow. "But there was just too much soot and ashes sifting down between the buildings. It never worked." They're the same refreshing pair. Marge still looks at the world and everything and everybody in it as though they're brand new. And Gower, if he is of a different opinion, is still inclined to close one brown eye and go along with her.

"I'm much more introspective than Marge," Gower will say in analyzing their differences. "I'm not as gregarious as she is either. Marge likes people and parties. And she talks more."

"Yes, but you're funnier—"

"That's just because I wait for the punch line."

Although sometimes Marge has cause to wonder at her courage in talking to people at all. "We've met so many people, so fast—you know the bit—I can't remember your name, but I remember your face?" Well I can't even say I remember their faces," she laments. On which occasions Gower gets her fast S.O.S., quickly rescuing her with, "I'm so sorry—you know my wife, Marge?"

A perfectionist in all things, Gower spent three years searching for the exact antique watch he wanted for Marge, who loves antique jewelry and who's so proud of her watch that she can't stand for anybody to ignore it. And there's small chance that anyone will, considering the loud snap it makes when it's opened. And considering the way Gower or some pal of theirs steps in as though on cue at any goodly gathering with, "What time is it, Marge?"

The Champions love to go dancing, but being a dance team, they insist, cramps their social style. Let them try a simple little waltz and suddenly they're going it alone, with everybody else sitting down and watching. If they sit down, they're

accused of being high-hat. If they keep on, they're accused of being exhibitionists. "If Gower asks another girl to dance she's petrified, afraid she isn't good enough. If a boy asks me to dance he's petrified, afraid he's not good enough. If he steps on my toes, he apologizes for it the rest of the evening." Which is pretty silly, in Marge's opinion, since Gower steps on her toes a lot of times. Also, once during a dance routine the toy cane he was employing glanced off her cheek, and gave her a very black eye.

They've had their dark moments, but one of the darkest they remember was sitting through the sneak preview of "Everything I Have Is Yours," since they're very probably the only two individuals in all Hollywood who doubted that they were ready for stardom. Despite their soaring fan mail and billing, Marge and Gower are still nervous and apprehensive. "Give a Girl a Break," they say, will be "much better—Debbie Reynolds is in that one too." Gower, he admits, has been nervous before, "but until that night—I'd never really had the shakes."

"We had a 'date' for dinner, and we went to Romanoff's," says Marge, reliving every dark moment of it. "We were there by 6:30 P.M., so there wasn't another soul in the place. We sat there all alone in our grandeur, shaking and trying to eat. Of course Gower didn't eat a thing. All that day, friends of ours kept calling—inviting us to have dinner with them before the show, but we just couldn't face anybody but ourselves."

As for food, "We're like Jack Spratt and his wife, anyway," they chorus. "Marge takes out her nervous energy in eating, and I just slowly starve to death," Gower says. Before and during that preview, Marge gained two pounds and Gower lost three. But Marge has lost so much weight recently, that for once she can afford to eat."

"For the first time in my life, I can look at the dessert list and tell myself, I could have that, and not even want it. It's such a satisfying experience. I used to be so—"

"Now Marge," Gower cuts in miserably as usual, "you weren't really!" But as usual Marge conscientiously reminds him she really was.

Marge believes in a protein diet. "But I seem to remember reading somewhere, or maybe it's just because I want to believe it, that a little starch helps burn up the fat. So I take a little toast in the morning or maybe a noodle at night."

"Sounds like a song title," says Gower, snapping his fingers and breaking it down into a beat. "Just a little toast in the morning—and a noodle at night."

"Yes, it does, doesn't it?" agrees Marge happily. And anyone who knows them wouldn't be the least surprised to see the Champions whirling off into a whole new routine on that theme.

The name is theirs legitimately. As Gower says, "Nobody would make up a name like that." But they've earned it now too. Together they are Champions. Nobody can do better than that. And in more than one department. Like they promised when they were married, theirs is a very happy time.

Just how happy was apparent the other afternoon when Marge was having a fitting on a low-cut, sexy gown in the wardrobe department and Gower, who dropped by to pick her up, gave a long low wolfy whistle from the door.

"It's moments like this, that I wish we weren't married," he sighed. "I'd like to start all over again."

"Why," Marge suggested, "don't we just start from now?"

THE END

What You Don't Know About Mitchum

(Continued from page 42)

scattered about and one huge leather davenport at least eight feet long. A ceiling-high fireplace looked benignly out upon tables piled with magazines, cigarette boxes and plate-size ash trays. It was a room that held out its hand and made you welcome.

Bob had not arrived home yet, and Mrs. Mitchum, apologetically announcing that it was the baby's supper time, left me alone for a few minutes. Suddenly a miniature Bob Mitchum, about eleven years old, appeared—same wide, sloping shoulders, long upper lip, same candid appraising eyes. "Hello," he said gravely, "I'm Jim. You're waiting to see my father?"

I nodded, and noticing a toy airplane he was holding, asked: "You make it?"

He said almost scornfully: "Sure. It isn't much. I've got a better one. Like to see it?"

He left the room and came back, a few moments later, bearing a balsam wood creation that looked as if it might take off into the wild blue yonder at any moment. "It's got a Wasp motor," Jim observed, "and when it gets going good it really sets up a howl."

He began filling a plastic fuel tank with an evil-smelling liquid which, he explained, was a mixture of the highest octane gas and castor oil. "Costs eighty cents a pint," he said, "but it sure makes a motor talk."

While he was attaching the wires of a dry-cell battery and twisting the propeller, I remembered a story that Bob had told me about Jim. "There's a plot of grass and flowers just across the little bridge leading into my place," he said, "and a neighborhood girl kept riding her pony across it. Jim talked to her about it several times and finally came to me. 'It's your problem, Kid,' I said. 'You'll have to figure it out for yourself'."

"Well, the next time she showed up

with her pony, Jim met her with an air rifle. She didn't pay any attention to his warning and rode her pony right over the flower patch. Jim took aim and planted a bee-bee shot smack in the pony's rump. The little animal went into the air, of course, and his rider landed on her little behind. She hasn't been back since. Jim had taken care of the situation himself. That's what I think youngsters should always be allowed to do."

The motor broke into a banshee wail, just as Dorothy Mitchum came back into the room carrying her eight-months-old daughter, Petrine. Frightened at the unearthly noise, the baby began to cry and Jim, with an expression of real concern, shut off the motor. Dorothy smiled. "Thank you, Jim," she said. "Now we can talk."

At that moment, a younger boy appeared and stood in the doorway. "This is Chris," Dorothy said. We shook hands and then both youngsters went in to their supper.

"Chris isn't like Jim," Dorothy said thoughtfully. "He was a cuddly, quiet baby. Jim began putting sentences together when he was a year old, but Chris just cooed and smiled. Bob was certain he'd grow up to be an idiot."

"Either of them want to be an actor?" I asked.

"Jim does. He idolizes his father and tries to be like him in every way. One day when Warner Brothers needed a boy in a picture, they spoke to Bob about Jim, and he said it was all right with him. But as it turned out, Jim was too big for the part and they chose Chris instead. Poor Chris! He was so frightened that he froze solid—couldn't say a word. Jim was furious. 'I gave you my part,' he yelled, 'and you blew it.'"

The telephone rang and Dorothy answered it. It was then almost eight o'clock. "It's Bob," she said. "He wants to speak to you."

"Look," Bob said placatingly at the

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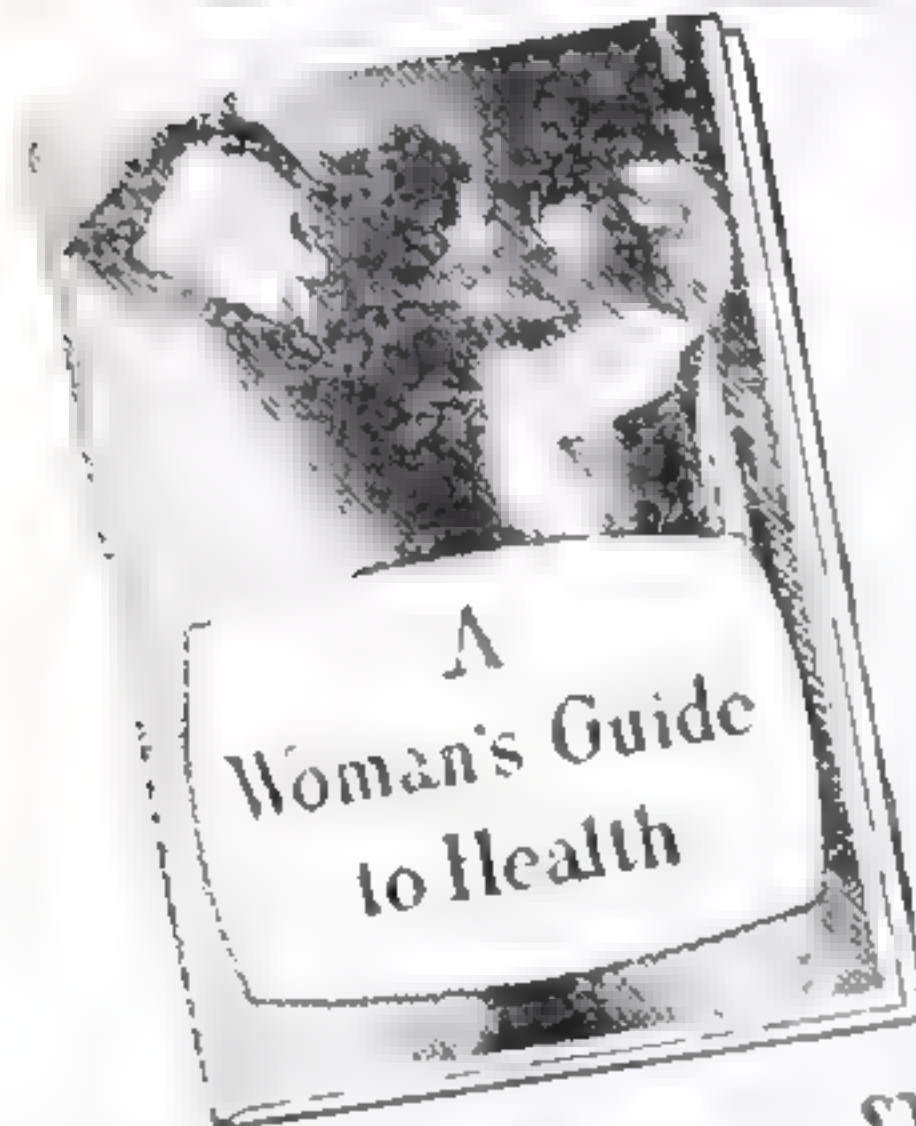
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other end of the wire, "I got fouled up with a couple of high lamas. Do you know what a high lama is? It's something that talks in a low, important voice and gives off a sweet odor that smells like money. They want me to do a thing and I'm pretty certain it's garbage. Tell Jim to put some kindling in the fireplace, pour kerosene on it, then add split logs and pour on more kerosene. I'll be right home."

Jim had come back into the library and was twisting the propeller of his airplane again. "Your father wants you to build up a big heat in the fireplace," I said. "Use plenty of kerosene."

Jim looked dubious. "Sounds weird to me," he said. "I know how to build a fire, but I'll do it just like he ordered."

When Bob came in the fire was leaping high. He went straight to his wife and kissed her gently. "I'm sorry, honey, but they got me in a corner. I fought my way out and here I am."

"So is your guest," she reminded him.

Swinging around, he held out his hand. "Too bad you had to wait. Hope you weren't bored."

"Anything but!"

He laughed. "Okay, now we'll talk. Scram, you guys," he added quietly to Jim and Chris.

Jim was still violently manipulating the propeller of the airplane. "It won't start," he lamented. "You know, Dad, this thing ought to have some kind of gadget that'll wind it up fast. Like a regular ship."

Mitchum got down on the floor and took the model plane in his hands. "Duck soup," he said. "We'll get a small electric drill with a ratchet attached. Remind me tomorrow. Now would you disappear?"

As the boys left, Mitchum said thoughtfully, "He's quite a guy, that Jim. The boys at the military school made it a little rough for him at first on account of me. You can understand why. But he took it in stride and now he's one of the gang. It takes character to ride through a deal like that."

We began talking about Bob's career (a word he objects to strongly). "Just now I find myself a leading man," he said. "It's most embarrassing. Tomorrow I might be out of Hollywood on my ear. Well, I made a living as a dock-hand once and I could do it again and be quite happy."

He is constantly beset by a feeling of insecurity, despite his salary of \$5,000 a week. Up to the time of his last raise to this impressive figure, he would insist with complete gravity that he has never been really solvent in his life. Things happen to him. Once his business manager, a trusted friend, vanished with all his savings. Not long ago he bought an expensive automobile, and a garage hand, driving it to California from Texas, where Bob had been vacationing, put the wrong kind of oil in the crankcase and ruined the engine. "I'll never have any dough," Bob states with conviction. "I get conned out of it. I'm always meeting guys I knew when I was on the bum as a kid, and they're in trouble. But not so much trouble that ready cash won't solve the problem. I'm a push-over because I remember the swell Joes who were good to me in the jungle camp days."

One senses that he often goes back in his thoughts to those free, irresponsible days with at least a small feeling of nostalgia. He likes to talk about the nights when he slept on the grass beside a softly-flowing river in the south, with the moon coming up over a tamarack swamp and a loon crying dementedly somewhere in the distance. He recalls the good mulligan stews they used to make in a kerosene tin while a buddy sang nostalgic songs.

Now thirty-five years old, six-feet-two and erect as a Marine sergeant, Mitchum is what they used to call "a fine figger of a man." His thick, coarse hair, the color of faded wheat straw, falls over a high, rather fine forehead. His face is long and faintly sullen. He walks with complete grace and a truculent roll of the shoulders. It was this walk of his which first drew the attention of William Wellman, the director. "I had never seen an actor move with such perfect rhythm," he says, "so I called him over to the studio and gave him a test. It was a page or two of dialogue from the script of 'The Story Of G.I. Joe,' and I stood him up beside the wheel of a broken gun carriage and told him to sound off. He turned in a performance that would shake your heart. Of course, he was hungry then, broke and needing a job. Hungry actors are generally good actors."

Henry Hathaway, who is directing Mitchum in his latest picture, "White Witch Doctor," confirms Wellman's high opinion of Bob's histrionic abilities. "He is one of the few actors I know who can turn in an almost perfect performance on the first take," he says.

The economic conditions under which Mitchum grew up seem to have alternated between "dangerous" and "desperate." With the death of his father, when Bob was eighteen months old, his mother went to work on a newspaper, later marrying the feature editor. The boy spent his time on the streets of Bridgeport, Connecticut, completely without supervision of any kind. In 1927, he ran away to Long Beach, California, where his married sister, Julie, was actively engaged in a small, experimental theatre movement.

After numerous jobs, ranging from acting in the Long Beach Civic Theater to common labor, he returned to the east where, a few years later, he married his boyhood sweetheart, Dorothy Spence of Dover, Delaware. The young couple then came back to California and Bob found employment in an airplane factory. This precarious existence endured until Harry Sherman, prodigious maker of Western movies, gave him a small part in one of his pictures. That night he rushed home to the bleak flat where he and his young wife were living, shouting wildly that their future was assured. After that, there ensued a succession of Westerns, culminating at last in "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo," which he regards as one of his best pictures. His more recent films include "The Lusty Men," "Angel Face," and "White Witch Doctor."

The hour was late and it was time to go. Mrs. Mitchum appeared in the doorway and beckoned. "I want to show you something," she said, and led the way into a bedroom where Jim and Chris were fast asleep—with plastic space helmets completely enclosing their tousled heads.

Bob grinned. "Look at the little monsters," he said. "They're probably halfway to the moon by now."

There was something in his voice, a quality his audiences do not know. Tough guy, eh? So this was the hard character who has battered his way up from jungle camps under railroad bridges to a high-salaried position as one of Hollywood's most controversial figures. There was nothing ruthless, no harshness in his face then. A remark he had made earlier in the evening came back. "It's been rough sometimes," he said, "but I've enjoyed every bit of it."

But there had been no moment in his life, that was clear, that had ever equaled this one in that quiet room with his wife as they stood looking down on the sleeping forms of their two sons. **THE END**

Casts of Current Pictures

ALI, ASHORE—Columbia. Directed by Richard Quine: *Francis "Moby" Dickerson*, Mickey Rooney; *Joe Carter*, Dick Haymes; *Gay Knight*, Peggy Ryan; *Skip Edwards*, Ray McDonald; *Jane Stanton*, Barbara Bates; *Nancy Flynn*, Jody Lawrence; *Commodore Stanton*, Fay Roope; *Rose*, Jean Willes; *Dotty*, Rica Owen; *Susie*, Patricia Walker; *Sheriff Billings*, Edwin Parker; *Guard*, Dick Crockett; *Arthur Barnaby*, Frank Kreig; *Bartender*, Ben Welden; *Lucretia*, Gloria Pall; *Hedy*, Joan Shawlee.

CITY BENEATH THE SEA—U-I. Directed by Budd Boetticher: *Brad Carlton*, Robert Ryan; *Terry McBride*, Mala Powers; *Tony Bartlett*, Anthony Quinn; *Venita*, Suzan Ball; *Mama Mary*, Hilo Hattie; *Captain Meade*, George Mathews; *Dwight Trevor*, Karel Stepanek; *Calypso*, Lalo Rios; *Dion*, Woody Strode; *Maru*, Bernie Gozier; *Kip*, Leon Lontoc; *Captain Clive*, John Warburton; *Mme Cecile*, Barbara Morrison.

CLOWN, THE—M-G-M. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard: *Dodo Delwyn*, Red Skelton; *Dink Delwyn*, Tim Considine; *Paula Henderson*, Jane Greer; *Goldie*, Loring Smith; *Ralph Z. Henderson*, Philip Ober; *Little Julie*, Lou Lubin; *Dr. Strauss*, Fay Roope; *Joe Hoagley*, Walter Reed; *Television Director*, Edward Marr; *Floor Director*, Jonathan Cott; *Gallagher*, Don Beddoe; *Young Man*, Steve Forrest.

CONFIDENTIALLY CONNIE—M-G-M. Directed by Edward Buzzell: *Joe Bedloe*, Van Johnson; *Connie Bedloe*, Janet Leigh; *Opie Bedloe*, Louis Calhern; *Emil Spangenberg*, Walter Slezak; *Dean Magruder*, Gene Lockhart; *Simmons*, Hayden Rorke; *Dr. Willis Shoop*, Robert Burton; *Phyllis Archibald*, Marilyn Erskine; *Mrs. Magruder*, Kathleen Lockhart; *Archibald*, Arthur Space; *Barbara*, Barbara Ruick; *Betty Simmons*, June Whitley; *Moska*, Dick Sands.

GIRLS IN THE NIGHT—U-I. Directed by Jack Arnold: *Hannah Haynes*, Patricia Hardy; *Georgia*, Joyce Holden; *Alice Haynes*, Glenda Farrell; *Chuck Haynes*, Harvey Lembeck; *Joe Spurgeon*, Glen Roberts; *Irv Kelleher*, Don Gordon; *Vera*, Jaclynne Greene; *Charlie Haynes*, Anthony Ross; *Hilda Haynes*, Susan Odin.

I LOVE MELVIN—M-G-M. Directed by Don Weis: *Melvin Hoover*, Donald O'Connor; *Judy Leroy*, Debbie Reynolds; *Mom Schneider*, Una Merkel; *Harry Flack*, Richard Anderson; *Pop Schneider*, Allyn Joslyn; *Mr. Henneman*, Les Tremayne; *Clara Belle*, Noreen Corcoran; *Mergo*, Jim Backus; *Studio Guide*, Barbara Ruick; and Guest-star, Robert Taylor.

JAZZ SINGER, THE—20th Century-Fox. Directed by Michael Curtiz: *Jerry Golding*, Danny Thomas; *Judy Lane*, Peggy Lee; *Mrs. Golding*, Mildred Dunnock; *Cantor Golding*, Eduard Franz; *McGurney*, Tom Tully; *Uncle Louie*, Alex Gerry; *George Miller*, Allyn Joslyn; *Rabbi Roth*, Harold Gordon; *Joseph*, Hal Ross; *Phil Stevens*, Justin Smith; *Yvonne*, Anita Stevens.

JEOPARDY—M-G-M. Directed by John Sturges: *Heien Stilwin*, Barbara Stanwyck; *Doug Stilwin*, Barry Sullivan; *Lawson*, Ralph Meeker; *Bobby*, Lee Aaker.

MEMBER OF THE WEDDING, THE—Kramer, Columbia. Directed by Fred Zinnemann: *Berenice Sadie Brown*, Ethel Waters; *Frankie Addams*, Julie Harris; *John Henry*, Brandon De Wilde; *Jarvis*, Arthur Franz; *Janice*, Nancy Gates; *Mr. Addams*, William Hansen; *Honey Camden Brown*, James Edwards; *T. T. Williams*, Harry Bolden; *Soldier*, Dick Moore; *Barney MacKean*, Danny Mummert; *Helen*, June Hedin; *Doris*, Ann Carter.

NAKED SPUR, THE—M-G-M. Directed by Anthony Mann: *Howard Kemp*, James Stewart; *Lina Patch*, Janet Leigh; *Ben Vandergroat*, Robert Ryan; *Roy Anderson*, Ralph Meeker; *Jesse Tate*, Millard Mitchell.

NIAGARA—20th Century-Fox. Directed by Henry Hathaway: *Rose Loomis*, Marilyn Monroe; *George Loomis*, Joseph Cotten; *Polly Cutler*, Jean Peters; *Ray Cutler*, Casey Adams; *Inspector Starkey*, Denis O'Dea; *Patrick*, Richard Allan; *Mr. Kettering*, Don Wilson; *Mrs. Kettering*, Lurene Tuttle; *Mr. Qua*,

Russell Collins; *Boatman*, Will Wright; *Doctor*, Lester Matthews; *Policeman*, Carleton Young; *Sam*, Sean McClory; *Landlady*, Minerva Urecal; *Wife*, Nina Varela; *Husband*, Tom Reynolds; *Straw Boss*, Winfield Hoeny; *Canadian Customs Officer*, Neal Fitzgerald; *Morris*, Norman McKay; *American Guide*, Gene Baxter (Wesson); *Carillon Tower Guide*, George Ives; *Detective*, Patrick O'Moore.

ROGUE'S MARCH—M-G-M. Directed by Allan Davis: *Capt. Dion Lenbridge*, Peter Lawford; *Capt. Thomas Garron*, Richard Greene; *Jane Wensley*, Janice Rule; *Col. Lenbridge*, Leo G. Carroll; *Herbert Bielsen*, John Abbott; *Maj. Wensley*, Patrick Aherne; *Maj. MacStreet*, John Dodsworth; *Prosecutor*, Herbert Deans; *Maj. Fallow*, Hayden Rorke; *Lt. Jersey*, John Lupton; *Sergeant*, Barry Bernard; *Cpl. Biggs*, Charles Davis; *Gen. Woodberry*, Jack Raine; *Emissary*, Richard Hale; *Crane*, Michael Pate; *Fish*, Skelton Knaggs; *McGinty*, Sean McClory; *Alex*, Otto Waldis; *Capt. Foster*, Hugh French; *Lt. Col. Harvill*, Leslie Denison; *Brig. General*, Lester Matthews.

RUBY GENTRY—20th Century-Fox. Directed by King Vidor: *Ruby Gentry*, Jennifer Jones; *Boake Tackman*, Charlton Heston; *Jim Gentry*, Karl Malden; *Jud Corey*, Tom Tully; *Dr. Saul Manfred*, Bernard Phillips; *Jewel Corey*, James Anderson; *Letitia Gentry*, Josephine Hutchinson; *Tracy McAuliffe*, Phyllis Avery; *Judge Tackman*, Herbert Heyes; *Ma Corey*, Myra Marsh; *Cullen McAuliffe*, Charles Cane; *Neil Fallgren*, Sam Flint; *Clyde Pratt*, Frank Wilcox.

SHE'S BACK ON BROADWAY—Warners. Directed by Gordon Douglas: *Catherine Terris*, Virginia Mayo; *Gordon Evans*, Gene Nelson; *John Webber*, Frank Lovejoy; *Rick Sommers*, Steve Cochran; *Karen Keene*, Patrice Wymore; *Angela Korinna*, Virginia Gibson; *Mitchell Parks*, Larry Keating; *Jud Kellogg*, Paul Picerni; *Rafferty*, Ned Young; *Lisa Kramer*, Jacqueline de Wit; *Specialty-Dance*, Condos & Brandow; *Lew Ludlow*, Douglas Spencer; *Velma Trumbull*, Mabel Albertson; *Ernest Tandy*, Lenny Sherman; *Lyn Humphries*, Cliff Ferre; *Mickey Zealand*, Ray Kyle; *A Singer*, Sy Melano.

STAR, THE—20th Century-Fox. Directed by Stuart Heisler: *Margaret Elliot*, Bette Davis; *Jim Johansson*, Sterling Hayden; *Gretchen*, Natalie Wood; *Harry Stone*, Warner Anderson; *Joe Morrison*, Minor Watson; *Phyllis Stone*, June Travis; *Mrs. Morrison*, Katherine Warren; *Mrs. Adams*, Kay Riehl; *Peggy Morgan*, Barbara Woodell; *Faith*, Fay Baker; *Barbara Lawrence*, Barbara Lawrence; *Keith Barkley*, David Alpert; *Richard Stanley*, Paul Frees.

STARS ARE SINGING, THE—Paramount. Directed by Norman Taurog: *Terry Brennan*, Rosemary Clooney; *Katri Walenska*, Anna Maria Alberghetti; *Poldi*, Lauritz Melchior; *Homer*, Bob Williams; *Buddy Fraser*, Tom Morton; *McDougall*, Fred Clark; *Dave*, John Archer; *Ladowski*, Mikhail Rasumny; *Miller*, Lloyd Corrigan; *Don Wilson*, Don Wilson; *Red Dust*, Red Dust.

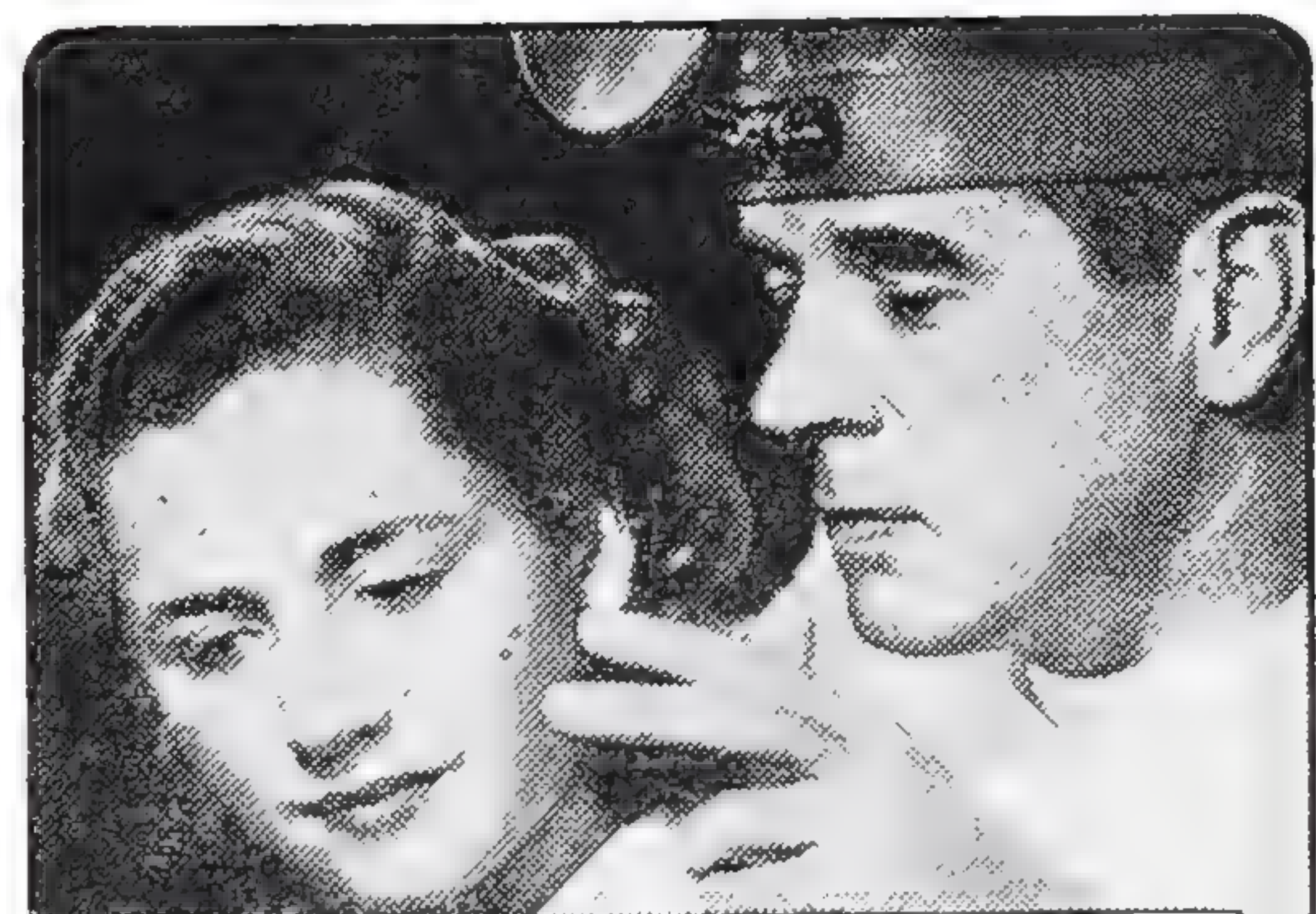
TALL TEXAN, THE—Lippert Pictures. Directed by Elmo Williams: *Ben Trask*, Lloyd Bridges; *Captain Theodore Bess*, Lee J. Cobb; *Laura Niblett*, Marie Windsor; *Joe Tinnen*, Luther Adler; *Sheriff Chadbourne*, Samuel R. Herrick; *Carney*, Sid Saylor; *Jerome Niblett*, Dean Train; *Jaqui*, George Steele.

TAXI—20th Century-Fox. Directed by Gregory Ratoff: *Ed Nielson*, Dan Dailey; *Mary*, Constance Smith; *Miss Millard*, Neva Patterson; *Mrs. Nielson*, Blanche Yurka; *Dottie*, Kyle MacDonnell; *Business Man*, Walter Woolf King; *Mr. Alexander*, Anthony Ross; *Jim Turner*, Mark Roberts; *Riso*, Harry Clark; *Chick*, Jack Diamond; *Morris*, Stubby Kaye; *Amchy*, B. S. Pulley; *Clerk*, Bert Thorn; *Captain Skaylon*, Curtis Cooksey; *Pier Guard*, Bill Neil; *Ship's officer*, Frank McNellis; *Delivery Man*, Elliott Sullivan; *Mabel*, Hilda Haynes; *Policeman*, James Little; *Mrs. Albert*, Ann Dere; *Florence Albert*, Geraldine Page; *Butler*, Rex O'Malley; *Pawnbroker*, Bruno Wick; *Jenkins*, Art Hanne; *Fred*, De Forest Kelley; *George*, Melville Ruick; *Thorndike*, Henry Jones; *Rafferty*, Ralph Dunn; *Frances*, Betty Buehler; *Hortense*, Virginia Vincent; *Amato*, Mario Siletti; *Cabbie*, John Kullers; *Newscaster*, Glenn Hardy; *Mr. Barker*, Jonathan Hale; *Cab Driver*, Al Eben.

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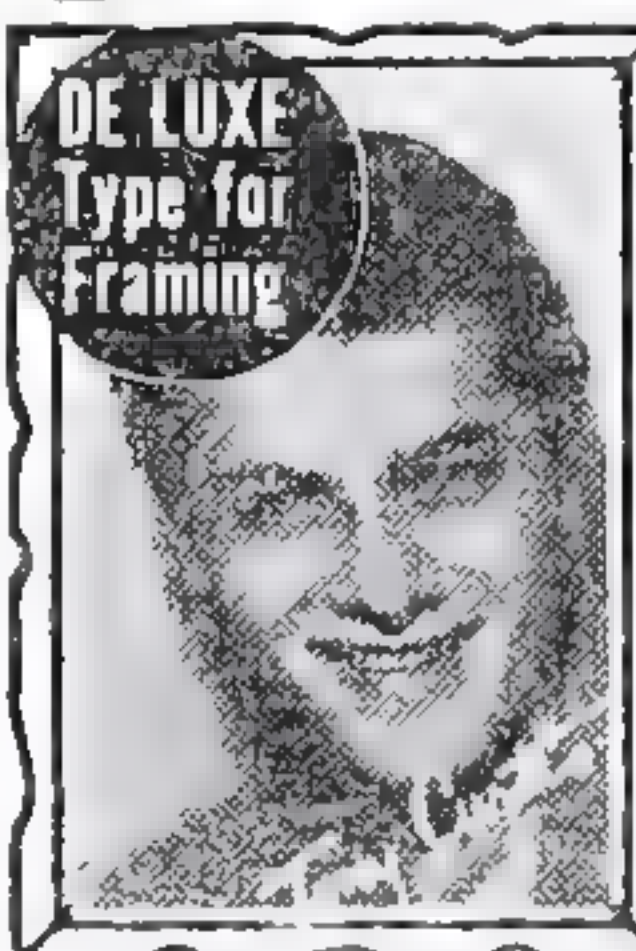
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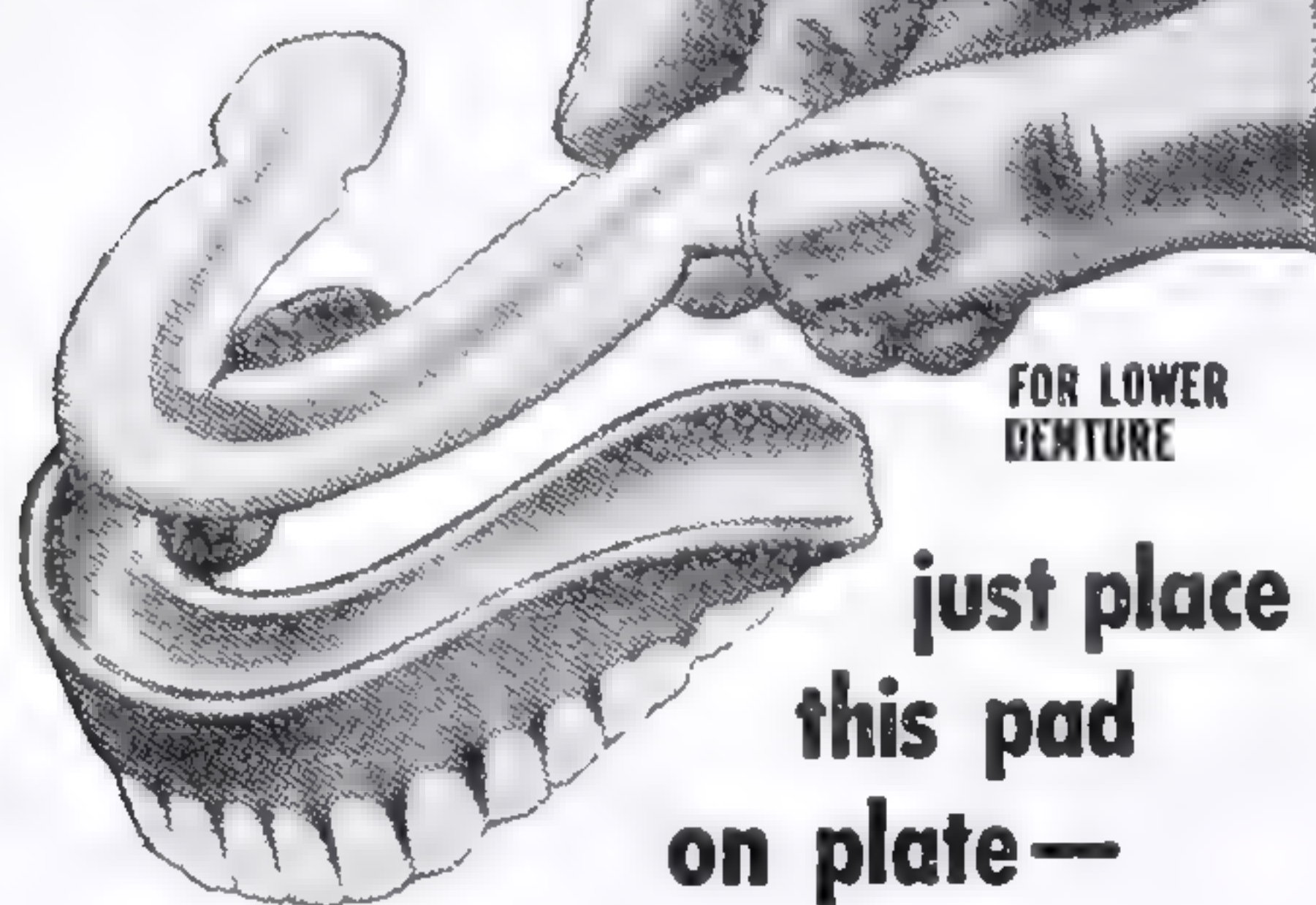
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As You Were, Annie

(Continued from page 45)

And the louder her laugh, the more sen-
sational her conduct, the quieter and more
irritable grew John. And he never really
cottoned to her family. In fact, the first
year of the marriage John was so intimi-
dated by Anne's mama and papa, he always
referred to them as "Mr. and Mrs. Baxter."

Just before the break, they were dining
with a group at La Rue's restaurant in
Hollywood. Anne was pounding on the
table, as usual, to prove a point, when, to
Hodiak's acute embarrassment, he heard
the host at the table next to them order
from the waiter one set of ear-muffs for
each of his guests.

The rumors of trouble within the mar-
riage started about a year ago. They were
denied vehemently by Anne, who didn't
want any "I told you so's" from her mother.
But it was two years ago that I first saw
the crack in what had appeared to be one
of the more ideal matings of Hollywood.
It was at Arlene Dahl's annual glogg
gathering at Christmas. Anne was in a
corner screaming with a group of buddies.
John was standing by the door holding
her coat and waiting for her to leave with
him. Five minutes, ten minutes, half an
hour. John was still holding the coat, but
getting angrier with every minute that
ticked off. Then suddenly he said he was
leaving. She could stay if she wanted. He
took off. Anne followed ten minutes later.

I sometimes think that if John hadn't
been so conservative the marriage would
have had a better chance. They had
planned to buy a home after their honey-
moon. Anne's place was attractive, but
too small with a man around the house
and a hoped-for family. So they went
looking at real estate when prices were at
the peak of an inflated market.

"Ridiculous," said Anne in reply to each
swollen house tag. "Ridiculous," echoed
the thrifty actor. So they decided to live in
Annie's house and just add a couple of
rooms. But the additions cost them more
than buying a new house would have.
And while the master bedroom is now
streamlined and modern, in the beginning
Hodiak was sleeping surrounded by plaster
angels and heaven-knows-what feminine
frillery. A non-compromiser such as John
can never be happy in the role of his
wife's paying guest. It would have been
cheaper, from the viewpoint of happiness,
to have bought his own home.

Anne is the untidy type—clothes all over
the place—caps off the tooth paste. John
is very fastidious—and runs his home
beautifully.

When the Hodiaks separated, a wagster
quipped, "I wonder who gets custody of
the cigars?" There've been more jokes
about Baxter's cigars than about Jane Rus-
sell's bosom. The stogies started in the
brain of her press agent, who wanted some
quick publicity for his strong-minded
client. Neither he nor Anne expected them
to backfire. At first it was cute. Alfred
Hitchcock, who was starring Anne with
Montgomery Clift in "I Confess," was
supposed to have introduced her to "a
small ladylike cigar." Later, Hitchcock
denied the story and said he was opposed
to cigars for women—especially for a
female starring in a religious film like "I
Confess." Anne followed through and said
cigars were heaven to smoke. Actually, I
doubt whether she went further than one
puff. No one bothered to ask her husband
what he thought of all this. But I have
it from an old cigar band that John raved
when he saw photos of his stogie-chewing
bride. And I hate to think what they said
in staid old Burlingame.

But Anne wanted publicity and her

press agent was merely obliging. The main
mission was accomplished—to get everyone
talking about Baxter. You couldn't sell
her to a small-town paper—B.C.—before
cigars. Now she's on seven magazine
covers. And here we are writing a story
about her, aren't we? But what's food for
the career was poison for the marriage.
John had wed a young lady and now found
himself stuck with a circus. Moreover he
was on the outside, just watching the
performance. He had no part in it.

Anne Baxter has always been one of
the most ambitious of actresses. I remem-
ber when she did "Guest in the House"—
she was about eighteen then, and pudgy.
It was a real mean role. And all Anne
talked about then was what "Of Human
Bondage" had done for Bette Davis, play-
ing a girl who was almost as nauseating.

Anne, always an excellent actress, had
two strikes against her, however. She
was hugely overweight and she lacked con-
fidence in herself as a woman. Perhaps
that's why she does so much shouting, like
the neglected child who is naughty, to draw
attention. For instance—take Annie's nose.
I like it, but she apparently doesn't. And
when someone recently asked her if she'd
had it fixed, she retorted, "D'ye think I'd
have it fixed this way?" She has more
self-assurance now, and even posed for
cheesecake a few weeks ago. That couldn't
have happened five years back.

I sincerely believe she'll do anything
within the law to further her career. In her
last picture, "The Blue Gardenia," she
consented to the most realistic seduction
scene I've ever seen on celluloid, in the
least amount of clothing. And when they
were taking still photographs and she was
asked, "Can we take some more of the
lace off the neckline?"—she said, "Yes"
without a murmur. The parting with John,
by the way, occurred during this picture.
And after a tough scene Anne started to
cry and couldn't stop. Hodiak, who is also
very emotional behind his reserved facade,
had tears in his eyes all one evening at the
Zachary Scotts' before the break-up.

Hodiak married a brunette. He didn't
bargain on a blonde. At first Anne said
she dyed because she wanted to show
Darryl Zanuck how she'd look for "Gen-
tlemen Prefer Blondes." But Darryl hadn't
even yet recovered from switching Linda
Darnell to the blonde brigade in "Forever
Amber," and Baxter wound up on the
outside, looking in at Marilyn Monroe. So
you'd think she'd revert to her natural,
pretty brownette. But not Annie. She's
sticking by her chosen color. Because
above everything else she wants to look
sexy, and she's convinced she looks more
so with the light yellow hair. It's a losing
fight. Monroe can do more with a twitch
of her hip than Anne with a million dollars'
worth of determination.

"She's trying too hard," is the general
feeling in Hollywood re Anne's new sex-
appeal tactics. It isn't really her type to
flaunt her figure or to be anything except
conservative in her private life. She's a
good actress. I wonder why she doesn't
let it go at that. I thought she was great
in "All About Eve." And even in her
plumpest period, wasn't she terrific in
"The Razor's Edge"? It won her an Oscar.

"But when I saw myself on the screen,
I nearly passed out," she told me at the
time. "I was so fat. I had to lose weight
—or else." She must have lost forty pounds
on the most agonizing diet I have ever
heard a doctor not recommend. For lunches
she'd peck at half a teaspoon of cottage
cheese. That's all. And go to bed without
a bit of dinner. She fainted all over the
place and no wonder, at three hundred

calories a day. And a lot of real, hard work! In those days, in spite of her explanation, I believed she was reducing to please her husband. I know better now. She was starving to feed her ego. Anne is the type who puts on weight no matter how little she eats, so she has to watch it all the time. And if you've ever lived with a woman who weighs her intake, you'll know it isn't easy living.

Then take the business of the red sash. Anne told an interviewer that her famous architect-grandfather, Frank Lloyd Wright, wore only a red sash on his wedding night! This can't be the same girl who used to blush when you asked her if the romance with Bill Eythe was serious. She and John had a big battle over that sash. And I don't believe her mother liked it either. I'm told, though, that Mr. Wright roared—with laughter—when he read the syndicated tidbit.

But I don't think Anne needs this kind of publicity. Some people have to be sensational to be noticed by the casting office. But not Anne. She can be dignified, as she was when John first married her, and still be in demand for good roles.

Her friends cover up for her, explaining she was a bit scared when she left Twentieth Century-Fox after eleven years to freelance. But the change started before she parted with the studio, and now that she's parted from her husband, maybe she'll cut out the high jinks. Because the proof of the pudding is her pictures. The career is okay—she made \$150,000 within six months of freelancing. And maybe she will realize her noisy behavior will frighten off the kind of man she likes best, the quiet kind. Although she says she's pleased about all her new publicity.

They say that John bored Anne in the last year of their marriage. He's courteous, but I've seen him pout in public. Which sounds as if it happened at home. And Anne is an avid reader. If John possesses a library I haven't heard of it.

She likes to visit art exhibits. I have a hunch John calls that sort of thing arty.

Then there's the big difference in their professional status. Anne is a big star now. John was on the same level with her when they met during "Sunday Dinner for a Soldier." But in the past few years her career has gone up; his has lessened in importance. It's embarrassing in this or any other town when the wife is more important than the husband. There's usually friction when the woman is the biggest bread and cake winner.

When good pictures weren't offered, John took a play in New York. And even though the rumors were started, I didn't believe them because Anne was so excited about flying east for his first night. If it was an act, it was the greatest performance of her life. But she was detained on a picture, and arrived in New York in time for the closing of the play.

I'm sorry for their daughter. They were so happy when Anne found she was pregnant. Katrina is almost two years old now. And very few people know that her mother was very ill after her birth, with phlebitis, an illness which is sometimes fatal.

It's hard for me to believe Anne and John have broken up. I can still remember when she was making "Yellow Sky." John was in London and she'd leave the set after every take to find out what in heck had happened to the call she had put through to him. And I remember her shining face after she finally talked to him.

And I can still see John, after the break-up, in the bar of the Polo Lounge, tossing off a drink with some French gals who thought they had an easy date. But John left them. He was weeping when he hurried out of the smoke-filled bar.

To sum up, everyone in Hollywood feels the same about the break-up of the Anne Baxter-John Hodiak marriage. They're both nice people. It's just too darn bad that it didn't work out. THE END

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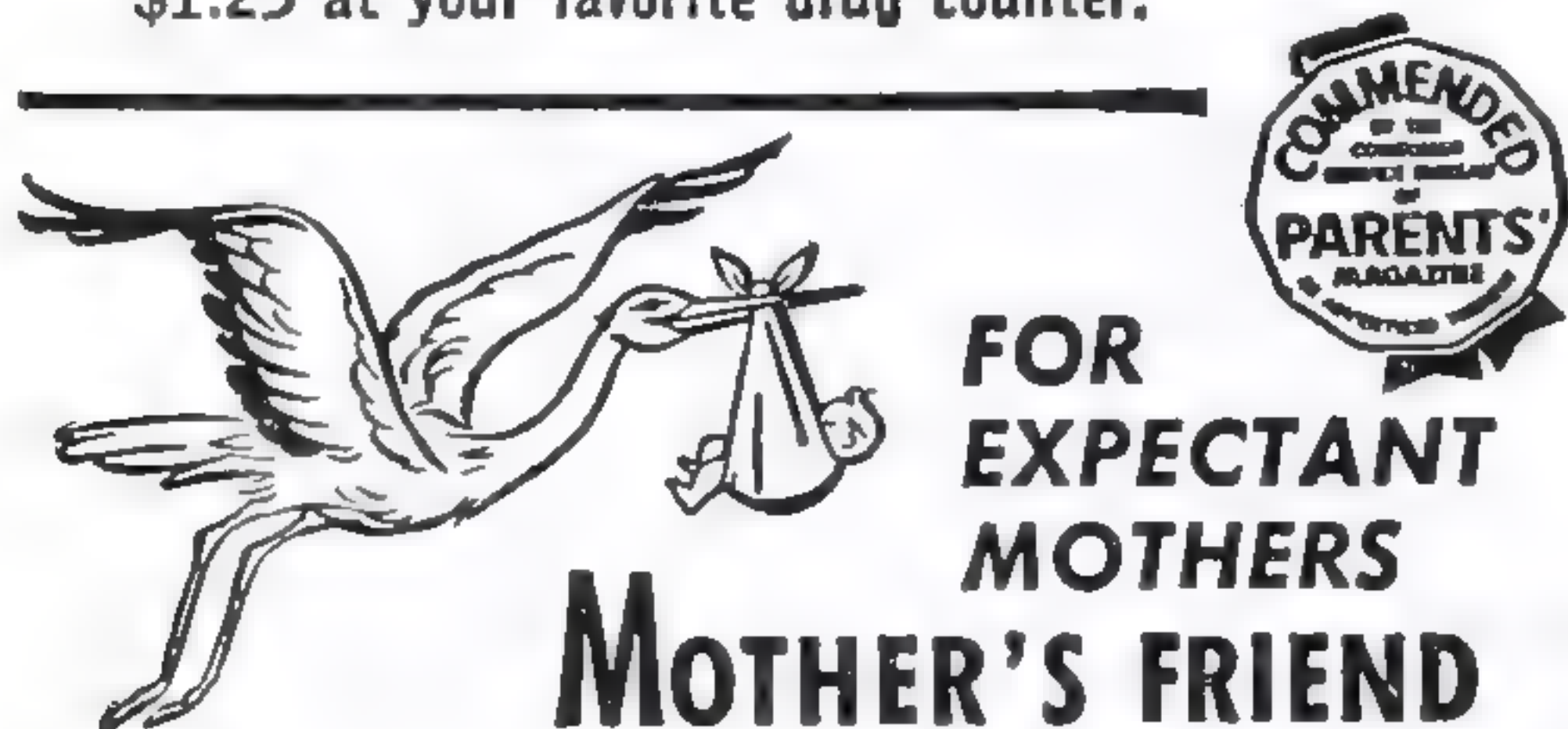
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What Should I Do?

(Continued from page 14)

for two years, and so Chris and I were married.

Then Chris was transferred to my old home town and I met Dave on the street one day. He asked me to have cocktails with him; I did, and we both discovered that the old flame was still burning. I discussed the problem with Chris and he was hurt, but said one must admit that these things could happen.

He agreed to give me a divorce, but stipulated that he was to have sole custody of the children. Such a thing had never occurred to me. I love Dave, but not enough to give up my children.

Jennifer K.

Dear Mrs. K.:

It seems to me that taking a new husband, but paying for it with the companionship of your sons is rather a poor bargain and one that would seem worse as the years went by.

Have you ever asked yourself what Dave's interests were during the years you heard nothing from him? If you were so important to him, why didn't he keep in touch? You might ask yourself who it was who interested Dave so much that he didn't even drop you a postal card.

I wouldn't be so foolish as to deny that there can exist between a man and a woman a type of animal magnetism which makes everything else in the world seem pale and unimportant by comparison. Yet Don Juan—his conquest made—can often be cruel and intemperate.

Why not hesitate for a year or two? Why not run away with your own husband?

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am a French war bride and the mother of a baby girl now sixteen months old.

Because I have learned to speak English quite well since I have been in this country, I have always talked in English to my daughter. My husband and his parents tell me that it is better this way.

But I know several French war brides who have children and they all speak in French to them. They say the children can learn English in school, and they disapprove of my speaking only English to the little girl.

I want my daughter to speak French, of course, but I am afraid that if I use this language when I talk to her now she will have a French accent. She is an American citizen and will be going to American schools, so I think she should feel mostly at home in English.

I would like to know if the way I am doing is better.

Jacqueline N.

Dear Mrs. N.:

Children who are learning to talk have the ability to learn two languages at the same time without confusion. The daughter of a French actor whom I know, learned French from him and usually spoke to him in French. Her mother was Spanish, so mother and daughter conversed in Spanish. The little girl's nurse was American and talked to her in English.

Why don't you speak French and English to your daughter? The ability to speak and to think in two languages could be an invaluable asset.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I seem to have a problem that I cannot solve for myself. I am twenty-nine years old, married and have two children.

My problem: I am homely. You might almost say ugly. People have made awful remarks such as "he could have done better than that—anybody could." My husband's mother and sister have told me how crazy some beautiful girl was about him, and what a shame he didn't marry her because our little girl looks like me.

My husband says beauty is only skin deep and that a homely person with personality can still be nice looking, but just the same I feel terrible. I think my husband is getting ashamed of my looks although he tells me not to worry, and that when he gets rich he will have my face fixed with plastic surgery.

I love him a lot and hate to think of his living with me when I'm sure he could get a better-looking wife. How I hate my face!

Can you give me the name of a good plastic surgeon who could rebuild me entirely?

(Mrs.) Mickola S.

Dear Mrs. S.:

How do you remember the mother you loved? As eyes, hair, a nose of a certain shape, a mouth, a double chin? No. You remember the way she laughed, what she did when she was startled, the little tunes she hummed. You remember her as a warmth, a glow. In retrospect, it is always difficult to recall in detail the appearance of those we love or have loved.

Once I had heard a great deal about a wonderful woman: Friends used to tell funny stories about her, repeat her witticisms, profit from her wisdom. When I met her, I almost gasped. She was emphatically not attractive. Yet, after I spent time with her, I too fell under her spell. She radiated friendliness, courtesy, knowledge of the world, the arts, and people.

Forget the package in which your spirit has been placed. Look around you for others who may feel as forlorn as you do at times. Devote yourself to making life more comfortable for others and you will find your own happiness. Remember, not one of us really knows how the sun looks, but we live in its radiance.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am fourteen and feel very burdened for my age. My mother, who is thirty-six and still very attractive, is the cause of it.

About a year ago, she fell in love with another man. He also loved her. They realized that it could never work out as they both had a family to consider.

This last year my mother had an operation, followed by a nervous breakdown. She becomes so despondent at times that she drinks. Her drinking is very bad because she is frail and cannot stand much. It is also a bad influence on my younger brother and sister.

I believe she has a great future as a painter because she has sold several pictures—landscapes and some portraits recently.

Please tell me what to do to help my mother forget this man. I know that once she forgets him she will stop drinking.

You are the only one I can turn to. I cannot tell my father the real situation because Mother made me promise never to tell anyone.

Estella J.

Dear Estella:

You seem to realize that your role and your mother's have been reversed.

Since your mother is the child in this instance, you will do well to use child psychology on her. The way to keep a child happy, when some dangerous toy is to be taken away, is to offer an interesting diversion.

Luckily, you live in a large city where there are several art galleries. If you can persuade her to "take" you to a different gallery each Saturday for a while, and if you ask her to explain her work, she may be kept busy and diverted. You might try to learn to paint, because many painters find it's fun to go on field trips with an understanding fellow workman.

Above all, don't lose patience. Frequently a drinking person loves to be a martyr, but will remain sober for long periods if given no excuse for martyrdom.

Claudette Colbert

Runaway from Romance?

(Continued from page 57)

find himself in the wilds as he fishes or hunts. Certainly if Bob does marry again, it will not be a quick Hollywood-elopement type of marriage. It will come only as a result of deep thinking on Bob's part, after he has analyzed the whole situation. An independent thinker, Bob has always been reticent in expressing his deepest thoughts freely. His biggest problem now—with his career at its peak—is the personal one of finding himself.

Certainly his dates—before Ursula—carried little hint of real romance, despite the gossip that each new girl was a serious love in Bob's life. His dates with Ludmilla Tcherina, for instance, seemed serious to the columnists. But Bob himself said that they saw each other only a few times, and Ludmilla, mourning a husband dead less than a year, was not ready for nor awake to romance. She found Bob a gracious and charming companion. Nor was there a romance between Bob and Coleen Gray, despite gossip. Of most of these reports in the newspapers, Bob has had no comment.

Ursula, too, is somewhat reticent about revealing her innermost thoughts and emotions. She does admit, however, that there is a strong mutual feeling. "Of course we are attracted by each other—we are the same kind of people."

But when it comes to discussing the possibility of marriage, Ursula is more hesitant. "We have no marriage plans with each other or anybody else. We are both very serious about these things. Both of us gave it a lot of thought before we were married the first time and we had tragic marriages anyhow. Well, you always learn something from a mistake. Right now we are both too full of ourselves and our own problems to think about marrying anyone."

Just as Bob has recently confined most of his dates to those with Ursula, she admits that she has time for nobody else. "Nobody else interests me," she says, "so why should I spend time with someone else when I can be with the person who interests me very much?"

And when those wise to the ways of Hollywood kiddingly say to Ursula that she is likely to fall in love with some handsome leading man, she merely smiles her warm, secret smile and answers, "Oh, but there is a very good reason why not. The best reason of all."

Aside from the intangible factor of Bob's

possible unreadiness for another try at marriage, there is another and a very real obstacle standing in the way of any immediate wedding for Bob and Ursula. She is anxious to bring her family—her mother and her two daughters—to live in Hollywood, and she cannot do this until she is a citizen. At the present time Ursula is here in the United States on a visitor's working visa which has been extended to the limit. Her studio, RKO, is working frantically to secure her permanent stay in the United States before this visa runs out in June. They may have succeeded by the time you read this. But if these efforts do not succeed, Ursula will have to return to Hamburg for a time. Naturally enough, she does not feel free herself to consider a marriage, even if Bob were completely ready for it.

"We have much in common," Ursula says, "and we enjoy each other's company very much. But that is never enough for Hollywood gossips. They have always got to push you into something—a marriage, a divorce, a new romance—before it is time for it to happen. There are times in life when things *aren't* happening, when it is better to go along quietly, taking care of one problem at a time instead of making everything complicated."

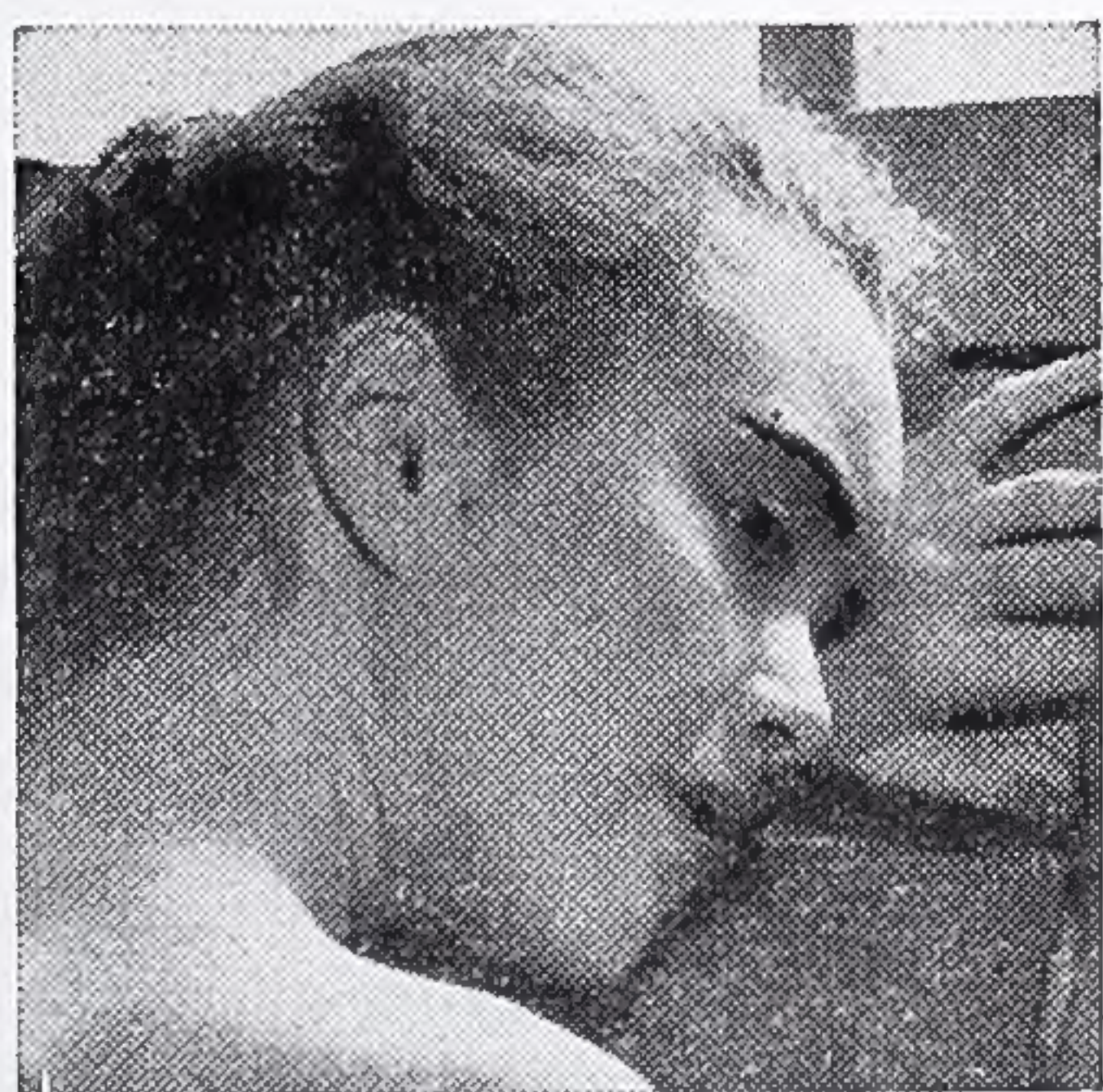
"That's how it is now. I have to worry about my citizenship, about my family in Hamburg, about my career and how much money it will cost to bring my family here with me."

During the waiting period while Ursula is getting her family affairs in order and clarifying her status as a citizen, Bob has occasionally been seen with Barbara Stanwyck. Each time Hollywood has hinted the possibility of reconciliation, but both Bob and Barbara have denied it and stuck to the "just friends" theme. "There has been no talk of remarriage," said Barbara. Naturally Ursula does not feel free to discuss Bob's dates with Barbara or with others; Ursula feels this is none of her business.

"One of the most wonderful things about Bob is that he isn't a worry to me," says Ursula. "But if I stay home—which I love to do—they write that I'm moping over Bob. And if we go out, they write that we're sitting on each other in public. Bob won't even talk to anyone about it any more, but I know it would make him feel good if someone wrote the truth."

And that's what this is—the truth, for now, about T 'n' T. THE END

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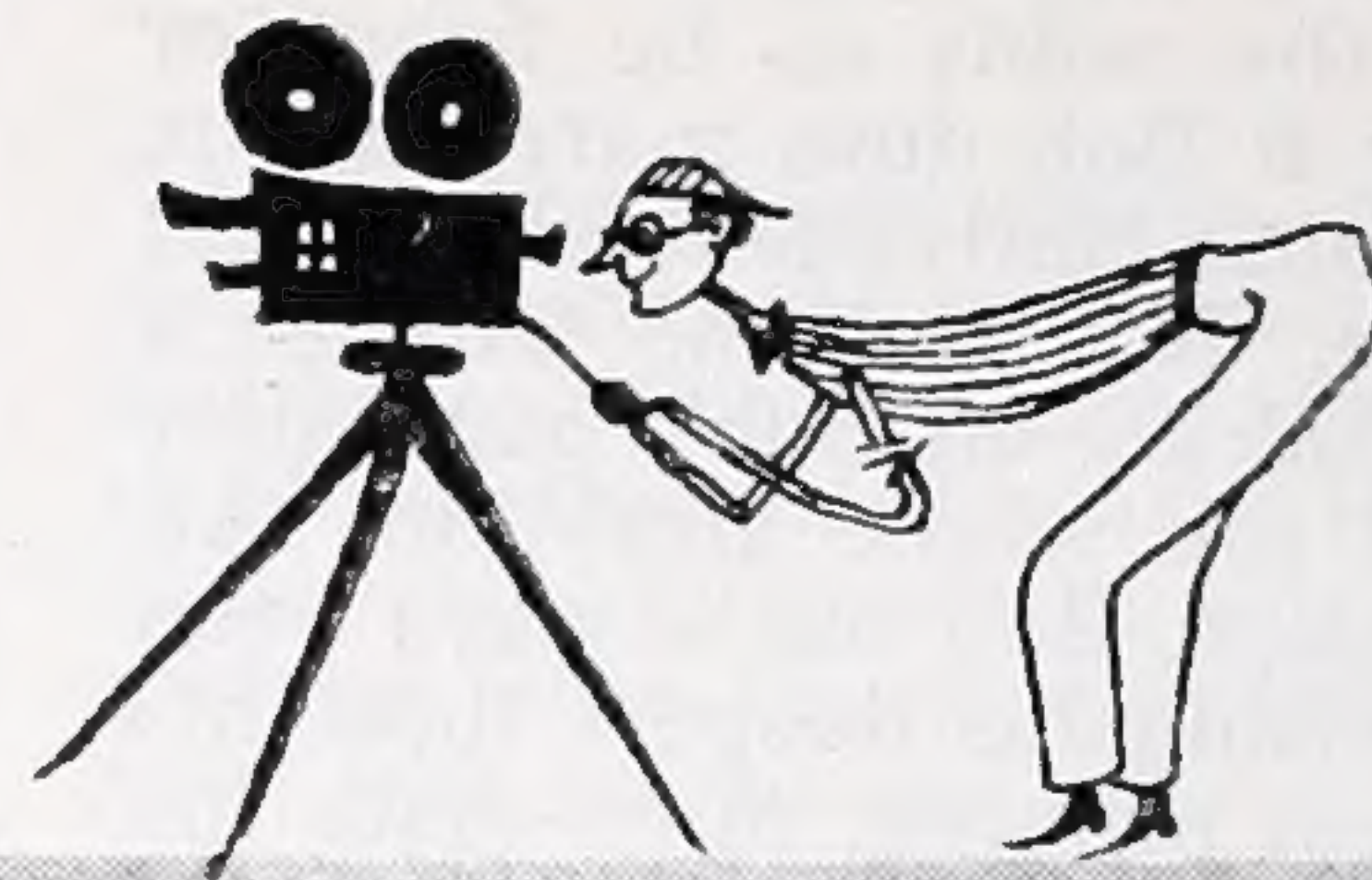
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AT ALL DRUG STORES

BRIEF REVIEWS

For fuller reviews, see Photoplay for months indicated. For this month's full reviews, see page 20



A—Adults F—Family

OUTSTANDING

CINERAMA—Cinerama Productions, Eastman Kodak color: An amazing new movie technique, using three curved screens and special sound, takes you right into the action. No story, but plenty of thrills: a roller-coaster ride, opera at La Scala, an air tour of the U. S. (F) January

COME BACK, LITTLE SHEBA—Wallis, Paramount: Intimate, grueling drama of a marriage, of youth and the yearning for lost youth. Shirley Booth is magnificent; Burt Lancaster, Terry Moore, Richard Jaeckel score. (A) January

FORBIDDEN GAMES—Times Film: Remarkable acting by little Brigitte Fossey, as a war orphan,

and Georges Poujouly, as her farm-boy playmate, highlights a deeply moving tragicomedy. French dialogue, English titles. (A) March

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN—Goldwyn, RKO; Technicolor: Danny Kaye wins your heart as a story-spinning cobbler in a magical, musical extravaganza. Jeanmaire is exquisite as Farley Granger's ballerina wife. (F) March

LIMELIGHT—U. A.: Intensely personal, slow, but affecting story of a has-been music-hall comic who gives a sad young ballerina new faith in life. Charlie Chaplin's unique style runs a full range,

from tender moments with lovely Claire Bloom to slapstick with Buster Keaton. (F) February

LITTLE WORLD OF DON CAMILLO, THE—I. F. E.: Rollicking, inspiring saga of a village priest's running battle with a Communist mayor. Fernandel and Gino Cervi make doughty adversaries. French dialogue, English titles. (A) March

PETER PAN—Disney, RKO, Technicolor: Enchanting cartoon feature based on the beloved fantasy of eternal childhood. *Peter, Wendy, Tinker Bell, Captain Hook* come alive to the tune of many sprightly songs. (F) February

VERY GOOD

APRIL IN PARIS—Warners, Technicolor: Featherweight farce enlivened by the musical talents of Doris Day, as a chorine on a Paris junket, and Ray Bolger, as a stuffy-to-start-with junior diplomat. Gay songs and dances. (F) February

BAD AND THE BEAUTIFUL, THE—M-G-M: Fascinating close-up of Hollywood. Kirk Douglas is a producer who wins the hatred of actress Lana Turner, director Barry Sullivan, writer Dick Powell—till the surprise finish. (A) February

FACE TO FACE—RKO: Two-episode film. "The Secret Sharer," with James Mason, is a dreary sea tale. But "The Bride Comes to Yellow Sky," with Robert Preston, Marjorie Steele, Minor Watson, is a fine, unusual Western. (F) January

FOUR POSTER, THE—Kramer, Columbia: Tragicomic, talky history of a marriage, with only two characters. Lilli Palmer's brilliant throughout; Rex Harrison, at his best in light moments. Cartoon interludes are richly imaginative. (A) February

HOAXTERS, THE—M-G-M: Thirty-eight-minute documentary shrewdly contrasting totalitarianism and democracy. (F) March

IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST, THE—Rank. U-I; Technicolor: Michael Redgrave, Michael Denison and Edith Evans shine in a stylized, dialogue-dominated farce about uppercrust romance and deception. (A) March

KANSAS CITY CONFIDENTIAL—U. A.: Well-photographed, tricky thriller about an innocent suspect who solves an armored-car robbery. With John Payne, Coleen Gray. (F) February

LAST OF THE COMANCHES—Columbia, Technicolor: Vigorous, tightly constructed Western in which cavalryman Broderick Crawford leads a chance-met group in its stand against desert thirst and hostile Indians. (F) February

MAN BEHIND THE GUN, THE—Warners, Technicolor: Randolph Scott foils a big-scale conspiracy in early California. Well-made horse opera, with Patrice Wymore. (F) March

MOULIN ROUGE—U. A., Technicolor: Subtle color and rich Parisian atmosphere overshadow José Ferrer's portrayal of Toulouse-Lautrec, the tragic, deformed painter. (A) March

MY COUSIN RACHEL—20th Century-Fox: An elegantly mounted but indecisive mystery presents Olivia de Havilland as either murderess or innocent suspect, with newcomer Richard Burton scoring as her accuser and suitor. (A) March

NO TIME FOR FLOWERS—RKO: A neatly scripted comedy of captive Czechoslovakia focuses on Viveca Lindfors and Paul Christian, as young reds reformed by love. (F) March

ROAD TO BALI—Paramount, Technicolor: Further adventures of Crosby, Hope and Lamour—a casual, comical improvisation on the South Seas theme, with songs, gags, menacing villains and surprise guest celebs. (F) February

STOOGES, THE—Wallis, Paramount: Likable vignette of show business. Dean Martin plays a swellheaded star; Jerry Lewis, his humble partner. With Polly Bergen, Marion Marshall. (F) March

STOP, YOU'RE KILLING ME—Warners, WarnerColor: Cheerful gangster comedy, with Broderick Crawford as a beer baron gone straight, Claire Trevor as his wife. (F) March

GOOD

ABOVE AND BEYOND—M-G-M: Robert Taylor has some gripping moments as the pilot of the plane that dropped the A-bomb on Hiroshima; but scenes of domestic discord with wife Eleanor Parker are out of key. (A) February

ANDROCLES AND THE LION—RKO: Wordy, occasionally interesting version of Shaw's play about early Christians. Maurice Evans makes a witty *Caesar*; Alan Young, a gentle *Androcles*; Jean Simmons, a glowing Christian maiden; Victor Mature, a stalwart Roman. (A) February

ANGEL FACE—RKO: Suspense drama involving innocent-faced, murder-minded Jean Simmons

with skeptical, susceptible Bob Mitchum. Mona Freeman plays good girl. (A) March

BLACKBEARD THE PIRATE—RKO, Technicolor: Robert Newton hams it up in the title role; Keith Andes and Linda Darnell are decorative in a muddled adventure yarn. (F) March

MEET ME AT THE FAIR—U-I, Technicolor: Tune-trimmed, nostalgic comedy-drama about a medicine-show man (Dan Dailey) who befriends an orphan (Chet Allen). (F) February

MISSISSIPPI GAMBLER, THE—U-I, Technicolor: Handsome, fitfully exciting tale of old New

Orleans. Honest gambler Tyrone Power loves aristocrat Piper Laurie. (F) March

NEVER WAVE AT A WAC—RKO: The Army makes a human being of snooty Rosalind Russell, with an assist from ex-husband Paul Douglas. Marie Wilson adds more laughs. (F) March

REDHEAD FROM WYOMING, THE—U-I, Technicolor: Pleasant Western, wherein William Bishop dupes Maureen O'Hara into helping him plot a range war. Alex Nicol plays sheriff. (F) March

TROPIC ZONE—Paramount, Technicolor: Ronald Reagan saves Rhonda Fleming's banana plantation in a Central American Western. (F) February

FAIR

DESPERATE SEARCH—M-G-M: Mechanically plotted drama about flyers seeking two child survivors of a plane crash. With Howard Keel, Patricia Medina, Jane Greer. (F) February

THIEF OF VENICE, THE—20th Century-Fox: Slight, Italian-made yarn of a Renaissance Robin Hood (Paul Christian), with splendid settings. The late Maria Montez stars. (F) February

THUNDER IN THE EAST—Paramount: Shallow thriller of strife in India. Alan Ladd's a greedy American; Deborah Kerr, a British girl; Charles Boyer, a peaceable Indian. (F) February



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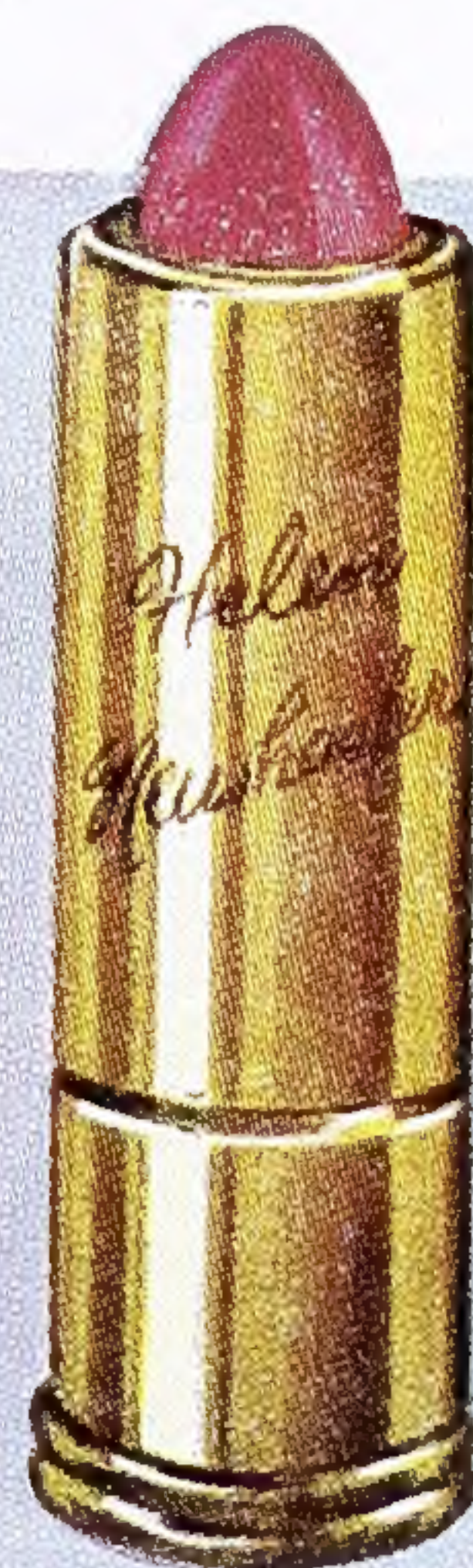
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